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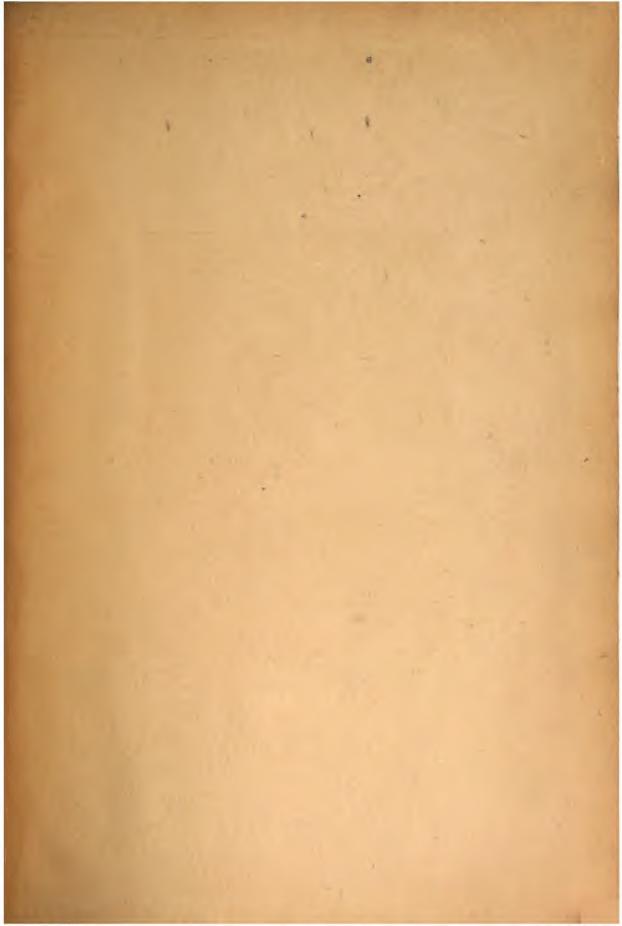
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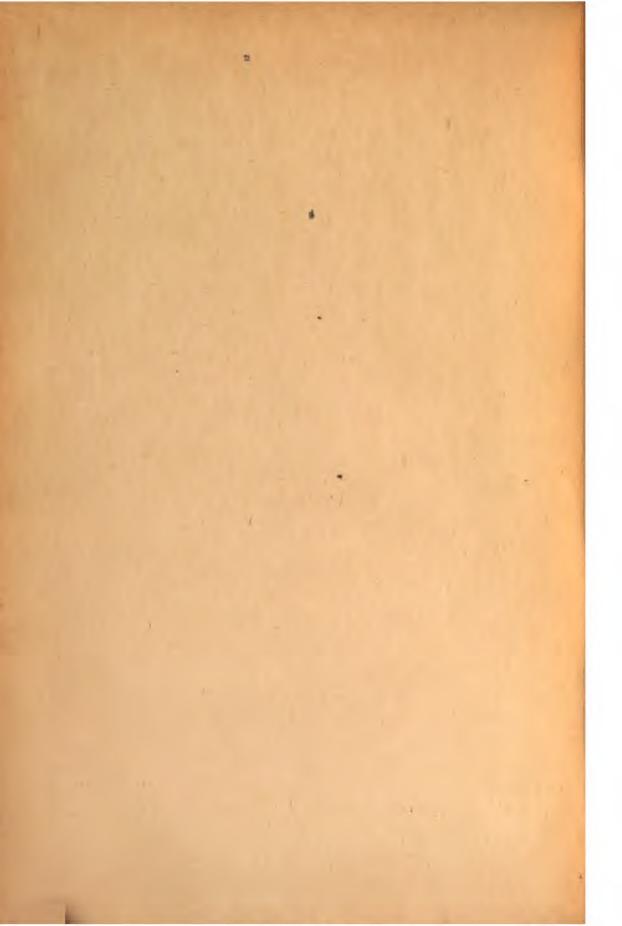
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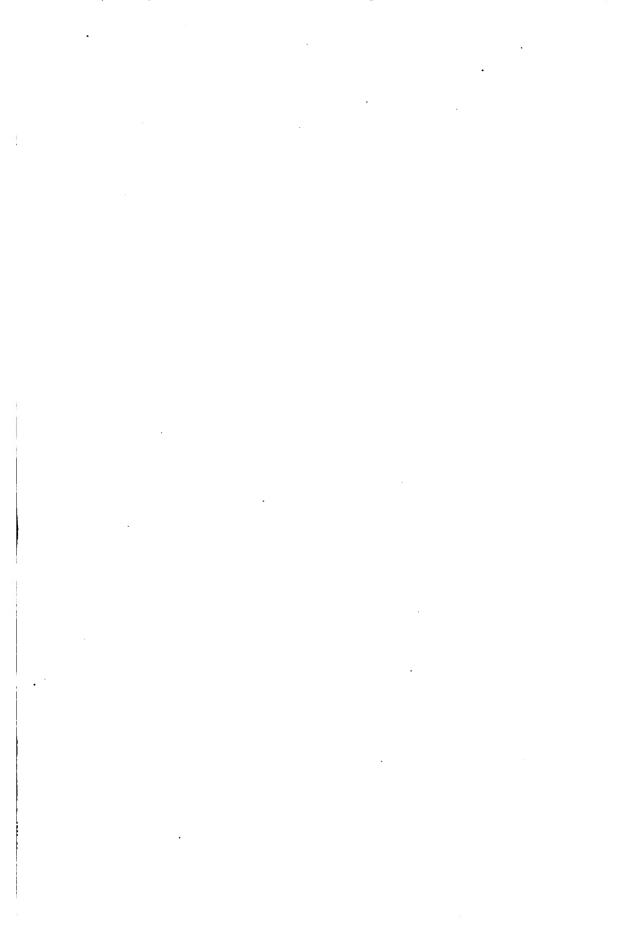
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"FOR THE PURCHASE OF BOOKS RELATING TO THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN AND IT'S SHORES"







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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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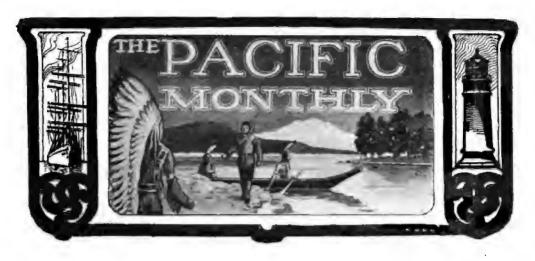
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Rear Admiral John G. Walker, whom the President has appointed as head of the Panama Canal Commission. Admiral Walker has been identified with the matter of the isthmian canal ever since the Government assumed an interest in the question. He was a member of the committee investigating the Panama and Nicaragua routes, and his selection as chairman of the Canal Commission was a logical one.



Volume XII

JULY, 1904

Number 1

PEOPLE—PLACES THINGS

The Mayor of Tacoma

elected mayor of the City of Tacoma, Wash., is, comparatively, a young man—as office-holders go. Not until 1905 will he have completed two score of years. But young men are the fashion, now-adays, for mayors, as witness McClellan of New York, Rolla Wells of St. Louis, and a host of others.

Mr. Wright has lived in Washington ever since he attained his majority. Like so many other of our men of prominence, he started on his career by teaching school, his first engagement being at Spokane. Later he turned to grain and stock raising, which vocations he followed until 1897, in which year he was appointed grain inspector of the state. This position brought him to Tacoma, where he became interested in the wholesale business of Love-Johnson Company, of which corporation he became secretary.

Mr. Wright was elected mayor upon the Democratic ticket by a majority of 660, as against a normal Republican majority of 1200. In the election, party lines were largely disregarded, and Mr. Wright received the earnest support of the solid, mercantile interests of the city. The new

mayor is in no sense a politician, but a sound, experienced business man, who may be expected to govern the city, not for the selfish gains of a party machine, but for the best interests of the people.



George P. Wright, Mayor-elect of Tacoma.



Four-horse hurdling—one of the circus feats performed by the cavalrymen at Fort Myer, near Washington, D. C.

The World's Largest Ferry

It is claimed by those who are in position to know that the "Solano," the big railroad transport on the line of the Southern Pacific, and used by this company to transport trains across the head of San Francisco Bay, between Port Costa and Benicia, is the largest ferryboat in the world. The Solano makes possible a cut-off across the bay, saving a long detour, and shortening the route between San Francisco and Portland on this line of the Southern Pacific. The big ferry has been in commission for a number of years, and has rendered excellent and sat-

isfactory service. The ferry is 425 feet in length and nearly half as wide. It has 1600 feet of track room, and can easily accommodate two passenger trains of ten or twelve coaches each. The landing, both at Port Costa and Benicia, is a slip into which the ferry fits snugly, and the approach, or apron, is made movable by hydraulic power so that the ends of the track may be brought to the same level as the floor of the ferry. This is made necessary by the rise and fall of the tides. It is exhilarating—this thirty-minute journey across the bay, and it is one of the pleasant and interesting features of the trip over the Southern Pacific route.



The largest ferry in the world-plying in San Francisco Bay.

ه کری



General George W. Davis. U. S. A. (retired), the second member of the Panama Canal Commission.



Festival Hall and the Cascade Gardens at the World's Fair

No picture can do justice to this magnificent feature of this greatest of the World's expositions. The picture here given shows a stretch of a quarter of a mile while the extension of the gardens to left and right embraces nearly a half mile. From the rock floor of the basin from which the photograph is taken, to the top of the dome on Festival Hall, the height is 275 feet. The lower weir of the central cascade is 160 feet The restaurant paacross. vilions at either side are each 130 feet in diameter and 140 feet high. The colonnades of the States above the gardens are each 400 feet long and 52 feet to the cornice line. The great seated figures of women, each representing one of the fourteen states of the Louisiana Purchase, are made upon a scale of 20 feet high, if standing. This ornate centerpiece of the World's Fair represents an expenditure of one million dollars, the statuary costing over \$50,000. Here the visitor may see some of the finest specimens of modern sculpture.

The Festival Hall has a seating capacity of 3,500 and contains the largest pipe organ in the world. Here

the orchestra concerts and

organ recitals are to be held throughout the Exposition. Beneath the Festival Hall are beautiful grottoes.

The grand basin in the foreground is a part of the extensive water system of the World's Fair. To the right of the observer are lagoons extending more than half a mile around the Palace of Electricity, and to the left are other lagoons encircling the Palace of Education. Behind the observer at the north end of the Grand Basin is the Plaza of St. Louis, in which stands the Louisiana Purchase Monument and important statuary groups.

Golden Gate Park Museum

The most interesting feature of the many interesting features of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is the Museum. It is not only California's greatest museum, but there is none other in all the West to compare with it. The building itself, being modeled after the old Grecian style of architecture, is a thing of beauty, but it is the contents of the Museum that gives it its worth. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in collecting the vast display of wonderful, curious and costly exhibits that the Museum contains, and all corners of the world have been



The Empress of Japan. Her Majesty is a leader in movements to improve the condition of the women of her country, and is the patroness of many charities.



The Golden Gate Park Museum at San Francisco, the most beautiful and best equipped museum west of the Rocky Mountains.

scoured. There are mummies there that were first laid away in the Egyptian tombs 1500 and 2000 years before Christ, and coins that date back to as remote an age. There are rare old tapestries, laces, paintings, and gold and silverware, to say naught of the marvelous productions of all these by the masters of the present.

There is a typical old colonial kitchen, with its low ceiling and ponderous beams, its big fireplace and crane, its pots and kettles and pewter ware; also a "Dutch living-room," with its polished oak floor and curtained bed. The great collection of statuary and the relics from Pompeii are themselves enough to fill a museum.



The Japanese destroyer Esquonmo.

But it is only a small part; and nothing has been said of the Oriental, Indian, and a host of other exhibits. Californians have, indeed, a right to be proud of Golden Gate Park, but, above all, proud of the great museum the park contains. jacket stove located at one end. It is intended to keep the heat at a temperature of about 103 degrees, and should it increase there is a throttle arrangement that shuts off the draft of the stove, while at the same time a cold air draft is opened.



The largest incubator in the world, with a capacity of 7,500 eggs.

The Largest Incubator in the World

An incubator is really a chicken factory, and the largest machine of this kind in the world is located at Ransonville, N. Y. This wonderful incubator will hold 7,500 eggs, which makes its output capacity of young chicks nearly 300 a day. It is 51 feet long, and four feet four inches wide. There are 50 compartments, 24 inches square, and each compartment holds two trays that will contain 75 eggs apiece.

The inventor of this machine is W. P. Hall, of Pembroke, N. Y., and he has so designed it that it is kept warm by a hot water system, which is operated from a

Estimating that the normal hatching season extends from March 1 to August 1, a period of 153 days, this incubator could be filled seven times, calling for 52,500 A 50 per cent hatch would give eggs. over 26,000 chicks, and a 75 per cent hatch would mean over 39,000 chicks. were to place 15 eggs under each hen, it would require 3,500 hens to incubate 52,500 eggs. Thus, a man with one of these mammoth incubators starts out with the hatching capacity of a very large flock of hens, and after the first 21 days, he could have little chickens every day in the year.





Youth and old age on the stage. Irene Bentley is a clever and fascinating actress in comedy roles. Mrs. Gilbert is the cless woman on the stage, and is now starring in a play written especially for her by Clyde Fitch.

THE SQUARE THING

The story of a trained nurse and a football player—a chance acquaintance on the high seas, and the happy outcome

By Eleanor M. Hiestand-Moore

been nursing neurasthenics and the worry of it had worn her out, so that when she boarded the Ullaloa, she wanted to be let alone. In Hawaii she hoped to find rest and peace for a certain season and she had no mind to be agreeable to her fellow-passengers. The man who kept watching her as she sat on the forward hatchway, looked ill, and he wore a bandage over one eye, on which account Ellen made up her mind not to take the least notice of him.

Yet the news she was reading did not interest her. The paper was full of unpleasant things, not the least of which was an account of the intercollegiate football game. Ellen knew Gresham, the halfback of the Occidentals, and the way he behaved was scandalous. After the riot with the rival team, Gresham had gone to jail for smashing somebody's head in the lobby of the theater, and there was another fellow with him who had half-killed a policeman.

"It's simply disgusting!" she observed, tossing the paper away. "I am sorry he escaped. If I were the mayor—"

A breeze, catching up the paper, whirled it away right into the lap of the man who sat near her. He muttered something in an angry tone, and crumpling up the sheet, he tossed it overboard with such a show of temper that Ellen burst out laughing.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he said, with sudden contrition. "I hope you had fin-

ished with it!"

Ellen rose, shrugging her shoulders.

"It is customary to ask first," she observed, noting the flush of shame on the man's face.

"It was rude, I know," he admitted. "I ought not to have taken such a liberty."

He certainly ought not, Ellen reflected, but she was well accustomed to the churlishness of invalids, and, as a matter of fact, she didn't care about the paper. She had decided to snub him at supper, but he sat right opposite her at the Captain's table, and, though she had hardened her heart, he appealed to her professionally.

"Pulse about 90," she concluded; "temperature 101 degrees. He ought to be in

bed."

He was a tall, athletic fellow who was probably handsome at his best. But now he was pitifully pale, and his eyes were dull and full of weariness. He ate practically nothing.

"You look rather knocked up, Mr. Bentley," said the Captain kindly. "What

happened to your head?"

He flushed quickly.

"Nothing of consequence," he replied, with nervous precipitation. "A cut across the temple, that's all. It don't amount to much, but it has given me a nasty headache."

He hated to have Ellen look at him, somehow, and she punished him with studied attention.

"Did I understand you were a doctor?" asked the Captain, turning to her with curious inadvertence.

"Oh, no!" said Ellen. "Only a trained

nurse."

"I'll bet you're a good one," observed the Captain bluntly. "Don't you think Mr. Bentley ought to go to bed?"

Ellen looked the patient over.

"I think it might improve his temper," she said coolly, and Bentley was forced to smile.

It was rough weather, and the *Ullaloa* pitched a good deal. Ellen went to bed early. She had not counted on getting up again, but the cabin boy came after her in great excitement. The gentleman in No. 17 had slipped down the gangway and cut himself terribly. It was Bentley whom Ellen found bleeding, for the wound in his temple had opened afresh and the hemorrhage that followed was dangerous.

"There isn't a doctor on board," he said faintly. "If you can do anything—I shall

be very much obliged."

Ellen went to work in a deft and capable way. Aside from the hemorrhage, the ugly gash was in a bad condition. It had evidently been neglected. Little red lines had begun to radiate across the forehead and down towards the ear. The blood that was flowing from a small branch of the temporal artery was washing away a yellow crust from the ragged wound.

"Who dressed this in the first place?" Ellen demanded peremptorily. "Certainly

not a doctor!"

"I did," said Bentley. "It—it didn't

seem worth while fussing over."

"It's a septic wound," Ellen said abruptly, but Bentley did not realize what that meant. She stopped the bleeding, but when the *Ullaloa* landed at Hawaii, Bentley had to be taken to the hotel on a stretcher.

"I presume, Miss Floyd," said the Doctor, "that you realize the serious nature of the case. We shall have to take the poor fellow to a hospital, and yet I hate to move him with such a temperature."

"I'll nurse him," Ellen said quietly, and the Doctor said under that arrange-

ment he might pull through.

"I think we ought to write to his family," observed the Doctor, but Ellen explained that she had been unable to find any address, and Bentley was now delirious. In the course of a few days there was a cable message for the sick man, but it gave no clue to his relatives. It read "No worse," and was signed simply: "Cham." Another message of the same purport came the day following, and others followed daily, reporting in detail the condition of some one who was dangerously ill. When Bentley struggled feebly back to the world to which he had been oblivious for weeks, there was a large bundle of cable dispatches which Ellen had filed carefully.

The first thing he remembered—the thing he never forgot afterwards—was Ellen, moving noiselessly about the room in her pale blue gingham and the white apron whose long, neat strings were tied in a pretty bow at the back of her slim waist. The deft, white hands that bandaged his head every morning were tender and soothing, and the brown hair waved very prettily under the frill of Ellen's

cap. Bentley liked to look at her, as he did for hours, in silence—looked at her with such a sense of secure reliance that he felt as though his very existence depended on that quiet, capable presence.

"I am glad to see you looking so well this morning," she said brightly. "You

are getting along finely."

Bentley's eyes wandered from Ellen's cheerful face to the flowers in the window—great white Hawaiian lilies that were blooming in a pot. The soft air drifted in, stirring gently the white-frilled curtains. Bentley heard the swishing of the sea and the mellow hum of native voices in the street below.

"Where are we?" he asked feebly. "I-

I have forgotten."

"In Honolulu," Ellen said briskly. "You were taken sick, you know, on board ship on the way out from San Francisco. You cut your head, and you have had a bad case of blood-poisoning, but I am happy to say you are getting all right again."

"Am I?" said Bentley vaguely. "Did you take care of me? Oh, yes! I know you did. You have been here—ages! I

hope you are never going away."

Ellen laughed.

"I shall probably stay for some time yet," she said pleasantly, and then Bentley seemed all at once to stumble on the track of memory.

"Tell me!" he cried with great excitement, "has any message come for me?"

"I should say so!" Ellen exclaimed. "There, lie down. It isn't good for you to get excited. Here is a whole bundle of cable messages. You can read them after awhile, and here is the last that came. I have not opened it."

Bentley seized the envelope eagerly and tore it open with trembling fingers. A low cry burst from his lips and he fell back upon the pillows, sobbing.

"Is it bad news?" Ellen asked

anxiously.

"No, thank God!" he cried. "Tim Welsh is back on the police force again."

Ellen waited for him to say something more, but he did not speak of the matter for days. The few letters that had come for him he seemed rather averse to reading. On the day when the doctor allowed him to sit by the window, he asked Ellen to listen to him.

"I want to tell you something," he said,

looking at her with so much misery in his eyes that she felt vaguely his great unhappiness.

"Don't tell me anything you don't want

to tell me," she said hastily.

"But I must tell you," he said, shutting his teeth firmly. "You have been so good to me! It is a pity for you to waste such kindness on a fellow like me, Miss Floyd. All I can say is that it is not unappreciated. I— I— it is because I care so much about you that I want you to know."

She touched his hand tenderly, a familiarity that had grown out of his long

helplessness and suffering.

"Don't do that!" he cried with sudden passion. "I can not bear it! What do you think I am made of? Do you think I could have you here, as you have been, day after day and not learn to love you better than I should?"

He groaned aloud and turned his face to the window, else he might have seen the fair rosy light in Ellen's face, and have stayed his misery to some extent.

"If I were only halfway decent," he observed with a gesture of self-contempt, "I would try to win you. If you would marry me, Miss Floyd, I would be the happiest man on God's earth; but I'm not mean enough even to ask you. When you know all about me, you—, you may regret your kindness, Miss Floyd."

"What is there to know?" she asked

sharply.

"My name is not Bentley at all. It is Montgomery. I am Gresham's friend, the man who ran away from San Francisco because he had almost killed a policeman and was afraid he would be arrested."

Ellen's face had grown suddenly pale. "How did you come to do it?" she asked slowly, as the memory of the whole wretched episode of the International Football game came back to her. Montgomery had been intoxicated in the theatre after the sweeping victory of the Occidentals, and he had hit a policeman on the head with his cane, in a melee that occurred in the lobby.

Bentley looked at her with the color

high and hot upon his face.

"I was beastly drunk," he said without the slightest attempt to apologize. There was nothing to say.

"And then you ran away—like a coward?" she said bitterly, unmindful of the cruelty of her question.

"Yes," he replied with the candor of utter hopelessness. "That is just what I did."

"Oh, how could you!" she cried passionately.

His head sank back wearily.

"It seems beastly and impossible now," he replied, "but at the time it seemed very natural. Of course I never intended to do any harm; but that is not the question. I see now that that is not the question at all."

"It is lucky for you that the man got well," said Ellen. She was so angry with

him that she was unkind.

Bentley shuddered and closed his eyes. "Do you think it was the square thing to run away?" she demanded sternly, hardly knowing herself why she had set the standard of conduct so high for him.

"There was nothing else for me to do," he replied. "The police were after me."

"You could have stayed and faced it," she said slowly. "When a man has committed a crime—"

He winced at the word.

"—all he can do is to submit to the punishment he deserves. It seems to me that one's sense of justice would make that imperative."

He looked at her in astonishment.

"You—you think I ought to have borne the disgrace of imprisonment?"

"The disgrace, it seems to me," she said pitilessly, "was in doing the thing."

Bentley was silent. Then he said in a voice full of misery:

"It seems that I have not been able to escape the consequences of my acts, anyhow," he observed. "I realize that my own conduct has made it impossible for me even to hope for the one thing that

seems to me desirable in life."

Ellen was strangely cold and cruel just then.

"A woman might well hesitate to marry a man—with such a history," she said deliberately, and Bentley's face lying on the pillow, grew whiter as she spoke.

"Don't push me too hard," he said, with a little catch in his voice, "I can not bear it from you. Tell me—do you think that? What could I ever do to make you despise me less?"

She looked at him for a moment.

"I am not your mentor, Mr.— Montgomery," she said rising, "I think every man ought to regulate his own morals."

What had happened, the doctor could never find out. Ellen gave up her patient in the course of a few days, and Montgomery declared he was going back to San Francisco. It was three months since the theatre escapade, and Gresham, who had simply been fined, was writing him to come back. The matter had been fixed up by Montgomery's family, and, after a stormy debate, the College Faculty had not expelled, but simply suspended him. Montgomery had the advantage of wealth and influence. Yet, it seems, as Gresham remarked afterwards, that he was "afool after all," for, after he returned to San Francisco, not content with having paid all the expenses of Tim Welsh's illness, Montgomery actually gave him a house and lot in the Mission District, where Welsh was living in unaccustomed prosperity.

"He's a blooming idiot," Gresham observed finally, for, after the whole scandal had died out, Montgomery appeared before a magistrate and actually

asked to be arrested!

Ellen Floyd read about this in the paper. How the public was entertained by the unusual spectacle of a man soliciting his own arrest for assault and battery and his former victim flatly refusing to enter a complaint. The matter was dismissed with comments on the growing

intimacy between Tim Welsh and the man who, in breaking his head, had assumed an obligation highly profitable to Tim.

It was the following year that Montgomery graduated with such a record as surprised those who had known his earlier collegiate history. Everybody knew it was in him, but it was a surprise to see it come out.

"It all comes of hitting an Irishman on the head," observed Gresham, "and—" he glanced over at the girl to whom Montgomery was talking—"Ellen Floyd—principally Ellen Floyd."

Montgomery was looking down at her with a quiet dignity in his eyes, a look

such as a woman loves.

"I have tried to do the square thing," he said simply. "Do you think I could have done anything better?"

The strength of a man who has conquered is sometimes more winning than the unassailed power of virtue.

"Nothing," she answered with shining

eves

"Could you trust me now?" he asked

anxiously.

"I could do more than that," she answered. "I have always done more than you have credited me with doing, I—"

"Speak!" he demanded.

"I love you," she said softly. "That is the squarest thing I know."





HE little foothill town of Saratoga, Santa Clara County, Cal., has for the past five years made the blossoming of the prune the occasion for a day of festivities. Each year the devotees of this fete have increased in numbers, and each year they have made the pilgrimage from a greater distance, till the fame of this blossom-time Mecca has so extended that it may be of interest to take a look at it when not in festive attire and learn something of its history and the circumstances which gave birth to this yearly celebration.

For some years the country surrounding Saratoga, which derives its name from the fine mineral springs gushing from the near-by hills, has been given up to the cultivation of grapes and prunes, and the town had become a quiet rural center with a decidedly religious tendency. Though it seemed largely in the hands of laborers for its good, and real estate men declared it already paradise, yet, in the words of one of its public-spirited citizens, missionary teas had not killed out poison oak, the Epworth League had not repaired dilapidated fences, valiant wrestling of the W. C. T. U. had not removed unsightly rubbish from the roadsides or whitewashed forlorn sheds. In short, such a condition of things prevailed as the dwellers in country towns well know. It remained for two bright-eyed Eastern girls, whom the Saratogans were anxious to have settle among them, to tell them "they were a pokey lot whose lives began, continued and ended in religious meetings." "Then," he says, "we woke up, rubbed our eyes at the stinging words, and lo, the blossom festival was born!" Invitations were extended to the surrounding country, which ran something like this: "Come on the vestibuled Southern Pacific Pullmans. Come in the red Stanford coaches with your holiday horns. Come with sober family nags. Festoon your bicycles. Fill your big four-horse trucks with lively young folks. your jovial jaunting cars. Come singing. Leave care behind for a day and be thank-And after this varied fashion they came, till this last year the trolley has penetrated the valley, making many changes and increasing the number of visitors.

Has the festival accomplished anything for the people of Saratoga? They think it has. In the words of one of their citizens, "Boys begin to count it good citizen-



The prune orchard, where branches of snowy blossoms meet

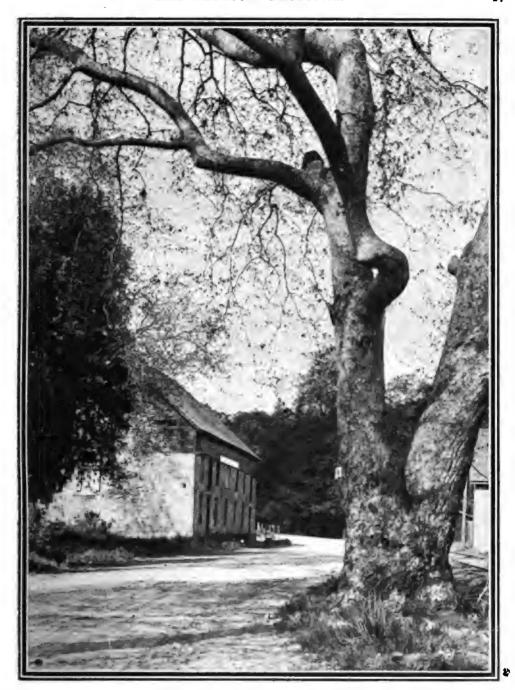
Mrs. Hare, photo.

ship to care for public roads; women rake up weeds and persuade men to burn rubbish when company is coming. The

blacksmith's shop is painted, the streets have been lighted and tumble-down fences have disappeared. The supervisor has



The orchards of the foothills, Los Gatos in the distance, from the Santa Cruz Mountains.



The abandoned mill, near Saratoga, California.

had the spring-holes drained and streets graveled where needed. The children have cultivated a more agreeable manner toward strangers, and, to be practical, all these things have tended to a rise in real estate." Thus we see the day organized for the esthetic purpose of more thoroughly

appreciating one of the beautiful, fleeting changes of the season has yielded some practical results, and, let us hope, although they can not be so easily measured or classified, its object has been fulfilled in other respects.



The orchard, the vineyard, the evergreen caks, and the Santa Clara Valley.

Mrs. Hare, photo.



A purling stream, near Saratoga.

THE WHITE LADY

A weird tale of mystery and adventure in the snow-shrouded fastnesses of the mountains

IN TWO PARTS-PART I

By Carl Louis Kingsbury

T was on a grey November afternoon that Dick Eastlake and I loitered in the one little waiting room of the railway station at Collins, impatient for the arrival of the conveyance that we had engaged by wire, to take us into the heart of the Far Away range on a hunting trip.

While waiting, we vainly essayed to enlist the sympathetic interest of the station agent, who, as we soon ascertained, represented the entire clerical and mechanical force of the railway company at that

point.

"We engaged Hank Thompson to take us up into the mountains; he was to meet us here when the train came in," Dick informed him.

"The train!" echoed the agent testily, "There's two trains; A. M., P. M. Hank was here when the A. M. pulled in. P. M.'s usually late; happened to be on time today. Hank'll be 'round after awhile."

Fortified with this assurance, we disposed ourselves to wait with what patience we could command, and the agent, dismissing us from his consciousness, picked up a hattered violin and began a persistent, doleful sawing across its strings. The performance could, by no means, be classified as even an attempt at musical rendition; it was nerve-racking, yet the one quavering, insistent strain gave an occasional hint of something—some vague, underlying message, vainly groped for. Dick's temper is mostly as sunny as a California day in June, but our driver's nonappearance had irritated him, and with a scowl, he suddenly turned upon the agent:

"Why the devil don't you try something besides that infernal whine?"

The entire force of the railway company sprang to his feet. "Because," he said, with a black look, "that 'infernal whine,' as you call it, is what I want. Have you any objections?"

"No; the thing is atrocious, but there's no accounting for tastes. Still, if there is, somewhere, a musical kindergarten that you could"—Dick paused suggestively.

The agent smiled.

"I don't need a kindergarten training," he said, and proceeded to demonstrate the truth of his statement.

We were in a hurry; the grey November day was waning, our driver had not yet come, and we might have to hunt him up, yet we both stood listening, entranced, while in place of snowy fields and pinching cold there came a rush of springtide greenness, a hint of June roses, of bird songs mingled with the flow of rippling water, all instinct and pulsating with joyous life. Suddenly the music ceased; the violinist lowered his instrument and looked at us, the better and higher expression that the music had called to his face, vanishing in one of scowling discontent.

"For all that," he declared, shortly, in recognition of our enjoyment of his performance, "I can't get the combination

that I want."

"Why, when that particular—'combination'—judging from the sample that we have heard, is so atrocious, do you feel called on to—" Dick was beginning, when the agent stopped him with an angry twang of the fiddle strings:

"It isn't atrocious if you get it right; it—it's compelling; it takes hold of you. There's a devil of a Mexican, living somewhere up in the hills—he plays it sometimes—if he takes the notion. But he's as little to be depended on as the thing itself.

He—"

"All ab—oo—ard!" sang Hank Thompson, stopping his mules at the edge of

the depot platform.

Not until noon of the next day did we reach the cabin of the Oldest Inhabitant. This individual proved to be a taciturn and surly miner of a disposition so retiring that he had, so far as the outside world went, not only crawled into a hole,

but had achieved the added distinction of

pulling the hole in after him.

On the way up our driver had assured us that the old miner, Mr. Brown, otherwise "Bill," would kick like a bay steer when asked to take us in. "But don't you give in an inch!" Hank warned us cheerily; "Bill's heart's all right yit, an' it's a mercy to him that I bring folks up to camp on him once an' agin; keeps him from gittin' plumb petrified. Besides, he'll git to thinkin' a heap of you before you leave. I've brung hunters up here afore, an' I know."

Despite Hank's warning, we were not prepared for the fury of resentment with which the old gentleman, who had opened the door in response to Hank's knock, greeted our arrival. Undismayed, Hank began unloading our luggage by the summary process of firing it into the open doorway, and, at the same time, he expostulated pleasantly with the inhospitable miner:

"Come now, Bill, what's the use of all this jawin'? These fellers has got to stay here; you know that. It's too late to look up airy other place."

"You know blamed well, you limberjointed jackass, that there ain't airy other

place to look up."

"That's what I've been tryin' to tell you, all along, but you wouldn't hearken to reason. You'll have to take 'em in, that's all!"

"Wha'd ye bring 'em for, ye cussed—"
Hank, who was to make half the return
trip that day, had already swung the
mules around on the homeward track; he
looked over his shoulder to bestow a demure grin on the enraged owner of the
cabin.

"You'll git over it, Bill, an' thank me for givin' ye a chance to git acquainted with these fellers; good fellers they are, if I do say it. An' gentlemen, don't ye fret your gizzards. Bill's bark is all there is to him. He never bites, an' he's got plenty to eat, an' as good beds as you'll find in a long day's journey. So long, an' good luck to you!"

The Oldest Inhabitant shook his fist, in impotent fury, at the retreating back of

the driver.

"If there's airy law in this country that'll purtect a man in the peaceful enj'yment of his own cabin, I'll have it on Hank Thompson," he roared, and, just

then, the mules stopped and Hank looked back to call out:

"Sa—ay, what's the matter with their goin' to the Mexican's?"

"What's the matter with their goin' to hell?" yelled our unwilling host. But the suggestion, whatever lay behind it, had turned the scale in our favor. "Come in," he said abruptly. "Course it ain't no fault of yours that you was brought here, but I'll git even with that feller yit."

I don't know whether Mr. Brown ever got even with the driver in the way that his words darkly shadowed forth, but I do know that within twenty-four hours he was looking after our comfort as solicitously as he would for that of life-long friends.

We had bargained with Thompson to return for us at the end of two weeks, and, naturally, made the utmost of our limited holiday. We were very successful in getting game, all of which Brown dressed and cared for. As he insisted on doing this work unaided, and as the supply of meat, apart from that we consumed, fell to his share, we made no strenuous objection to this arrangement, and, for some days, remained unaware of any peculiarity in the mode or place of dressing.

On the tenth day after our arrival, the weather that had held good so far, turned bitterly cold, and a furious snowstorm set in. For three days we were virtually imprisoned. A part of this time we spent in the manufacture of snowshoes, in the use of which we were both experts, and it was plain that if we were to get out at all it must be upon them. The fourth day dawned clear and cold. Immediately after breakfast we started out for a day's sport in the mountains.

We returned to the cabin a little before nightfall, bearing pick-a-pack the carcass of that rare, shy creature, a mountain sheep. Twice or thrice, before reaching the cabin, we heard the howling of timber wolves, and the sound did not dispose us to linger on our way.

As this was not only the first sheep that either of us had ever shot, but the only one that we had ever seen at close range, we proposed to Brown that he should have our assistance in dressing it. At this he turned unexpectedly cranky; but, as we both insisted, matters were at length compromised by his agreeing to allow us to oversee the work.

Brown took the carcass within the shelter of a solid little lean-to, minus outer door or window, and lighted only by the door that opened into it from the main cabin.

"Why don't you take him outside under that pine tree?" Dick suggested, surveying the cubbyhole with disfavor. "There's good light out there."

"An' wind, to carry the scent. This is good 'nuff place; if you don't want to stay

in here you don't have to."

Outside the cabin the ground was frozen as hard as iron, and there was, to all intents and purposes, a whole unused world into any part of which the refuse from our quarry might have been cast without offense; but, having cleaned the sheep, Brown took a spade and dug a hole in one corner of the lean-to. Into this he shoved the refuse, paying no heed to my questions. Dick, who is wise, said nothing until the ground was neatly smoothed over the impromptu grave, then he asked, quietly:

"Why do you do that?"

Brown straightened his bent shoulders and faced Dick, a reminiscent look on his weatherbeaten old face.

"Ever been huntin' in this part of the Faraway Range afore—or, say, within the last three years?"

"Never, at any time; we have always

gone farther south."

"I wish't you'd a' gone furder south Wal', I don't mind admittin' this time. that things has got so that it's agin' my principles to leave airy thing laying around loose that might tole wild animals nigh my cabin. You fellers that live in towns and think you know it all because you read some durned newspaper every day has got a heap to learn about the big world that lies outside—what's that?" he broke off suddenly, and the three of us stood listening in startled silence as, close at hand, a wierd, moaning cry rent the The cry was followed, after an interval, by a distinct whine, as some soft, heavy body bounded lightly upon the roof of the lean-to. This was followed, in turn, by an eager clawing and scratching at the shingles. We could not, of course, see anything, but the promptitude and energy with which our host acted at this juncture was truly wonderful.

Hanging from hooks on the wall was a loaded Winchester rifle. With one noiseless bound Brown secured it, and, standing in his tracks, raised the barrel and fired at that part of the roof from which the sound proceeded. The bullet went crashing and splintering through the boards and the pine shakes; the little room was filled with powder smoke, and again that wild cry rent the air as the creature slid off the roof.

The three of us ran out and around to the lean-to roof.

There was nothing to be seen save the splintered shakes and a few drops of blood on the snow. But presently I discovered, just where the edge of the roof overhung the ground, a larger splash of red, and, mingling with it, a tuft of something white that I, at first, mistook for a tiny bunch of feathers. Turning it over carelessly with the toe of my boot, I saw that it was a fragment of white fur. Too late, we regretted our precipitancy in reaching the spot, for any footprints left had now been hopelessly overlaid by our own. After a little further search, which revealed nothing, we re-entered the cabin and Brown silently replaced the rifle on its hooks.

"What do you suppose that was?" I asked our plainly preoccupied host.

"Some hungry critter," was the brusque reply; "one of you fellers be cuttin' up some of the mutton whilst I make the coffee."

Dick and I, enjoying our meal with the appetite of hunters, paid little attention to Brown, until, hunger somewhat appeased, I had leisure to observe that the bit of steak that he had, at first, taken upon his plate, still remained untasted. Dick noticed it, too.

"What's the matter, Brown; why don't

you eat?" he presently inquired.

For answer, Brown shoved his plate aside with an impatient gesture, and, rising, took his pipe from the mantel, filled it from the sack of fine-cut in his coat pocket, then sat down before the fire, leaving the supper table uncared for. This was unusual, for he was a neat house-keeper.

When the soothing fumes of the tobacco began to rise, like a cloud of incense between himself and his confidant, the open fire, he remarked to the latter:

"Yes; that's it. I can't figure it out

no other way. Like enough the Mexican's sick; an' he can't hunt wu'th a cuss, sick or well. I ain't seen him in a dog's age; don't want to see him, nuther, but I never knowed; I—never—knowed—" He relapsed into musing silence. When he, at length, roused himself it was to address Dick, for whom, he had made it plain from the first, he entertained much more respect than he did for me.

"Say—there's a Mexican—curi's kind of feller—he lives in a cabin three or four mile deeper back in the hills. The feller—he lives alone—yes—he lives alone, and he ain't much of a hand with a gun. Them Mexicans never be, and the snow's deep,

and the trail blocked-"

"—And you think it would be no more than neighborly for us to share our luck with him?" Dick concluded the sentence lightly; "all right, he's welcome to a share of it."

"You ain't a bad feller." For once our host looked at the person he was talking to instead of the fire, as he spoke—"Yes, I seen right off that you wa'n't a bad feller."

Encouraged by this encomium on my friend, and, perhaps, with some faint hope of diverting a little of it to myself, for, truly, the quarry was as much mine to give as Dick's—I said:

"It's a bright moonlit evening; suppose you tell us the way and we'll take some

of the mutton over to him now."

"Airy fool but a plumb fool," mused Mr. Brown, with his eyes upon the fire, "would know better than to reckon that a brace o' strangers could bounce in on that Mexican and make him a gift, out of hand. Proud as the devil, he is—God Almighty knows what of, I don't; but I 'low that he's human, or part human, anyhow, and I don't want him to starve; but the thing's got to be managed; yes, sir, managed!" Knitting his grizzled brows he again took counsel of the fire.

After a minute or two he looked at Dick. "Goin' huntin' to-morrow, ain't

ye?"

Dick nodded silently.

"Yes, o' course; I needn't a' asked! Kill things as long's the snow's deep and they're helpless and can't git away from ye. Wall, I'm kind o' concerned about that Mexican—"

"—Why concerned about him, all at once?" Dick inquired, carelessly.

"'Cause I am, and that's reason enough!" was the tart rejoinder. "Wall, if ye git anything—and ye will; a two-year-old baby 'ud git something, with a popgun, in this snow—ye better round up at the Mexican's cabin with it. Ye must make some mighty good excuse for stopping." He studied Dick's stalwart figure, reflectively. "I don't suppose ye'd like for to go lame, sudden?" he suggested.

"We might ask for a drink," I ventured, inanely, and Brown bitterly assured the fire, "Even a *plumb* fool ought to know that a hunter, no matter if he was nothing but a pot-hunter, could eat snow enough

for to squench his thirst."

Dick clasped his hands above his head

and yawned sleepily.

"I discovered to-day that my snowshoes are not very strong," he remarked. "That ain't a bad idee," Mr. Brown conceded.

Later, in the seclusion of the bunk room, as we were undressing, I asked Dick if he had noticed any peculiarity in the cry of the animal that had jumped to the roof.

"Ye—s; yes," he responded, slowly, pausing in the act of pulling off a sock, "it reminded me somehow, Alex, of the screech that our friend, the agent, was trying to evoke from his violin—and couldn't." After he was snugly under the blankets he poked his head out again to observe: "These old miners, living off in the hills, like the recluses that they are, are apt to become astonishingly superstitious."

"No doubt," I assented, sleepily.

The sham accident, premeditated, has a way, sometimes, of confounding its projector by becoming an unpleasant reality.

Late in the afternoon of the next day we were far up on the side of a mountain that overlooked a chaotic jumble of rocks and evergreens at its base, and were hot on the trail of a deer, unmindful, for the nonce, of anything else, when the accident that Dick had scheduled to happen to his snowshoes took place, resulting in both a broken shoe and a twisted ankle. The edge of the shoe caught as Dick was in full career under a bit of jutting rock, and snap! it went, while Dick fell headlong, face downward.

I was but a few yards behind him, and as he made no immediate effort to rise, I

hurried up to him with my heart in my mouth, to find that, his head having struck a rock, he was partially stunned. It took some vigorous effort to bring him around, and then, discovering the condition that he was in, the situation did not seem to me much improved. But it was Dick who now recalled that, a few minutes previously, we had observed smoke rising from somewhere in the wilderness of rocks and gnarled trees beneath us. "It's around here somewhere, Brown's Mexican lives," Dick concluded, "and it looks to me as though we were booked to trespass upon his hospitality. We'll have to trail down that smoke, Alex."

We did. It was not an easy task, and all Dick's nerve—and he has his share of it—could not repress an occasional moan of anguish as I half dragged, half carried him toward the doubtful haven. I regretted, too, as we stood, at length, before the closed door of a substantial, low-browed cabin, that, in our eagerness to secure the larger game—now beyond reach—we had let slip opportunities of getting anything, and I recalled that Brown had suspected suffering for food here, providing that this turned out to be the cabin of the Mexican.

As my repeated knocking brought no response, I, at length, tried the door, and, finding it unlocked, threw it open and entered, supporting Dick. A low fire smouldered in an open fireplace at the side of the room opposite the door, and, drawn up before it was an inviting looking, sleepy hollow chair. Into this, without words, Dick promptly dropped, while I proceeded to replenish the fire from the stock of fuel that lay in readiness beside it. We

were in a comfortable room, cosily furnished; so much I saw in the hurried glance that I cast around while working over the fire. Two or three closed doors gave, apparently, on other rooms, and directly, from behind one of the closed doors, came the sound of a querulous voice asking impatiently:

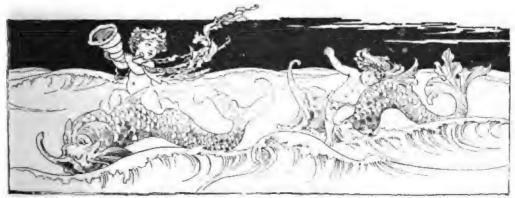
"What are you waiting for-why don't you come in?"

The voice was that of a woman. Dick was quite too much engrossed with his own suffering to give heed to anything else; and while I hesitated what reply to make, there came a quick footstep on the snow outside, the door was thrown open, and a slender, swarthy-looking man stood framed in the doorway, against the dazzling whiteness, staring at us, the intruders, with surprise, and, it was painfully apparent, the strongest disfavor.

In his hand he carried a brace of white ptarmigan, and before waiting to receive our apologies and explanations, he crossed the room and deposited them on the floor just within the doorway of the room from which the querulous voice had come. Then he came back and stopped beside Dick's chair.

"What do you here?" he asked. He listened quietly to our explanations, and then examined Dick's foot. "Not broken; badly sprained," he said, and, without more words, went to work to make his undesired guest as comfortable as the circumstances allowed. But, through all his busy ministrations, I observed that he had a furtive air of anxious watchfulness, and his troubled glance frequently sought the door of the room whence the woman's voice had come.





KOREAN ART AND ARTISTS

The illustrations are reproduced from the paintings of the foremost Korean artist, in the private collection of the author. Third article in the series on Korea.

By James Hunter Wells, M. D.

BOUT 3000 years ago, Korea led all Asia in art and music; and in literature, was second only to China. The finest large bronzes now in Asia, examples of which I saw in Tokio and Nikko, Japan, prove the truth of this assertion. In Korea was invented the first movable, metal type, made of bronze. The Chinese printed from wooden plates, carefully

engraved by hand, but the artisans of Korea saw that the process of printing would be greatly facilitated if movable type was used, and thus the first type was made. This was in the 13th century. The world to-day is using movable, metal type, and is indebted to Korea for the invention.

wars, first between Korea and China, then between Korea and Japan, and then between Japan and China, with Korea as the battleground, crushed out what artistic promise there was in the beginning. Pottery, however, was produced, and those of its relics, now very rare, are graded among the very first of the products of this art.

A certain silversmith of my acquaintance is the best in his nation, but is able to do only crude and simple work, though a few in the north do fine inlaid work on very beautiful models—a survival of the age when bronzes were extensively produced.

At present there are but feeble indications of what was once the leading art center of Asia, and there is very little to



The larger part of the machine is the flywheel. The cord turns the speel rapidly, and so winds the cotton or flax on the speel.

都鲜生

THE STROLLING GENTLEMAN.

These pictures are in every detail true to life. The fan, hat and long sleeves proclaim this man a Korean gentleman of leisure.



Every governor and magistrate in Korea has, as part of his retinue, a number of girls who serve his food and dance for him. They dress in gay colors, in contradistinction to all others, who dress in unbroken white.



The belt with the crane and the peculiar flaps turned back (the Emperor's flaps turn forward), indicate that the personage is not only a high official, but is of the royalty.



A COMMON COOLIE.

No hat, straw shoes, coarse clothes, and pilgrim's pack. His home is where he sleeps and he is a semi-beggar.

tell of the glory that was once Korea's in these lines. It is a decaying nation and a listless and unproductive people.

The condition of pictorial art as it exists to-day in Korea is fully shown in the accompanying pictures, reproduced from the paintings of the foremost Korean artist. To the Korean, these pictures, crude and faulty as they appear to us, are the acme of perfection. The Asiatic is uncritical and imaginative, and whatever is lacking in the picture's semblance to life is readily overlooked or supplied from the imagination. It is the same quality which, in a child, makes a picture but a little less real than life itself.

The Korean's standards of art are far simpler than ours, and herein lies their beauty. We demand so much, even of art, in this practical age, that we are very apt to overdo the matter. The simple lines and the simple life of the Koreans, as illustrated by these samples of their art, has much in it to commend them. As they advance in other ways, we will find that the old and supposedly forgotten artistic instincts will awaken, and bear fruit. It is not too much to expect that out of Asia something will come in the future that may be of as much value to art, as was the movable type in the earliest days of typography.

BOAT SONG

Eow, row,
While the lake lies hushed and dim,
Far and away flees the lagging day
To the sun, for she loves but him.
Bow, row,
Bend to the dripping oar.

Row, row,
Oh, the breath of the pines is sweet,
The ripples sing as the rudder swings,
And the stars are under our feet;
Row, row,
Bend to the dripping oar.

-Maude Sutton





Entrance to "Creation" on "The Pike," at the St. Louis Exposition

HE Pike is not a side show of the Universal Exposition; neither is it a circus of Munchausen monstrosities.

A new era of entertainment, rigidly opposed to the theory that the public still loves to be humbugged, is introduced to the amusement seeker.

The Pike will show the world at play on a scale never attempted in the most halcyon days of pleasure. Cheap and tawdry deception, the "flim flam" and jingle of fakirdom have been stamped out.

Yet there is nothing tame about Pike fever. Larger, grander and more varied because of its mightier volume of life and color, the intoxication is greater. Its pulse throb is that of the Roman saturnalia. Its swing and rhythm the measure of a tremendous military march.

Simple insistence on perfect fidelity in assembling the strange peoples and their color environment has raised this St. Louis

fiesta of fun far above those of all other expositions.

The Pike is not a jumble of nonsense. It has a meaning just as definite as the high motive which inspired the Exposition. It mirrors the lighter moods of all countries.

The Exposition is a mammoth spectacle. The Pike is Olympian in proportion and character. Colossal structures, stretching for a mile on both sides of a paved street, furnish immense theatres in which the latest ingenuity of the master showman is displayed. Five millions of dollars were spent in merely erecting buildings in harmony with the dignity and magnitude of the greater pageant.

Seven millions will have been expended before the opening of the Exposition in transporting 6,000 natives of foreign countries, 1,000 wild and domestic animals and nearly a million dollars in curious

wares to tempt the collector of the quaint and the antique.

Two of the largest amusements cost a lump sum of \$1,400,000. "Jerusalem, the Holy City," one of these concessions and the largest open air show ever constructed, represents an outlay of \$700,000, subscribed mainly by capitalists in St. Louis. "The Tyrolean Alps," the second attraction, commanded an equal amount from business interests in the World's Fair City. Twenty other shows each

That the concessionaire and his audience might both be protected, the Exposition management wisely awarded to the showman presenting the characteristics of any foreign country, the exclusive privilege of selling in his concession the wares, for which that country is noted among travelers and lovers of rare decoration.

These precautions serve to keep the Pike above reproach. The visitor feels that his time and his innocent investment have not been wasted. In its positive



Looking down "The Pike" from the "Galveston Flood."

cost \$100,000. Not an amusement on the Pike cost less than \$50,000.

Reproductions of famous quarters of cities celebrated in history and literature are exact as personal inspection, photographs and architectural sketches could make them. The inhabitants of these mimic scenes are the inhabitants of the original places, secured at considerable time and expense to the showman. The daily life of these transplanted populations is a true reflection on a smaller scale of the lives they lead in their real homes.

industrial lessons which are mingled with its theatres, sports, music and dancing, the Pike teaches quite as important a lesson as do the exhibits in the Exposition palaces. How to mix pleasure with the more serious things of life is the picture held up for those who read as they run down the Pike.

Take "Jerusalem," the largest amusement at the Exposition. It is an actual walled replica of those places in the Holy City, immortalized by the scriptural story of the Nazarene. Eleven acres of

broken topography are covered with more than 300 structures of varying size, separated by 22 streets and crowded by 1,000 natives of the real Jerusalem.

The papier mache mountains of the Tyrolean Alps rise 100 feet above seven acres which are covered by snow-capped masses of the Ortler, ancient castles, a typical Tyrolean village, dashing mountain torrents, and a panorama of unrivaled Alpine scenery.

A different atmosphere is breathed in

In the Irish Village and exhibition such historical structures as the old House of Parliament at Dublin are reproduced exactly. Carmac's Castle on the Rocks of Cashel, an old Irish arch, 902 years old, Blarney Castle, in which Edward Harrigan, the American actor will give performances of genuine Irish drama are objects of interest. Jaunting cars pass through historic scenery.

A widely different show is the Palais du Costume which is a history of fashion,



Entrance to "Old St. Louis." A crowd attracted by the alluring vociferations of the leather-lunged "spieler."

mysterious Asia, a mingling of the quaint life and architectural settings of India, Ceylon, Burmah and Persia. The rites of Rajahs and the primitive color of Burmese villages contrast strongly. Carl Hagenbeck's Circus, Zoo and Panorama are the largest representation of an animal paradise that has ever been constructed. By a patent, invisible device, wild and domestic beasts roam at large in a vast natural panorama with nothing between them and the spectators.

presenting the intermediate changes in dress between the period of the Roman colonies through all ages. Thirty scenes reproduce with exactness, the fashions, with accessories such as the architecture and furniture of the times.

Constantinople is the composite title of a correct imitation of eleven sections of the Bazaars of Shamboul with a fine entrance through the Mosque of Nouri Osmanich. A labyrinth of narrow streets branch from Kalpakdjilar Dgedissi, the

main avenue, all filled with Turkish merchants. The sketches for this concession were made by Djelal Bey Ben Essad, son of the late Marshal Essad Pasha, one of the best art critics in Turkey.

How unlike other shows is the tremendous "Naval Exhibition," a monster reproduction of the Battle of Santiago! Battleships, cruisers and a flotilla of torpedo and submarine boats are operated over a great water expanse by electricity. The forts are attacked, the Merrimac is sunk, and the Spanish fleet destroyed. Akin

long, Geisha girls with their dances, and native rag-making girls from 10 to 15 years old are some of the interesting objects.

irThe Galveston Flood"is a vivid picture of the great disaster of September, 1900, producing remarkably realistic effects through the use of plastic and pictorial art, combined with mechanics and electricity. Real water, real waves washing a real beach, the destruction of the city with all the noises of that fearful storm, and the restoration of the stricken city,



The Bay of Santiago as it is reproduced at St. Louis. Here the naval display is made.

to this marine picture are the "Deep Sea Divers," operated under water in complete armor and harness.

Japanese life and manners as never before witnessed in the United States make the Japanese Village one of the principal sights of the Pike. Parts of the imperial gardens at Tokio, filled with very old trees trained in shapes of man, bird and beast, the Temple of Nikko, all the life of a street in Asakusa, 300 natives, jinrickashaws, roosters with tails 25 feet

make an effect that is truly great. "New York to the North Pole" is an illusion with the actual reproduction of an ocean liner 500 feet long by 80 feet wide, combined with a trip to the north pole.

In the same class of amusements comes "Under and Over the Sea," a wonderfully realistic trip to Paris by submarine boat and return by airship to the Exposition. Here the passengers are in the midst of a furious tempest while sailing in mid-air. "Creation," a mammoth illusion, takes the

spectator back through ten centuries, on a canal of real water, to the Genesis. Within the shell of a dome larger than that of St. Peter's, the earth and the seas are formed from the void at the command

of a supernatural voice.

The "Streets of Seville" show the life and customs of Spain. The "Plaza de Toros of Madrid," the famous market place of Triana, the "Gypsy Lane of Barcelona" are filled with Dons, Senoritas and gypsies. Then the eyes are pleased with the delicate green and deep red rose color scheme of the "Teatro de los Floros." Widely remote coloring is obtained from the Chinese Village with its theatre and players, the joss house and tea garden built of bamboo and palm leaf. Two hundred native artisans are plying their curious trades by hand as they have done for centuries.

The "Battle Abbey" is the largest cyclorama ever constructed, showing all the decisive battles of the world. The life of the Cliff Dwellers is illustrated by careful reproductions of strange caves existing

to-day in the Mancos River Canyon of Colorado—the habitations of a lost race. combined with the pueblos of their descendants, the Zuni Indians of New The "Siberian Railway" and Mexico. "Russian Village" take one into the frozen north and reveal the widely beautiful scenery of a little appreciated country, with its peculiar customs. "Cairo" is a larger and much more dignified and accurate picture of the land of the Khedive than the famous "Streets of Cairo" at Chicago. The Bedouins of the desert are a living part of a show that employed many hundreds of natives and animals.

A new spectacle is "The Firefighters," an extraordinary exhibition of a crack organization of American fire laddies with their modern apparatus. Houses in flames furnish the fiery theatre for scientific life rescuing. "Hunting in the Ozarks" is the largest shooting gallery ever built. The hunters roam through the natural forests and bag game that unexpectedly springs from all sorts of coverts. A "Forty-Nine Mining Camp" depicts the West of the



The "Snake Dance" in the Indian village on "The Pike.

gold fever period with its life and rude customs and ruder justice revived. "Old St. Louis" is a collection of historic buildings standing with their true relations as they did in the days of the first settlement. The earlier life of the pioneers is graphically told by living impersonations of traders and Indians. The largest scenic railway in the world is another feature, while the great "Observation Wheel" overlooks all this display of amazing sights.



Huts of the Visayans in the Philippine village on "The Pike."

THE ANGEL IN THE MOON

Have you ever seen the angel in the moon, With her outstretched pinions gleaming gold on gold,

And her shadowy draperies streaming fold on fold?

Have you ever seen the angel in the moon?

O'er the fates of all on earth
From the tragic hour of birth
Till the gates of death swing open and the
weary souls pass through,
She keeps watch and ward, and waiting, sees
the dreams of life come true.

-Lischen M. Miller.

AN INDICTMENT OF RUSSIA

The grievances of the people of Russia under the government of the Czars

By William H. Galvani

THAT the exiled Russians throughout the world, and, more especially, in lands where the bold and free spirit of Anglo-Saxon civilization guarantees liberty to all, should be so unanimous in their enmity towards Russia, is something that the vast majority of writers on presentday topics can not understand. But, as a matter of fact, it is not Russia that stirs every one of those exiled men and women to so unbending an enmity. It is the Imperial Government of the Czarridden Empire, the actual and terrible source of all of long-suffering Russia's misfortunes, against which there is such an outburst of hostility.

The question naturally suggests itself what are the actual causes that give rise

to such hostility?

The causes which gave rise to these hostile demonstrations on the part of the Russian exiles abroad are not of a personal character—these are to be found in the grievances of the whole people of Russia. Twenty-five years ago Wendell Phillips, addressing Harvard College, took occasion to defend the noble band of men and women who enlisted under the banner of Human Rights in a life and death struggle with the bloody despotism of Russia. In that memorable address-"The Scholar in a Republic"—delivered within three months after Alexander II. was sent down the way of the Czars, in the streets of St. Petersburg, Wendell Phillips proclaimed that "for every single reason they (our fathers) alleged, Russia counts a hundred, each one ten times bitterer than any Hancock or Adams could give." But bitter as the grievances of the people of Russia were twenty-five years ago, they are infinitely more so under Nicholas II. in the year 1904. Chief among these grievances are:

The enormous army, navy and civil service, requiring a system of taxation for their maintenance that amounts practi-

cally to confiscation.

The overbearing arrogance of the governing class who, aided by the impostures of their twin-brother, the organized priesthood, have established a system most hateful for its cruelty, oppression and usurpation.

The deliberate failure of the Imperial Government to provide at least a common school system that would be adequate to forever remove the dark blot from a country, wherein, in this twentieth century, more than half of the population remains hopelessly illiterate.

The total absence of a free press, free speech, free assembly, and of official responsibility of any kind, have made it possible for the Imperial Anarch to quench the fires of freedom in the blood of Russia's noblest men and women.

The brutal and cunning policy of encouraging sectional and sectarian strife among a people who under all ordinary circumstances would never be guilty of such criminal folly, is practiced in order to divert their minds from the actual source of their bitter sorrows and needless misfortunes.

The frequent wars of conquest waged by the Imperial absolutism upon its peaceful neighbors, whenever internal feuds come to a standstill, have kept a country of enormous resources in a constant state of bankruptcy and reduced a patient and industrious people to a most hopeless condition of poverty and degradation.

The base and deliberate system of lying. fraud and violation of treaty obligations on the part of the Imperial Government —both at home and abroad—has, by the • grace of Nicholas II. and his official representatives, made Russia an object of scorn and derision among the civilized nations of the earth, and more than ever convinced every thinking mind that the White Czar's call for peace only means war in which every principle governing civilized warfare is violated, and his Imperial hints in favor of religious toleration are only signals for riot, rape, and

plunder of defenseless people.

These are but some of the grievances which, without any international organization, concerted action or mutual understanding, have prompted every exiled man and woman to disown and denounce in unmistakable terms the hypocricy and brutality of the Holstein-Gottorp and Anhalt-Zerbst dynasty for provoking a bloody war with a peaceful people who, to their credit and to Russia's shame be it said, have achieved in fifty years under their Mikado more than Russia has under the Czars through all of her national existence. It is because of such a condition of affairs that Russians at home and abroad prefer all the terrors of defeat to an increased arrogance of absolutism and the further extension of its despotic rule

over additional territory and population in case of victory over Japan.

Those who best know the nature of Russia's governing brigands know only too well that in the humility of defeat alone there lies the hope for anything like a representative system of government. The crushing defeat of the Crimean war about fifty years ago brought the emancipation of almost fifty millions of serfs, and a disastrous campaign in the Far East at this time may bring liberation to the entire population of Russia from the deadliest and most brutal power that ever oppressed humankind.

Mr. W. H. Galvani is a recognized authority on Russian affairs, having spent half of his life in that country.

The Mountains-A Pastel

By Marion Cook Knight

The Aesthetic Soul stood on the edge of the High Bluff and gazed long at the Glorious View. Her eye traveled over the shimmering expanse of water, and, following the turn of the river, rested at last upon the Mountains, silhouetted against the flaming, sunset sky. Then she sighed.

It had been a bright day and her Shadow was still with her. Nor is it likely he would leave her side at the setting of the sun. There is the moon, you know, and evening is such a happy time. When she sighed so heavily, and that longing, unsatisfied look came into her eyes, he was much troubled.

"What is it?" he asked. "Are you not happy?"

"It is the Mountains," she said. "They are so suggestive. They make me long to do so much, to accomplish great ends; they make me unsatisfied with my present narrow confines. They intimate the possibility of a fuller life,—but I have so few opportunities."

She sighed again, and then they turned and walked slowly, thoughtfully,

She was very ambitious and aspired to Great Things.

On that same Bluff, a little later, the Weary One came to rest. She sat long, and at length the reflection and beauty of the glowing West shone in her face and made it glad.

He Whom She Loved stole softly up behind her and, taking her hand, held it

tenderly in his warm, rough one. The day had been a hard one for him, too.
"What makes you so happy?" he said. "Are you not tired, Little One?" The

face she turned to him would have been a revelation to the Aesthetic Soul.

"A little," she answered, "but I forget it all looking at the Mountains. They inspire one so. They glorify everything and make Life take on brighter hues. With you and the Mountains, Love, what more could I ask?"

And the Peace of the Twilight Hour rested on them both.

ON THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC

A description of the wave-kissed beaches, whither throng the toil-worn for rest and recreation

By Hugh Herdman



Children in the surf at Long Beach.

Easterner who visits the beaches of the Pacific Northwest for the first time almost invariably gives utterance to a feeling of disappointment. He is usually more or less familiar with the Atlantic Coast summer resorts, with their large and magnificently appointed hotels, their elegant summer homes, and their commodious bathhouses. He has either mingled with the elite of society who throng there to escape the stifling heat of the city, and maintain even there the barriers of exclusiveness; or, as an outsider, he has viewed them with curiosity-perhaps with envy. He has attended the balls, the concerts and the banquets, or he has heard or read of them. His idea of a summer at the beach is that it is a continual round of fashionable gaiety. Narragansett Pier, Newport and Atlantic City are the names which come uppermost in his mind, when he thinks of the resorts

where the well-to-do spend the summer months.

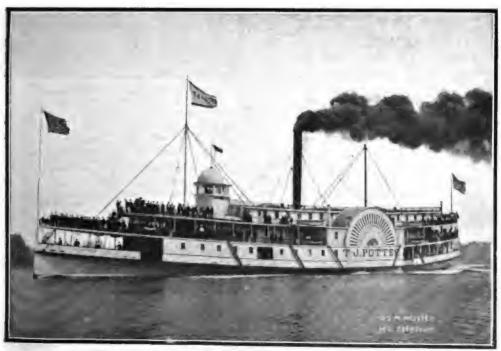
Accordingly, when he comes to the Pacific Coast and hears us talk of our beaches he pictures them as he knows those in the East to be. He imagines that he will find hotels and homes, of course not so elegant or costly as those on the Atlantic, but attempting to approach them in these respects. Hence he is disap-He sees no great hotels, no splendid mansions. Instead, he finds comfortable frame hostelries and neat, little cottages nestling among the firs and hemlocks and oaks, half hidden from the sea, but within hearing of its incessant roar. On inquiry, he learns that there is no exclusive quarter where only millionaires may abide. On the contrary, he finds the humble cottage of the man who is in comfortable circumstances within a stone's throw of that of the man whose thrift has yielded him millions. The engineer of the



Keenest enjoyment is to be found in the contact with the breaking waves.

locomotive that draws a private car may live next door to the man who rides in the car and calls it his. The bookkeeper may lean over his back fence and chat with the president of the bank in which he works, and they may gather driftwood together on the beach to fill up their fireplaces.

Far from being places where Dame Fashion holds sway, they are real resorts where the weary may rest, the weak grow strong, the invalid convalesce. Whatever artificial barriers of society may be erected in the city are here let down, and human nature again usurps the rule. The one pre-requisite to freedom and a good time is respectability. Of dances—never balls—there are many; and parties—never fetes or banquets—succeed each other in rapid succession. Consequently, if our Easterner stays long enough (and he usually does) he feels his first impression of disappointment vanishing and being re-



The "T. J. Potter," the palatial steamer plying between Portland and Ilwaco.



Birdseye view of Long Beach.

placed by a hearty admiration of this typical Western way of enjoying nature at her primitive best, and a keen exultation in the vigor and the freedom of the healthful life.

On the beach he discovers, mayhap to his surprise, that women's bathing suits are intended to be used in bathing in the water, rather than in the sunshine and the admiration of men, or the envy of women. And, wonderful to behold! he sees them put to the use intended. Incredible? I affirm it.

Under a sun which rarely is dimmed by a cloud, and in a temperature which seldom is warmer than seventy-five degrees, he sees young and old of both sexes indulging in all the sports which appeal to mankind on a holiday.

Here is a company of children, equipped with spade and bucket, industriously digging and clawing after the nimble razorback clam; there a crowd of boys and men playing baseball on the long, almost level slope of the firm sand at low tide; yonder, their elders indulging in the more sedate game of croquet; and yonder, bicyclists and horseback riders speeding up and down the beach. When the tide turns and

approaches half-flood, they desert their games and don their bathing suits for a few plunges in the cold, exhilarating water. The men, ungallant creatures, get enough of this long before the women do, because the water is very cool and they seem to become chilled more quickly than do the members of the sex which we in moments of abstraction or self-delusion term "the weaker." I have seen a robust, red-blooded son of Adam standing on one foot and looking like a blue heron, chilled to the marrow and chattering like a canary, while a frail slip of a girl dived and paddled about in the water as if it were at a hundred degrees.

On the Washington side of the Colum-



The lifesaving boat at Ilwaco Beach.

bia, and extending down to North Head which surmounts Cape Hancock, or Cape Disappointment, as it is generally called, is Long Beach, so called from its long,



Surf bathing is a favorite pastime at Long Beach. Every day, during



The lighthouse at Fort Canby, the mouth of the Columbia.

uninterrupted stretch of smooth sand. It extends north for a distance of 23 miles as far as Leadbetter Point, which overlooks Shoalwater Bay. Besides the pleasures which the beach affords, there are those of a trip to North Head Lighthouse, which stands upon the rocky summit of Cape Disappointment and signals to the watchful mariner that both danger and safety lie there—danger if he permit his ship to be hurled against the beetling crags, and safety if he cross the bar aright. Then, too, there is Fort Canby, which the United States has constructed and garrisoned to protect the harbor from invasion. Here perches another lighthouse, whose rays are visible 21 miles away.

Long Beach has the distinction of supplying its residents with driftwood to last them the entire season. The currents which swirl around North Head pile high

up on the slope during the winter great quantities of wood of all sorts. Here is a huge fir or spruce log, or perhaps a tree, root and all, at one time a towering denizen of the forest, now beaten and broken by the waves and cast upon the shore like some nude corpse. Here lies a shattered spar from some sailer, here the lid of a chest, both laden with mystery and suggestive of storms, privations and death. Before a fireplace blazing with the brilliant flames of these tokens of tragedy, Fancy spreads her wings and soars in an atmosphere of pure romance. She sees the storm-racked vessel and hears the cries of the death-stricken sailors. In the agony of impotence she beholds the one rent asunder by the relentless billows and the others engulfed in the insatiate maw of the sea. Or, perhaps, a log of sandal wood wafts her on its incense to the sun-



the summer months, the ocean's edge is thronged with sportive bathers.

smiled shores of Japan, and she views that new-old nation casting aside its swaddling clothes of ignorance and superstition and arraying itself in the mail of the warrior.

This beach has only recently become a place of sojourn for the pleasure-seeker. A few years ago the gulls wheeled their silent flight undisturbed by man; the seals and sea-lions sported unmolested near the shores; and the whales spouted

there to flounder and die. We have not yet reached the sea-serpent stage in the development of seaside novelties, and until we cease to be interested in a monster no larger than the whale, we shall probably hear nothing of his submarine relative. No doubt he will be forthcoming when occasion demands, but that time is not yet.

As the sun rising over the edge of the Atlantic pushes back the curtain of the



Peculiar rock formation in the lower Columbia.

and gamboled unseen, save by those aboard passing ships. Now the gulls keep a wary and anxious eye lest one of the tribe of man approach too near; the seals and sealions, though still to be seen almost any time, keep farther from the shore than they were wont to do; and the whales are sighted at rarer intervals than before. Occasionally, however, one of these mammals comes too close to shore and soon finds himself beaten, driven and rolled by the resistless breakers high upon the sand,

night and paints the heavens with hues of gray and purple and saffron and gold, and ushers in the rosy-fingered morn, so the same sun sinking below the edge of the Pacific, 12,000 miles and more away, draws the slow curtain of the northern night, and bathes the heavens in the gold, the saffron, the purple and the gray of heavy-eyed eve, leaving us breathless with wonder at the splendor of creation, and exalted with thanksgiving for the majesty of the Creator.

A DELAYED HONEYMOON

A practical joke which threatened to develop serious consequences

By Aloysius Coll

TRANGE!—four men in swallow-tails out in the shadow of the rose bushes of the back garden—and so many pretty young girls flitting about on the front lawn; music and dancing on the piazza; delicious refreshments at cozy corners here and there!

The old country mansion, notable for many gay gatherings, to-night smelled of October leaves; October stars shined overhead; the dews of an autumn night sparkled on the grass; horses champed and neighed at the great gates leading in to the secluded house—all about the artistic riot and merriment of a happy wedding night!

But four men in swallowtails had drawn apart into the darkness—beyond the light of the lanterns and the lamps. Not even the piquant glow of a cigar burning on the bosom of the darkness

to betray their ambush!

Alexander Bonbright was speaking. "I tell you what, fellows, it's easy—easier than you think. They've got to drive to the station to-night—seven miles the shortest way—to catch the Express on the main line going east. The train leaves at 12:20. We have two white teams, so much alike you can't tell one from the other in daylight, let alone in the dark. Besides, I've been to a wedding or two, and everybody's too flustered to notice anything out of the ordinary.

"But would it be quite fair, Alex? Teddy's such a soft lump, after all; to separate him from her that one hour would kill him. I don't want to unload a stiff at the station—I'm no undertaker!"

"Let me remind you of a certain night not so long ago, Gene Morton," replied the unrelenting Alexander—"the night you had your wedding! Who did the decorating, if it wasn't this same Mr. Groom who's going to be the victim tonight? Doc has it in for him, too—he's the man that had the announcement cards

distributed on the train when Doc and

Sally went off."

"Right you are, Alex," chimed the dentist. "I'm for anything that'll make that gentleman look back over his records, and strike a balance on old scores."

"Tom Benford hasn't any reason to be chicken-hearted in the game, either," persisted Bonbright. Benford was the

fourth of the group.

"Well, what's the plan, as it's now completed?" said Morton. "We can't stand here all night—it's a dead giveaway. Besides—this bunch of petticoats

don't get together every night!"

"Simple as rolling off a log," answered "We'll have the two white teams with the cabs ready for action in good time. One of the fellows can accidentally break the big electric globe on the front porch with his cane in the excitement as the bridal party is sighted coming out to make a dive into the bridal cab. There won't be any light on the porch, then, except the glow of the Chinese lanterns—and I think they'll all be burned out by that time. Ted never suspects me of being in the game to trick him-I've promised him to be a faithful best man all the way through. He knows the rest of the gang's loaded for him."

"Now, Gene can go out just before time for the bridal party to start, and climb up on to one of the cabs with white horses I've made arrangements for Mrs. Munroe to get in before this, and wear an overcoat and my hat. She'll look enough like the groom to deceive Bess in the dark for a few moments—and that's all that's necessary. Once the door's slammed shut we don't care. I've had the levers removed from the inside of the cabs, and there's no opening them except from the outside. Mrs. Munroe's entered into the spirit of the thing, and won't mind the drive to the station and back for the fun we'll all get out of the trick."

"When Gene drives his cab up, Doc, and

some more of the fellows we'll take in, can help the bride to make a grand rush down the steps and into the cab. The minute she's stowed in beside her chaperone, slam the door, and give Gene the word to break away. Meantime, leave it to me to handle Mr. Teddy. I've already assured him that I'm going to help him fool all the rice throwers and old shoe hurlers, by making arrangements to have the bridal cab down at the gate, in the rear lane. I'll escort him down myself."

"What girl's going to be the bride? He won't go without Bess; you can bet on that."

"Nell's going to be his bride—it won't matter, she's his sister—'till we get him What's the difference started rightly. then if he does find out that the bride's maid has been palmed off for the bride? You see, this back lane is almost pitch dark, there are so many overhanging Tom can have Nell under tow right ahead of me-I'll hold Ted for a bracer—and he'll not discover the ruse till he gets into the cab. Then, I'll take care that Mr. Groom's cab never overtakes Gene 'll have the better horses, and if Ted gets out, and insists on driving himself, he won't be able to catch up

"It's a good scheme, Alex," said the others in chorus. "Come on!"

* * *

The guests flocked on to the front piazza. Everybody was laughing, talking, shouting at the same time. At the door, the crowd became a jam.

"Here they come!" was the cry from those nearest to the hallway.

Little bags of rice were lifted out of the tight squeeze, ready to fling, and old shoes were gripped with firmer fingers, ready to cast in the wake of the fugitives. Above the commotion, a cane was waving; suddenly it struck the fifty-candle power electric globe, now the sole light in front of the house, and a shower of glass fell upon the floor and over the guests! Loud cheers, mingled with feminine shrieks, went up, as darkness enveloped the mad rush.

Meantime, deception was playing in the rear hallway. First, down the stairs tripped a girl enveloped in a long coat, and on the arm of Tom Benford she rushed from the rear door down the lane.

Next came two men, one carrying a traveling bag. "Here, old man, take this for a bracer!" whispered Bonbright, to the groom. "Do as I tell you, and we'll beat 'em badly. They've all gathered to the front!"

"Hurry, man!" Bonbright gripped the groom by the arm.

"Where's Bess?"

"Gone ahead. Benford has her safe. See them,—just turning the lane?"

"The two hurried down the shadowy lane. As the groom and his best man made the last turn in the lane, they could see in the dim night Tom Benford assisting the girl into the cab, to which was hitched a pair of white horses.

As the groom came up, Benford swung wide the door of the cab, and with a double, "Good luck, old man!" and "Be good to him, Bess!" Teddy was shoved into the cab, and the door slammed shut upon him. Bonbright hopped up beside the driver. The horses dashed away—but their speed was soon reined to a rough walk. "Whatever you do, or I do, you're not to catch up with the cab that has the other white horses in it," was Bonbright's command to the driver.

"I guess this pair," indicating the occupants of the cab, "don't wan't to ketch anything else just now, do they?" was the laconic reply.

Immediately Bonbright heard a loud thumping on the inside of the cab, and his name coupled with a storm of invectives.

What sounded very much like a foot kicking the roof of the cab, was the next disturbance from within. Twice the driver turned to look back. "Sort of strenuous toosin'!" he ventured, in Bonbright's apparently deaf ear.

"Listen!" said Bonbright, hurriedly. "This is a wedding joke—understand? If I give you a poke in the ribs anywhere along the road, make a wrong turn. Get lost! See? Lose time, somehow!" He slipped a coin into the cabman's fist.

Bonbright turned to look back. A shower of glass rained out into the road! A man's foot continued to kick the ragged shards from the door of the cab!

"Whoa!" yelled the driver.

Bonbright hopped down. The same instant a long arm protruded through the hole in the glass, opened the cab door from the outside—and the groom bounded out.

"Sneaking traitor!" he howled, mad

with rage. Then he darted back into the cab and dragged his sister through the door. "Get out of here!" he snarled in supreme disgust. "Fun's fun—but this is nothing but a low-lived trick! No decent fellow would act like you have," he continued, lunging at Bonbright.

The arch plotter stepped back, staggering with laughter.

"Where's Bess?" The question was

uttered through set teeth.

"You never played any honeymoon tricks, did you?" was the provoking reminder of Bonbright.

"Where's Bess?"
"Gone ahead."

"You said that same thing when you were starting me down the lane on this fool errand, you—." He broke into a run towards the house. Bonbright raced after him, calling: "Stop! Stop, Ted! She has gone ahead. Wait, and I'll explain!"

The groom stopped short, and stood

quivering with vexation.

"She was put into another cab at the front porch, and sent ahead of you. It's merely a little trick to cheat you out of the ride to the station with your bride—that's all. She'll be at the station when you get there."

"She'll not get there a second ahead of me," was the determined reply. "Is this the truth, on your honor? You fellows have gotten square by this time." The tone was humble and beseeching, now.

"On my honor," swore the other, slightly softened by the helplessness of his friend.

"Who's with Bess?"

"Your aunt-Mrs. Munroe. Gene's driving."

They both dashed back to the cab they had deserted, passing the groom's sister, as she hurried back to the house to tell the other guests how well the plans had carried out. Bonbright started to climb up to the driver's seat. "No you don't—I'll handle the whip the rest of the way," and Bonbright was pulled back. "Get inside," was the command of the groom. Bonbright gave the cabman a sly poke in the ribs, and obeyed.

The horses were lashed to their utmost speed. At a reckless pace the cab jolted along for a mile. "You can't keep up this gait, up hill and down hill," cautioned the

driver. "You'll kill a horse, and won't get to the station at all."

"Don't care; I'm going to catch the other cab, or kill both horses, or pull the tongue out, or drive that simpering idiot inside over the bank somewhere." The long lash writhed in hissing cracks over the flanks of the startled steeds.

Another mile—and then another; still no cab, no white horses in sight! Bonbright himself began to marvel at Gene's

driving.

Suddenly the driver swerved his pair to the left, and they went steaming down a narrow road. Had it been daylight, the groom would have known this as a little-frequented highway, for grass grew close to the wheel-marks.

Another ten minutes of driving, and the cabman drew up, looking carefully to right and left. "What now?" growled the other man on the box.

"I thought I was takin' a near-cut by making that last turn—I guess I ought 'a' kept on to the next turn-off."

"--- you!" exploded the other, wildly,

snatching the reins.

"Get off!" he thundered. "Jump, or I'll throw you off!"

"I'm responsible for this team," answered the cabman.

"I'm responsible for my wife!" The

driver went sprawling.

Before he could regain his feet, the cab wheeled suddenly and dashed on, the terrified horses galloping in their traces under the scourge of their new master. A trail of dust rolled on into the darkness; a cursing cabman trudged along the road, far in the rear; a half repentant trickster poked his head out through a fringe of glass shards, and wondered what instant Death should pick his mangled body up along the highway.

Two lathered horses, mouse-colored with a mortar of sweat and country dust, dashed up to the railroad station, hung their heads, and coughed. Players at a late game of cards looked from the window of a pullman on the Express. It had already pulled into the station. Seeing the white horses, the late watchers laughed: "A bridal party, fellows!"

"All aboard," called the conductor,

sharply.

A hundred yards beyond the little station house, the heads and necks of a second mouse-colored pair of horses were visible. As the groom gave one hurried look in their direction, a couple of tall men started forward on a run down the platform, gesticulating frantically and shouting something that was lost in the roar of the engine.

"All aboard," snapped the conductor.

The train moved.

"Here's your bag," said Bonbright, "and good luck, old boy!" Crawl on—there's Gene—he's put Bess on all right."

The train, pulling out on a stiff downgrade, had gained rapidly. The groom hurled his traveling case aboard, mounted the step, and with one last wave, fled in the door—to join the bride stolen from him for one whole hour!

The two men dashed up to Bonbright, shouting madly. Then the three looked at each other in dumb consternation, and

dashed into the telegraph office.

Just after the Express had thundered past the fourth mile number, a perspiring, frantic young man grabbed the coat-tails of the conductor as he went through the narrow aisle of the buffet.

"But I tell you I can't stop this train till we get to Confluence," said the railroad man. "We take water there. You're pretty near five miles away from your station now, anyway, and if you'd get off you'd have to walk back. At Confluence you can catch the west-bound Mail, due there twenty minutes after we arrive you'll be back much sooner by that, don't you see?"

The young man nodded, glumly.

The man in buttons had an amused look on his face. "Aren't you the groom that was to get on to-night—telegraphed for the parlor section?"

"Yes-possibly—but I don't need any state-room!"

"Mighty funny how some women back out at the last moment," grunted the conductor, passing on.

When the Express pulled into Confluence, the operator from the tower was waiting on the platform. He handed the conductor a telegram, with the words: "Give it to him at once, or it'll be too late. He's to get off here."

"Get off!—I'd like to see you try to keep him on! Wanted to make a flyin' leap at Indian Creek!"

"It's for you," the conductor said, as the groom came down the step. Holding the paper with nervous fingers, he read by the light of the conductor's lantern: "Get off at Confluence. Take Mail back. Tried to head you off at station. Aunt flunked last minute. Bess still at home. Dancing till 5:18 A. M. train. Cab will meet you.

"ALEX."

DOUBTS

In early youth love's semblance came to me;

I held it to my heart and doubted not That it was love. Oh sweet credulity That gave to memory one fair, vernal spot.

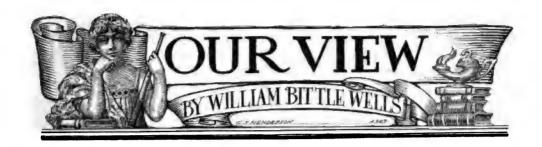
In truth, it lived not long, that early dream;
Like April flowers that soonest fade away
It passed. And years have passed. And
now I seem

Again to feel love's presence day by day.

It satisfies my mind, my heart, my soul,
It fills my life with calm content; above
All else, it complements and round the
whole.

And yet—and yet I question: "Is it love?"

-Florence May Wright



There is no day like to-day.

We bow and likewise smile. This is volume twelve, number one.

The essential thing in life is to understand what is worth while.

The true and sure estimation of a man is to be found more by what he does not do than it is by what he does do.

In spite of personal preferences, there is an actual, determinable, true valuation which time and experience have placed upon all forms of human activity. One of the greatest problems, therefore, that faces each individual throughout life is a recognition of this valuation and a consequent and correct adjustment of his aims and ideas.

Stand for the best you know. In business, in politics, in religion, in morals, be something, be somebody. Don't compromise. Any fool can do that. Be a man—a man with nerve and power and freedom to scorn the compromise. Come out into the open and stand for something with your might. Stand for the best you know.

Recent exposures of corruption in public life and the punishment of those complicated in the matter are indications of normal and healthy Americanism. While we are on the lookout to detect and punish those who are false to their trusts, there is not much danger of the country going to the dogs. With our outlook upon the past, the realization of dangers which threaten us, and our unparalleled energy and resources, there is every reason to believe that the United States will go on to the greatest and grandest future that the imagination can depict.

Gird on your armor for the battle of life, and fight the fight. "He who hesitates is lost." Go at the world with courage, with self-belics and unquenchable enthusiasm, and the world will stand aside and let you pass on to the rewards of success. In all experience nothing is so sure as that the man who believes in himself, who understands the proportionate value of things and who knows how to work and wait, will eventually attain a desired end. Genius, unless it be the genius of hard, persistent, consistent work, has had little or nothing to do with the success of the great men whose names stand out in the pages of history. Columbus was no "genius." He simply had a fixed idea and he believed in it and in himself although the world laughed him to scorn. So with nearly all great discoveries and inventions: it has been belief that has produced success. Some men are satisfied with one thing, some with another, but success in all its complex and varied meanings stands within the grasp of every man who is in earnest about the thing which he has set his hand to do.



A world-wide survey of important events in all departments of human activity

The past month has brought some important moves in the great Leading Event: war game being played in the East. The first land battle was The War fought on the shores of the Yalu, and victory perched on the standard of the Japanese. A crossing of the river was effected May 1, being stoutly opposed by the Russians. The Czar's soldiers, however, were swept from the field. with a loss of 2,500, while 1,100 Japanese were killed or wounded. General Kuroki continued his advance into Manchuria, successfully overcoming the half-hearted resistance of the Russians. There is reason to believe that Kouropatkin aims to draw the Japanese on until battle may be offered on terms favorable to the Russians. He has asked for 100,000 more men. Meanwhile, a second army, under General Kodama, was landed on the Liao-tung peninsula, menacing Dalny and isolating Port Arthur. It is thought that the repeated efforts of Admiral Togo to close the entrance to the harbor have at last proved successful, and that the Russian fleet is at last "bottled up" in the inner roadstead. With Port Arthur thus completely invested by land, and with no escape by sea, her fall is only a matter of time. The Japanese cause suffered its most scrious loss in an attempt to rid the harbor of Kerr bay (near Dalny) of its mines. First, a torpedo-boat, in trying to set off a mine, was herself destroyed. Later the fine cruiser Miyako came in contact with a mine and was sent to the bottom. The Miyako was comparatively new, a 20-knot vessel of 1,800 tons displacement, and her loss will be felt. Both the belligerent nations have negotiated large loans to finance the war. Russia has borrowed \$200,000,000 at 5 per cent, in Paris; while Japan has raised \$50,000,000 in London at 6 per cent, a considerable part of the loan being subscribed in the United States.

Closing of On April 28, the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress Congress came to an end. In reviewing the work it has done, three facts are impressive. The most conspicuous is the legislation accomplishing the isth-The consummation of mian canal. this long-dreamed-of thing alone insures the Fifty-eighth Congress a place in history. A second feature is the magnitude of the expenditures, the appropriations amounting to \$781,574,629.99, marking it as one of the most extravagant sessions on record. The third notable characteristic of this Congress is the number of things it has left undone. After the Panama measures, its important legislation could be mentioned in a breath. It ratified the Cuban reciprocity treaty; it

ratified the Chinese commercial treaty, providing for two open ports in Manchuria; it re-enacted Chinese exclusion; it regulated Philippine commerce—and that just about sums it all up. When the number of great questions demanding issue is considered, the list seems small indeed. Congress postponed action on bills to regulate trusts; Canadian reciprocity; measures intended for the relief of our insular possessions; the bill to protect prominent officials—occasioned by McKinley's assassination; the anti-injunction bill. Other bills that went by the board were the general reciprocity bills; tariff revision; investigation of postal scandals, land scandals, etc. This record of omission is due in great part, no doubt, to the approaching election,

and the consequent desire of the Republicans—the dominant party—not to endanger their chances by any legislation which might prove unpopular. The closing days of the session witnessed some sizzling political debates. Bourke Cockran, the new member from New York, stirred up the trouble with a fiery Democratic speech. Dalzell replied, and the two had it out, without much regard for legislative dignity. The closing hour in the House was made the occasion of an expression of the loving esteem in which Speaker Cannon is held by both parties. He was visibly touched by the ovation.

The final steps in the Transfer of the transfer of the Panama Canal Property Canal property have been taken, and no obstacles to the actual work of construction now remain. The action brought by Colombia in the French courts to restrain the execution of the sale was lost, and the title comes to the United States without incumbrance. The payment of the \$40,000,000 was made through a syndicate of J. P. Morgan & Co. and was managed in such a way as not to disturb the money market, and so as to retain the ownership of the \$40,000,000 until it was actually paid over to the Banque de France, the designated depositary, thus obviating the possibility of further litigation. The authority and responsibility for the construction of the canal has been turned over by the President to the War Department, with a letter of The Commission, working instructions. under the Department, is to have charge, not only of the actual work of construction, but of the government and policing of the canal "zone," the necessary measures for sanitation, etc. "Sanitation" is the watchword of the whole affair, and is given paramount importance, and every precaution will be taken to prevent the loss of life by fever, which has so handicapped previous work on the isthmian canal. Lotteries, gambling, etc., are prohibited, but the Panamans are not to be interfered with, so long as their behavior does not affect the construction of the canal.

The Western Union and the Poolrooms

Through the action of the "City Club" of New York, the Western Union Telegraph Company has been forced to discontinue its practice of sup-

plying to pool-rooms special intelligence from the race tracks. Evidence was brought forth that the company was practically in collusion with the poolrooms, and that the service was supplied with full knowledge of its illegal purpose. When this startling news was first published, President Clowry at first refused to take action, denying any responsible complicity on the part of the company. Then he presented a compromise action, offering to comply with any request of public authorities to stop the telegraphic service, when specific charges were brought. Finally, however, through the action of prominent directors-notably Chauncey Depew-an order was issued to discontinue the service to the pool-rooms all over the country. This will deprive the Western Union of many millions of



"One candidate's untarnished record."

From the Portland Oregonian.

dollars revenue, and will put out of business hundreds, if not thousands, of poolrooms. The larger houses will be able to re-establish their business by providing private means of telegraphic communication; but the vast majority of these nefarious concerns will be forced to the wall.

On April 30 occurred Opening of the the formal opening of St.Louis Exposition the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. crowds were present, and the ceremonies. though of a simple nature, were most impressive. President Roosevelt, in Washington, touched the telegraphic key that set in motion the machinery of the Fair. Perhaps the most spectacular feature was the first plunge of the great volume of water in the cascade fountains. As is usually the case with expositions of so great magnitude, much work remains to be done, especially in the installation of exhibits; but this is being rapidly pushed to completion, and everything will undoubtedly be ready before the great influx of visitors begins. The total cost of the \$50,000,000. approximates Exposition and the result is a spectacle that eclipses all previous attempts. A tract of 1,240 acres of land is occupied by the Fair, and nearly 1,000 buildings, including fourteen splendid exhibition palaces, have been erected. A detailed description of its many features would fill a book, but it is hoped that most of the readers of The Pacific Monthly may be enabled to see for themselves the marvels of this greatest of "World's Fairs."

Last October, the Uni-Decision Against ted States immigration Turner authorities ordered the deportation of an Englishman named Turner, under the act of Congress forbidding admission to anarchists. He was arrested while addressing an assemblage in New York, but was released on bail, and permitted to return to England. His case was carried to the Supreme Court, under the contention that Turner was an anarchist in theory only, who did not advocate violence, and that his deportation was an infringement of the right of free speech. The court decided against Turner, arguing that a sovereign nation has the inherent right to protect itself by keeping out objectionable persons. Freedom of speech was not affected, as Turner was a foreigner who had not yet acquired the right to free speech.

Politics No new phenomena of importance have arisen in the field of politics during the past month. The personnel of the Republican convention

is nearly completed, and over three-fourths are instructed for Roosevelt. The platform, too, has been drawn up-by Senator Lodge—and will soon be public property. It is understood to contain no startling innovations. Judge Parker-whose silence seems invulnerable—is still in the lead among the Democratic possibilities, and it seems probable that the convention will be stampeded in his favor. Hearst, it is thought, has shot his bolt, and is no longer a prominent factor. There was a rumor that, in case a "Cleveland" or "conservative" candidate were noninated, the Bryan-Hearst faction would desert-and put their own ticket in the field, but this was exploded by Hearst's flat denial. Mayor McClellan is regarded as the only other considerable possibility.

The advance of the British Advance British forces on their in Thibet "political mission" into Thibet has been attended with so many obstacles and dangers, as to be practically at a standstill. The real nature of the military errand is, of course, on longer concealed, but it is becoming apparent that the ability of the Thibetans to offer resistance was vastly underestimated. They are now armed with modern guns. and, considering the difficulties of the country, and the rigor of the climate, are in a position to make it extremely unpleasant for the Englishmen. There is some hope that negotiations may be conducted which will enable the two countries to come to an understanding, but the probabilities are that the British, with their expected reinforcements, will advance toward Lahassa, the capital city, and that they will be stoutly opposed by the Thibetans.

Scientific Kite Flying the venerable inventor of the telephone, has for several years been working on the problem of aerial navigation, through the flying of kites. At a recent field-day of the National Geographic Society, Professor Bell conducted experiments in kite flying, for the benefit of the scientists. The kites used are entirely unlike the familiar patterns, being tetrahedrals, or four-sided solids, each face of which is a triangle. Two of the four faces are covered with

silk, and the frames are made of light wood or aluminum. Steel or aluminum wire is used to fly these kites. The kites used were but six feet on a side, but Professor Bell has sailed them as large as thirty feet. Whether any available results were obtained from the experiments is not known.

Marconi, the inventor of wire-Marconi less telegraphy, reports that, Again on a recent trip across the ocean, he was at all times in communication with either one or the other continent, by means of the "wireless." Until he was 1700 miles out, he communicated with his European station, and then connected with the Glace Bay station, on this side of the Atlantic. As a result of his success. Marconi announces that he will establish daily newspaper service on the Cunard line.



"Who's Who in the Orient?"

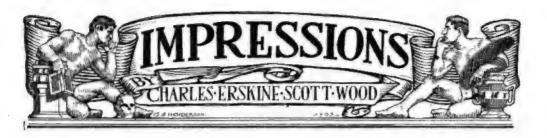
From the Tacoma Ledger.

The Red Cross Society As a result of the charges brought against the Red Cross Society, Miss Clara Barton, founder of the society, and for twenty-three years its president, has resigned, and Mrs. John A Logan—widow of General Logan—has been elected to succeed her. The unfortunate and deplorable contention which has cast a shadow over the noble work of Miss Barton, grew out of certain remonstrances against the official acts of the president. It was claimed that she had exceeded her author-

ity in the management of a certain donation of land, that moneys subscribed for the relief of the victims of the Galveston flood were diverted from their object, and that the accounts of the Society were kept in an unsatisfactory manner. Most of the charges were withdrawn, and the remainder were answered in such a way as to exonerate Miss Barton; but the disruption of the Society seemed to necessitate her withdrawal, as the first step toward reorganization.

By an almost unanimous Presbyterian vote, the Presbyterian Churches Unite General Assembly, in annual convention at Buffalo, decided in favor of the proposed union with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. question will have to receive the favorable vote of two-thirds of the Presbyteries, before finally approved; but this is regarded merely as a form, the result of which is a foregone conclusion. Cumberland Church, which left the parent body because it could not accept the doctrine of infant damnation, has a membership of 185,000. As the objectionable clause has no longer a place in the Presbyterian creed, there is no barrier to the union, which will mean a membership of 1,250,000 for the Presbyterian Church.

The death of Sir Henry Henry M. Stanley M. Stanley closes the Dead career of the most famous explorer of our day. He first came into public prominence when, as a reporter on the New York Herald, he was sent by the elder Bennett to discover the whereabouts of Livingstone, the missionary and explorer, who had been missing in Africa for two years. Stanley not only succeeded in this, but made some important discoveries on his own account. After three vears in the wilderness of central Africa. he returned to England to find himself famous. The following year he returned to Africa, explored the Congo, organized the Congo Free State, and performed other feats of exploration and discovery. For his achievements he was made the recipient of distinguished honors. was given the Legion of Honor, was knighted, and received many honorary degrees. Mr. Stanley was the author of many books of travel and exploration.



Life's desire is happiness. Freedom is happiness. Only by mental, moral and bodily freedom can man truly improve.

WANTED! A partner for a life interest in a well-established business. Money not so much an object as character and brains. Must be sober, ambitious, industrious, patient and unselfish, with a safe family history as to habits and body and mind. No objection to capital. Intense and jealous love not so much an object as general sanity and affinity.

Apply to

MISS EVE.

LOST! An ideal; healthy, orderly, thrifty, gentle, kind; more beautiful in character than face. She loved so little (or so much) she was content to yield and forego in order to promote happiness. She loved her love more than herself and never stabbed. She did not think the loyalty and intensity of her love an excuse for jealousy, nagging, and the creation of hell upon earth. She was not content to be supported, but realized that one-half the labor was hers. She created peace, and gave rest.

Finder will be liberally rewarded if he will return her to the undersigned.

EVERYMAN, Everywhere.

Advice to the Democratic National Convention

Gentlemen: You will be divided into two camps: the conservatives and the radicals. A house divided against itself can not stand; but let me suggest you would better fall than to unite merely for purposes of plunder.

You Conservatives would do well to remember that conservatives are always wrong. The one sure thing, the only certain thing, is that you are wrong. Conservatism has always stood for the existing order of things, and the existing order of things never endures. King John of England was conservative. The feudal dukes of France were conservative. And had the conservatism of the world always triumphed, the earth would be owned to-day by a few overlords, and the people would wear (more visibly than now) the iron collars of serfdom.

You gentlemen of the Radicals, remember you can not swear you are right; and though no progress could ever be made if before the experiment were tried we must be sure of its success, and though you are right in insisting that new things are not to, be condemned because they are new, yet remember that not every new thing is right, and be patient with your more backward brethren.

Gentlemen of both the Conservative and the Radical camps, what is your problem? Is it to win in the coming campaign and secure patronage for the office-hungry? Then, in God's name, make your bargain with the powers that be and shout vehemently, "Let us in! Let us in!" Suppress every thought which will offend any one. Throw principle to the dogs. Be all things to all men, and nothing to any one. Get votes; no matter how you get them, get votes! But

if your problem be to increase the sum of human happiness, to lessen the burdens of the many, to aid human progress, you must decide what is the evil you are to overthrow. What is that evil? It is precisely the same question (different in form and degree) which Athens met, and Rome met, and which the world has been meeting since history began. The evil is the government of the many by the few; the money tribute paid to the few by the many.

This is no more a government of the people, by the people, for the people, than were the governments of Pericles, Nero and Louis XIV. It is only better in degree. How much do the people have to say about their taxes? Their laws? Every law on the staute books, not a criminal law, is in the interest of some scheming and predatory few. The people choose certain governors on certain promises never carried out. The people are run by bosses, and the bosses are run by property. This government is in fact an oligarchy; a collection of many oligarchies within a greater oligarchy. Can you show me, gentlemen, any oligarchy which was not founded on property? Nay, can you show me any government which was not founded on property? The earliest idea of government was to take from the many for the few. That is still the idea and effect of government. Feudalism, with its lords and overlords, rested upon the idea of ownership of vacant land by a fee title in the lord, viz., landlordship. The despotisms of Athens and Rome rested upon landlordship and the right to levy taxes.

It is the same to-day. It is said Mr. John Rockefeller is worth a billion. No man can earn a billion. To him must flow in some invisible channel the tribute from the many, as surely as it flowed to the emperors and nobles of old. This is the evil you are to remedy. If you would destroy the oligarchy of government, you must destroy the oligarchy of weath. If you would destroy the oligarchy of wealth, you must cut the arteries which feed to the few the earnings of the many.

Disguise it as you may, shout "Demagogy," "Anarchy" and "Vested Rights" as you please, this is the evil which has grown with us into visible proportions and which will be somewhat cured by evolution, or, in due time, by revolution.

It is true we have more personal liberty than had the common man under Nero, Henry VIII. or Louis XV.; but personal liberty is not all. "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live."

I say, obscure it, ignore it as you will, the evil assailing this country is a plutocratic oligarchy. The conservative who cries, "Let things be as they are," or "Stand pat," is as wrong now as he was in the days of Charles I. of England.

What is the remedy? The remedy now, as in the past, must be one more step toward freedom! freedom! freedom! That government is best which governs least. You must stop repeating these words and you must do them. Once more from the statute books of the overlords must be stricken the laws giving privileges and monopolies. What are they?

First—The laws which permit congress to give land to those who do not use it. Title to land should depend on use and occupation and with the cessation of use and occupation title should cease. The title of congress to land is the title of the King of England. Congress has not of right title to one inch of land anywhere as against the actual user of it.

Second—The law which prohibitively taxes private banks ten per cent on any notes of issue. This was originally a scheme to sell government bonds, and intended to give national banks and government bonds a monopoly in the issuance of currency.

Third—The whole protective tariff schedule—as clear a robbery of the people by the barons as ever was done upon the Rhine in the Middle Ages.

Fourth—Railroads must be likened to rivers and compelled to haul any man's car at cost or forfeit its franchises if it unjustly discriminates.

Put in these four planks, gentlemen, and enforce them, and you will cut the roots of the trusts—not merely tickle their tops. You will have moved toward less law, less special privilege, and more freedom. I do not mean personal liberty. I

mean freedom of action and of thought. Whenever you find a change is in the direction of freedom, be sure you are right; be not afraid; go ahead confidently. Every step in human progress has been toward freedom, and freedom is the ultimate goal of all progress.

Responsibility for Vice

A Seattle man, Herbert Gowell, committed suicide in Portland, Oregon, because he had lost all in the gambling dens of that city. He left a sort of will directing the gamblers to pay his debts, because they were the authors of his ruin. A man named Richardson is suing certain gamblers in Portland under the law permitting him to recover double the amount of his losses.

Such laws as these are responsible for the belief of the Gowells, Richardsons and others that the gamblers are the only ones to blame. The persistent insistence from the pulpit that those who set traps for the weak are the only blameworthy ones, begets such laws. The whole is the result of a false, emotional logic. We feel sympathy for the loser, pity for the weak, and so we fly tooth and nail upon the purveyor of vice, until, in the heat of the onset, all sense of any responsibility in the victim is lost. We teach him that he is a much to be pitied, petted and protected innocent. The time-honored argument of the gravedigger in Hamlet that the water will not come to you to do the drowning, you must go to the water, suggests the truth.

When a man or woman is deprived of all freedom of will and is bound hand and foot and forcibly carried into the haunt of vice, he or she may properly call for protection. But where the cause of ruin is that the individual is too weak to resist the allurements of vice, any forcible protection of the individual does more harm than good. It begets a false sense of responsibility. It renders parents less vigilant. It induces the belief that the "victim" is the prey of others when in reality he is the victim of himself. It removes from the victim that opprobrium which he should share equally with the tempter. Gambling-house keepers are beyond the pale of good society, and are excluded from fraternal orders; but gamblers are not. The real law, the true law, the force of unwritten public opinion, is obscured. Looking after other people's morals by force of law means a loss of individual freedom and individual sense of responsibility, and it never has produced any good commensurate with the evil it does, and it never will. It violates a fundamental, natural, universal law—freedom of human will. It is precisely of the same character. though differing in degree and purpose, as forbidding the holding of religious meetings not sanctioned by the government.

It is said the new mayor of Seattle intends by force of law and integrity of purpose to have neither gambling, prostitution, nor a "grafting" police. I predict his utter failure. No King Canute will ever stay the tide of buman nature.

By some sort of crooked reasoning, people jump at the conclusion that one who does not favor making people good by law, means to let people go to the devil without a word of advice or a helping hand to stay their course. The advice, the reasoning with the young, the control by parents over the young, the helping hand at all times to all men, is exactly what I do believe in, and I would not obscure our responsibility by aiming a law at vice. There will be no vice when there are no vicious, and the vicious must become good by their own wills, not by law.

It is a delusion to think you have destroyed vice because you have built a wall around it. Men and women must be taught to resist evil influences. They must be reasoned with, prayed with, and helped; but you might as well talk of making an arm strong by bandaging it as of making people truly good and strong of character by putting them in a desert or on the other side of the wall from vice.

Let me humbly suggest to the antagonists of vice that, looked at in the long perspective, the reforms which will count are those economic reforms which give

to the mass a less hopeless struggle for existence and happiness.



A review of current books and an opinion of their merits

It has come to be true that to denominate a book a "problem novel" is to characterize it as a morbid, emotional, feverish story, dealing with the marriage relation, and appealing more or less directly to the prurient appetite. It is an unfortunate perversion of the term, for any book which deals seriously with one of the many great questions of life may properly be designated a "problem novel;" and many, if not most, of the works of the greatest novelists may be so classified. In this broader sense, "The Law of Life," by Anna McClure Sholl, is a problem novel. The central theme is reminiscent of the Dorothy-Casaubon part of "Middlemarch," although the subject is treated in an entirely different way. It is a situation that is fraught with many dan-The Law gers for the unwary author, but of Life is handled with a delicacy, a firmness of grasp and a purity of purpose that removes it from all suspicion of offensiveness. There is no prudish shrinking from the truth, and the story is carried logically to its inevitable conclusion.

"The Law of Life" is a book of many phases. Its locale is a large American university, which, under the pseudonym of "Hallworth," is recognized as Cornell. The people of the story are drawn from the students, the faculty and the society which clusters about a great college. In her depiction of types, the author is most successful, and her understanding of this peculiar phase of life is deep and true. There is a deal of witty and philosophical talk, with a sprinkling of memorable epigrams.

(Appleton's.)

"How Tyson Came Home" is a book of

considerable unevenness. Its first few chapters promise much. The introduction of characters and the luminous picture of the painted buttes and mesas of the Southwest justify the reader in anticipating a story of swift movement and keen interest; and then, of a sudden, the scene shifts to England, the action lags and there is little to relieve the monotony until toward the close, when the narrative seems to gather itself together again, and moves swiftly to the end.

The author, William H. Rideing, may be an American, or he may be an Englishman, but he is certainly more at home in depicting the life of the former country.

How Tyson Tyson, Nona and the Senator are faithfully drawn, but the English characters, from the lords to the lackeys, all impress you as being distorted or caricatured.

The truth is, "How Tyson Came Home" is none too strong as to structure. The author never seems to be quite certain of himself, and is forever being swept away by little side eddies, that serve only to impede the main current of the story.

(John Lane.)

It is always good to get back to nature, to see her sunny smiles, to inhale her pungent odors, to feel the renewing power of her nearness. There is so much of the strenuous, the blatant, the garish in our life and literature, that anything to remind us of the simple things of life is to be thrice-welcomed.

Such seems to be the message of "A Bachelor in Arcady," by Halliwell Sutcliff. The central figure—hero he can hardly be called—is an amateur gardener,

a sort of masculine Elizabeth. He is a A Bachelor purposeless and fanciful individual, whose waking hours in Arcady seem to be divided between gardening, fishing and scribbling. is, moreover, a philosopher, in a dreamy sort of a way, and an innocent humorist. His limitless leisure enables him to become intimately acquainted with nature, as she reveals herself in field and garden and hedgerow. The story of the Bachelor's experiments and labors with flower and vegetable, his fishing expeditions, his conversations with the gardener, connected by the slender filament of a love story, is pervaded with a gentle charm. humor is quaint and delicious; its philosophy, true and broad; its sentiment, tender and fanciful.

The book is a quiet protest against the fever, the over-activity of life. It is as pure and cool as a bubbling spring, and a draught from its pages will refresh your mind and soul, and give you a saner, sweeter view of life.

(T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

Solomon to the contrary notwithstanding, there is something new under the sun. "The Picaroons," by those two, original, Californian collaborators, Gillett Burgess and Will Irwin, is certainly "upto-now," to employ an expressive barbar-If there is anything more novel, more racy, more pungent, it has not reached the Reader's desk. It is fresh coined from the mint of modernity.

To be sure, the picaresque novel, or "rogue romance," is of ancient inception, originated in Spain, and developed in England, notably by Fielding. It has long been a matter for wonder-The ment that the picaresque has Picaroons been so neglected, for where is the man whose heart does not soften to an amiable rascal, or whose interest is not held by the annals of his roguery?

There may be those who will find the humor of "The Picaroons" a little too broad, and its style a little too highly flavored. Every man to his taste, say we. Moreover, the picaresque implies these very qualities.

If it were necessary to characterize "The Picaroons," with one adjective, we should, without hesitation, dub it "Friscoesque."

(McClure, Philipps & Co.)

The bleak New England coast is an unfailing hunting-ground for the searchers after quaint and eccentric characters. Sarah Orne Jewett, Mrs. Greene and others have found here the material and inspiration for their delightful books, and Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln must be added to the list. His "Cap'n Eri" will take rank with the best of them.

The author does not write from hearsay; that is evident. To speak with so great understanding and sympathy of these people, he must have lived among them, breathed with them the salt air of the sea, shared their joys and sorrows, and learned to read, beneath the homely, often uncouth exterior, the genuine strength and sweetness of character.

Cap'n Eri is the salt of the earth, bluff, great-hearted old mariner that he is. His fund of stories and wise sav-Cap'n Eri ings is inexhaustible. He is the central figure of a group of characters that you hail at once as the best of comrades for the brief journey from foreword to finis. There is enough of a plot to insure a connected narrative, but, as is usual in books of this nature, chief interest attaches to the quaint speeches and actions of the people themselves.

(A. S. Barnes & Co.)

A HOME THRUST.

Booker T. Washington tells a capital story of Jerome S. McWade, who, he says, seemed to him, when a boy, to be the "smartest colored man in the world."

"Jerome was a slave. He lived in Virginia, at Hale's Ford. One day he appeared in a red velvet waistcoat, and straightway he was seized and taken to the office, for this waistcoat was the master's property. The

master had worn it on his wedding day.
"Well, Jerome managed to prove that he had not stolen the waistcoat. Calhoun Hamilton had stolen it, and Jerome had bought

it from Calhoun for a small sum.
"'Now, Jerome,' the master said, 'I admit you're not a thief, but you're a receiver of stolen property, and that's just as bad.' "'No, no, sir,' said Jerome. 'No, no. That is not just as bad, by any means.' "'Why isn't it just as bad?' said the

master.

""Because you wouldn't receive stolen goods yourself, sir, if it was bad."
""What do you mean? I a receiver of stolen goods? Explain yourself,' the master

"" Why, sir,' said Jerome, 'you bought and paid for me, the same as I bought and paid for that red waistcoat. Well, wasn't I stolen same as the waistcoat was? Wasn't I stolen out of Africa?' ''



Musings of a Mysogynist-

There are two infallible ways of winning a woman. The first is to woo her with might and main, never resting until she surrenders. The second is to be absolutely indifferent and let her court you. Between these two extremes lies only failure.

If all wives were as angelic as most men think their fiancees are, married life would be as insipid as cambric tea.

Some girls measure the strength of a man's infatuation by the amount he spends on violets and chocolates.

Nothing flatters the average young husband so much as to have his wife make him think that she thinks that she's "twisting him around her little finger."

About the only use a girl has for men is to make the man jealous.

When a girl suspects that a man's intentions are at all serious, the first thing she does is to write his name with a "Mrs." before it, to see how it looks.

When a girl calls you a "horrid old thing," you may know that you have reached the top note in the gamut of her approval.

HER PARASOL

A dainty thing, so deftly wrought Of ivory, silk and filmy lace, I envy you, oh parasol, The fortune of your happy place.

I envy you the gentle clasp
Of her small hand, so soft and fair,
As thus you poise above her head,
And breathe the incense of her hair.

I envy you the right to shield Her from the sun's too ardent rays, And would that, too, you might forfend My rival's bold, profaning gaze.

When, with a snap, she shuts you up,
And puts you on the rack, perdie!
I know exactly how you feel,
For that's the way she uses me.



Quoting Precedent

"Paw," began Willie.

"Yes, my son."

"Would you like me to be like George Washington?"

"Certainly."

"Then you needn't whip me. I just chopped the garden hose into a dozen pieces."

Broken Slumber-

Doctor: "Did you sleep well last night?"

Patient: "No, my rest was very much

disturbed."

Doctor: "Was the medicine I sent

taken according to directions?"

Patient: "To tell the truth, doctor, the bottle fell from the table and was smashed."

Doctor: "Well, it's no wonder then your sleep was broken."

The Exception-

"There is only one class of people who can use the American flag for advertising purposes without objections being raised."

"What class is that?"

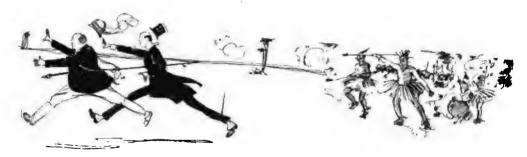
"The politicians."

Curtailed Liberty-

First Afghan: "Lo, brother, and since the ruler of this hot and benighted country has decreed that each of us, his subjects, may have no more than four wives, I will no longer serve him. I shall leave my native land this fortnight."

Second Afghan: "And where do you expect greater liberty, brother?"

First Afghan: "I shall betake myself to an enlightened and blessed place in the new world, called Utah."



"Through Thick and Thin"

Tea Table Amenities-

"I wonder," queried the salt cellar, if the horse radish will be able to draw the tea?"

"If not," returned the pepper-box, "the cheese mite."

On hearing which the tumbler fell over, the cold-slaw shivered, while the napkinring announced that the meal was ready to serve.

How the Trouble Started-

Mrs. Flannigan: "Sure, an' me poor husband's corns hurt him that bad he can harrdly get along."

Mrs. Finnegan: "An' I think it's corn juice what's ailin' yure poor husband, Mrs. Flannigan."

Contemporaneous History-

"Now," said the teacher, "can any one tell me what empire it was that the historian Gibbon wrote the decline and fall of?"

"I know!" exclaimed the boy with red hair.

"Well, Jimmie?"

"Russia."

At the Wild West Show-

Inquisitive young lady: "And did your former partner on the plains wear his hair long?"

Bullet-proof Bill: "He wore it as long as he could, miss, the Indians scalped him you know."



AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE

By Herbert Cuthbert

HE FACT is not generally known that Sir Francis Drake, one of England's most famous sailors, received his knight-hood, not for his valor in fighting England's battles on the sea, but for his peaceful voyages of discovery along the Pacific Coast of this continent. Long before the Spaniards occupied practically all this coast, centuries before the

discovery of the great Columbia River, this great sailor, fighter and discoverer, just thirty years after Columbia's second voyage to America, sailed along these shores of the Pacific, took possession of the whole territory on behalf of his Queen, and named it "Nova Albion," or New England. From that day to this there has been an outpost of the British Empire on the

Pacific Coast. Its exact location has been changed several times and the history of these changes is very interesting, especially of the period when it was centered at Nootka Sound in the days of Quadro, Cook and Vancouver.

For the past forty years, however, Victoria, B. C., has been this "Outpost of Empire," where at the village of Esquimalt, three and one-half miles from the city, Great Britain's only naval yard, dry dock and forts on the Pacific Coast are sit-

first steamer on the



H. M. warships at anchor, Esquimalt harbor.



the snow-capped Olympian range of mountains and of the lordly Mount Baker are always obtainable.

During the last few years, the tourists, and the health and homeseekers have discovered for themselves this favored city, and hence it has, in a very short time,



Mount Baker from Oak Bay.

become one of the great resorts and residential cities of America.

The climate of Victoria is the city's greatest asset, notwithstanding its beauti-For fully seven months in the year, there is a daily average of ful environs. seven hours of bright sunshine, a temperature never over 78 degrees, even in the height of summer, and rarely below 40 degrees in winter, and an average rainfall for seven months of not more than eight inches. The winter climate is the mildest in Canada; roses and other flowering plants and shrubs having been in bloom during the whole of the winter of 1903-1904. The air of Victoria is invigorating and never enervating.

Aquatic and field sports are indulged in very freely by the young people of the city; in fact, there are few cities of its size on the continent that can compare with

and glimpae of Victoris. B. C.

it in this regard. Splendid driving and cycling are other features of life in this city of the Canadian Far West. The Ocean Avenue Beach Drive. about eight miles long, is one of the finest marine drives in world.

The naval station at Esquimalt, with its dockyard, drv dock, ironclads and torpedo boats; Beacon Hill Park, with its zoological collection, fine recreation grounds, beautiful walks and drives; the Parliam ent Buildings, a stately pile costing over one million dollars and the most beautiful structure in

Canada; three splendid museums with their fine collections of animal, mineral and agricultural specimens; Oak Bay, with fine sandy beaches beloved of campers; and the far-

famed Gorge at the head of Victoria Arm, a natural reversible waterfall—all are places of interest to those who visit Victoria. During the summer months there are daily excursions in steam launches, by rail, by steamer and by tally-ho to the numerous islands and resorts which surround the city.

The Victorians are a progressive people, and are doing much to make this "Outpost of Empire" a model city. It has now a population of nearly 30,000 people. There are some very important public works under way, and the Canadian Pacific railway, realizing its great future, is building a superb hotel that will be one of the finest in the West, and which will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.



The Olympia Mountains from Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B. C.

The opportunities for enjoyment and pleasure have had a great deal to do with making Victoria such a delightful residential city. The trains of the Esquimalt & Nanaimo railway are crowded almost daily with citizens and visitors who are making their way to the numerous camping and hunting places, within a very few miles of the city, where they know splendid salmon and trout fishing is to be had.

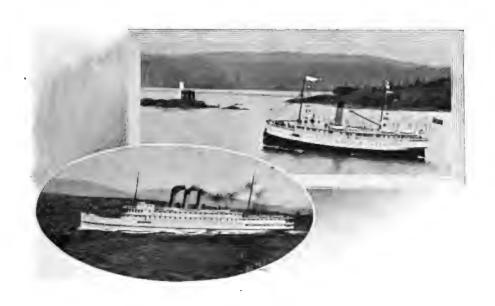
The people of Europe, of Eastern Canada and of the United States have really very little conception of the marvelous beauties of this portion of the Pacific Coast. The chief charm of this superb scenery is that it is the revelation of the Almighty's conception of the beautiful, as exemplified in this perfect combination of mountain, sea, sky,



In Victoria's fine dry dock.

meadow, stream and headland in one everlasting, perfect picture—the wonderment of all who are privileged to behold it.

Life in Victoria has, perhaps, fewer drawbacks than any other Western city, and as one gentleman wrote, "there may be more beautiful places, but in my journey round the world it has never been my good fortune to find them."



OREGON'S SUMMER RESORTS

By Bruce Wolverton

My first impressions of the seacoast of Oregon were wafted to me by the sea breezes. They were received in the winter, after storms had lashed the surf into a fury, and the angry billows had begun to beat their deepest diapason on the reefs

and rocky headlands.

My next impressions were real, for the reports of a trail cut by adventurous spirits, and the sound of the hunter's horn were frequent reminders of the attractions in those mountain wilds. Oft returning tourist parties would talk of salmon and flounders, bass and bear, deer and elk, so that I had a lively curiosity to know more of this wierd land of mountain and moor, where huntsman's horn resounded in echoing refrain to the tune of the fisherman's oar.

Newport: Rightly have they named this resting, trysting place, seated by the



Curious scenes on the shore.

sea, fanned by the salt air, wooing the weary worker and affording all classes an opportunity for a real outing, an outing by the sea. Fancy pictures it as famous at no distant day as her prototype of the Atlantic Coast. At this place the Japan current is said to approach nearest the coast, so that, with favorable breezes, the warm waters of this "great river of the sea" tempers the surf to its bathers, rendering this healthful pastime most delightful. The shore sands slope gently.



Sesside mossics.

and the undertow is at a minimum.

The sea breezes, the breath of the pine and cedar, cups of nectar distilled in mountain fastnesses, the fish and fowl, the crabs that crawl in the sea, the berries luscious and ripe; these all invite us away from scenes of wearisome toil and brain-racking problems to enjoy an outing in the many beautiful and entrancing spots which nature has so lavishly provided.



Popular pastimes.



HIS IDEA OF IT.

At the theater the ladies are discussing the attire of those about them, as usual. By and by their attention is attracted to a lady

who is the central figure of a box party.
"Isn't she stunning?" murmurs one of the fair ones. "She is dressed in mauve satin, is she not?"

"No, no!" corrects another of the ladies;

"it is a pearl-gray satin."
"Now," laughs another of them, "let us leave it to the professor, here. What has he to say of it? What is she dressed in, professor 1'

Here the professor, who has been studying the sights and scenes with all the interest of a savant, takes a casual glance at the object of the discussion and ventures, "As nearly as I can judge from here, she is dressed in puris naturalibus."

Whereat they laugh, thinking he refers to peau de soie, or some such fabric, and has merely made one of the numerous blunders which are common to the untutored man .-

Judge.

STUDIES OF THE VERNACULAR.

The Chicago Tribune reports the following conversation between the ribbon counter girl and the girl at the candy counter, as illustrating the highly edifying effect "emancipation" has on our girls:

"Onnust?" " 'Sright!"

"Okum off!"

"Sure zima stanninear."

"Juh meanit?"

"Ubetcha."

"Ooseddy did!"

"Gurlova there."

"Wah sheno boutit?"

"D'no. Swatshesedd."

"Oakum off! Yercoddin."

"Thinkso fu wanta. Bawche Chrismus gifs?"

"Notchett. Bawchoors?"

"Naw. Saylookeer!"

"Watchasay ""

"Jeer how Tomman Lil--"

"Notsloud. Somebody learns."

"Lettum. Nuthinmuchno how."

"Quitchercoddin."

"Oakum off! I aintacoddin."

"Gracious Imus begittinalong!"

"Somus I."

"Slong!"

"Slong!"



NOT SO FUNNY.

It is the custom to laugh at the absurd answers so often made by youngsters to the hard questions put to them in school, etc. But these answers are really more pathetic than humorous, for they show the prevalent tendency to push pupils on beyond their depth, instead of developing them by the "drawing out" process, which is the true basis of education. Here are some of these innocent answers made by pupils in an English school:

What religion had the Britons? A strange and terrible one, called religion of the dudes. What caused the death of Cleopatra? It

was because she bit a wasp.

What can you tell of Jonson? He survived Shakespeare in some respects.

What do you call the last teeth of man?

False teeth.

What is the spinal column? Bones running all over the body. It is considered dangerous.

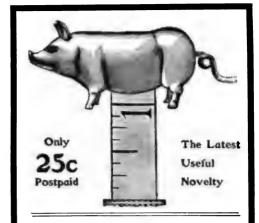
Name a domestic animal useful for clothing and describe its habits. Ox: doesn't have any habits, because it lives in a stable.

What is the function of the gastric juice? To digest the stomach.

Name six animals of the Arctic zone. Three polar bears. Three seals.

The Pathfinder.

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A DEFERRED RESTITUTION.

A pig belonging to a widow named Murphy mysteriously vanished one night, and Pat Hennessy, a ne'er-do-well, was suspected of having had something to do with its disap-pearance. He denied all knowledge of the pig, however, and as there was no evidence against him he was allowed to go free; but at Mrs. Murphy's instigation, the priest went to see him.

"Pat," said the priest, "if you've no fear of the law in this world, at least give a thought to the hereafter. When you're be-

fore the Judgment Seat, what are you going to say about that pig?'

"Shure, I dunno," replied Pat. "Will they be after askin about th' pig in Purgatory, yer Riverince?"

"They will," said the priest.
"Will Mrs. Murphy be there, yer Riverince ?''

"Yes, Pat."
"An' th' pig!"

"Yes, Pat."

"Shure, I'll wait an' give it to her thin, yer Riverince."-February Woman's Home Companion.

Poor Feebles (about to be operated on for appendicitis): "Doctor, before you begin I wish you would send and have our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Harps, come over."
"'Dr. Cutter: "Certainly, if you wish it,

but-ah!-"

Feebles: "I'd like to be opened with prayer."-Life.



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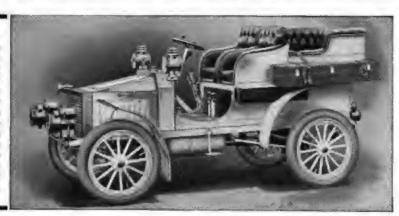
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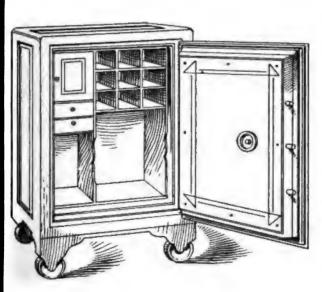






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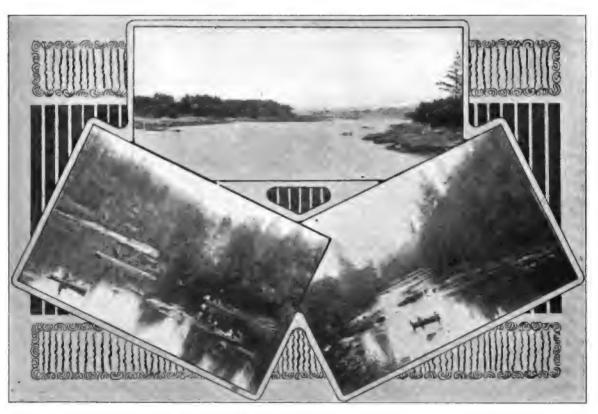
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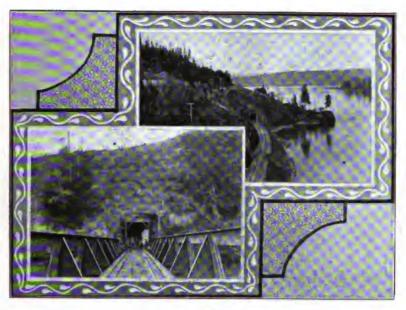
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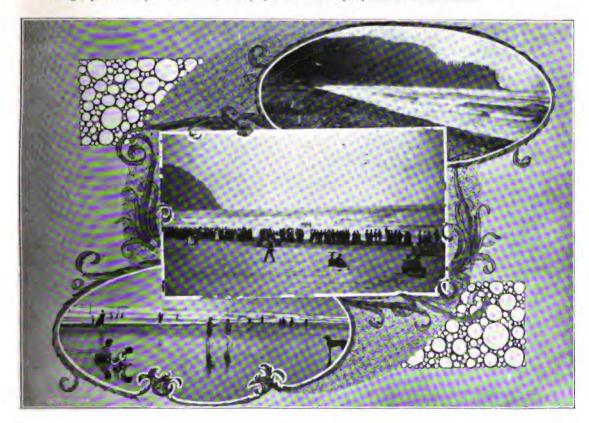
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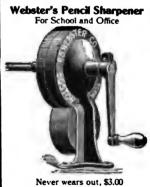
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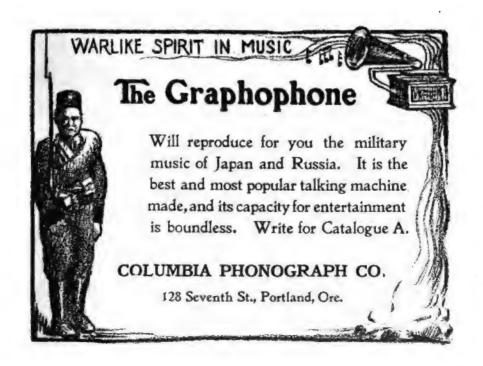
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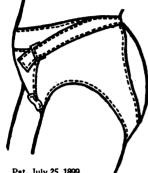
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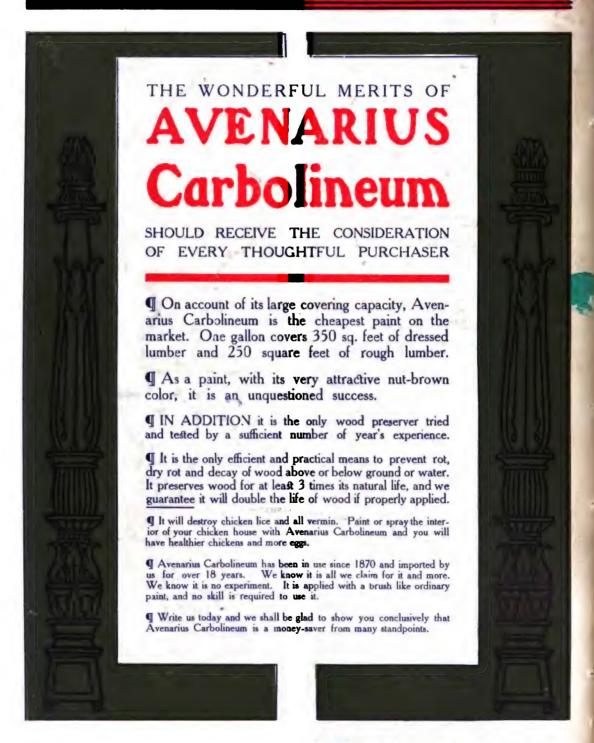
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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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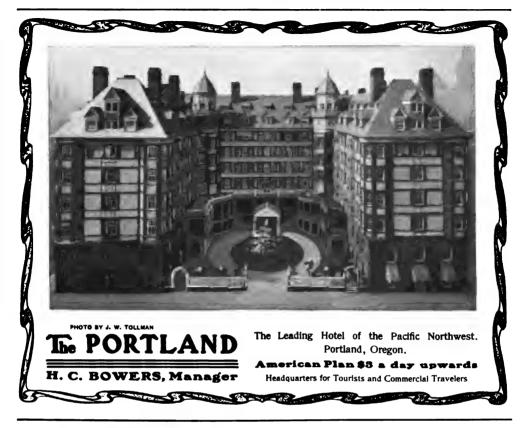
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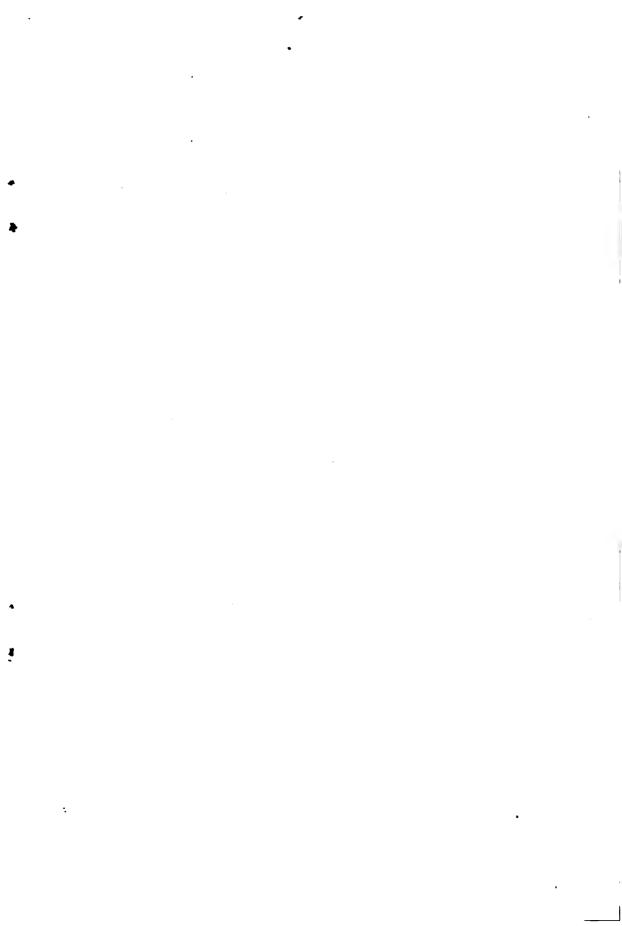


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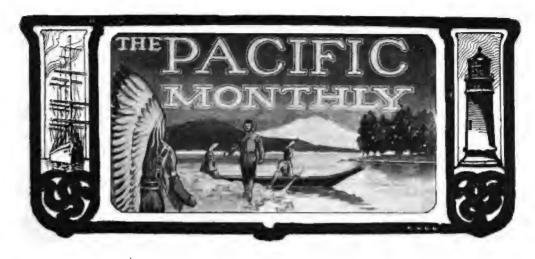
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LES MARTIQUES FRANCE.

Drawn by Frank V. DuMond for The Pacific Monthly.



Volume XII

AUGUST, 1904

Number 2

PEOPLE—PLACES—THINGS

Alexander Bell and His Kites

ROFESSOR Alexander Bell, the venerable inventor of the telephone, has for several years been working on the problem of aerial navigation, through the flying of kites. At a recent field-day of the National Geographic Society, Professor Bell conducted experiments in kite flying, for the benefit of the scientists. The kites used are entirely unlike the familiar patterns, being tetrahedrals. or four-sided solids, each face of which is a triangle. Two of the four faces are covered with silk, and the frames are made of light wood or aluminum. Steel or aluminum wire is used to fly these kites. The kites used were but six feet on a side, but Professor Bell has sailed them as large as Whether any thirty feet.



Professor Bell explaining his new kite airship.



The kite in the air.

available results were obtained from the experiments is not known.

George B. Cortelyou

George Bruce Cortelyou, whose rise into prominence has been almost as rapid as President Roosevelt's, was born in New York in 1862. His recent election as Chairman of the Republican National Committee is an honor which is indicative of unquestioned executive ability, and is a rare compliment to the worth of the man.

Mr. Cortelyou was appointed by President Roosevelt secretary of the new Department of Commerce and Labor, and before that department was established was Secretary to the President. Mr. Cortelyou resigns to manage the campaign, and the Portland Oregonian has this to say on the subject:

"The selection of Secretary Cortelyou as Chairman of the Republican National Committee is the last definite change from the Hanna to the Roosevelt regime. It was resisted by the old-line Republicans because it marked absolutely the passing

of party control into new hands. For three years Roosevelt has been engineer of a Hanna-McKinley machine; now it is his own. Hanna and Quay are gone, and Platt is politically moribund. The Roosevelt era has begun. We do not know how efficient Cortelyou will be in practical political direction, or how active and successful in reaching the great sources of campaign supply; but we can surmise that his nomination was not insisted upon by Roosevelt and his friends without sufficient guaranty that he is a man to do things and get others to help do them."

Anent this change in the cabinet, the Week's Progress, of New York, states that the retirement of Attorney-General Knox and the probable appointment of Secretary Cortelyou as chairman of the Republican National Committee means two changes in the cabinet, at least, and the rumored retirement of Postmaster-General Payne because of ill-health may or may not mean another strange face in the President's official family. It is known, however, that the President has no intention of sparing Secretary Cortel-



Professor Bell flying the kite.



GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU, the new chairman of the Republican National Committee,



Art photograph by Chas. Y. Lamb. Taken near the grounds of the Lewis and Clark Exposition to be held in Portland, Oregon, in 1905.

you, upon whom he has learned to depend, from a prominent place in his council. While acting as chairman of the National Committee he will be out of the cabinet only temporarily, and it is apparently the intention to hold back the resignation of Postmaster-General Payne until after election when Secretary Cortelyou can come back to fill that vacancy. Secretary of the Navy Moody has also declared his intention of returning presently to his private practice of law, so that there are in contemplation four cabinet vacancies to be filled between now and the reassembling of Congress.

Senator Fairbanks

Charles W. Fairbanks. who has been nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican ticket, was born in Ohio in graduated 1852. He from Ohio Weslevan University in 1872, and was admitted to the Ohio He then bar in 1874. established a practice in Indianapolis, Indiana. He was the Republican caucus nominee for U. S. Senator in 1893 from Indiana, but was feated. He was elected. however, in 1897, and his present term will not expire until 1909. was appointed in 1898 a member of the Joint High British - American Commission.

Rock Squirrels at Cloud Cap Inn

About 6,000 feet high on one of the sides of Mt. Hood, Oregon, there is located a picturesque and interesting inn. It is called "Cloud Cap Inn," and is built of huge logs which are held securely in place by anchored ca-

bles—a necessary precaution on account of the fierce gales in winter and the danger of snow slides. At times the snow is from 30 to 40 feet deep, but in the summer Cloud Cap Inn is a most delightful place. There is found near the Inn a rare species of squirrel, called in this vicinity the Rock Squirrel. The little animals are very tame and afford a considerable source of amusement.

The Panama Commission

The following men have been appointed to serve on the Panama Canal Commis-



South front of the Palace of Varied Industries at the St. Louis Exposition.



: The Japanese battleship Asahi.

sion: Admiral John G. Walker, chairman; Gen. G. W. Davis; W. B. Parsons, New York; W. H. Burr, New York; B. M. Harrod, Louisiana; C. E. Grunsky, California; F. J. Hecker, Michigan. Of these, the first



The Roosevelt medallion which has just been struck.

six are engineers, and the last is a "business man," who served as a government director of transportation during the Spanish war. Rear Admiral Walker's ap-

pointment as chairman was logical and satisfactory, as he has participated in the investigations of the various possible canal routes, and has been closely identified with the canal from the beginning of governmental interest in it. The commission is not regarded as an especially strong one to handle so gigantic a problem. The salary for each commissioner has been fixed at \$12,000 per year, with \$15.00 per day additional while on the Isthmus. Admiral Walker has submitted to the House Com. mittee on Commerce an outline of conditions with which it will be necessary to deal. From thirty to forty thousand laborers will be required, most of whom will be negroes and coolies. It will be needful to thoroughly police the "canal zone," which will have a population approximately of 70,000.

Largest Generators in the World

One of the mammoth 5,000 horsepower electric generators of the Niagara Falls Power Company is shown herewith.



Tapestry detail and new sideboard at the White House, designed by Mrs. Roosevelt.

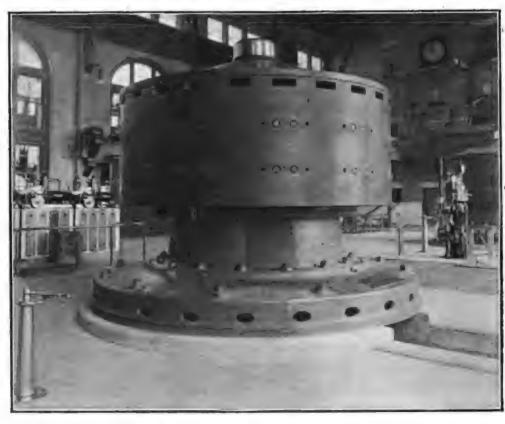


Congressions from Illinois and speaker 58th Congress. Chairman National Republican Convention at Chicago which nominated Theodore Rossevelt for President and Chas. W. Fairbanks for Vice-President. Born in North Carolina in 1836.



Senator Chas. W. Fairbanks.

It is operated by a turbine located one hundred and forty feet below it in a wheel-pit cut out of solid rock. Connecting the turbine with this generator is a steel tube or shaft. The generator makes two hundred and fifty revolutions per minute. As one horse-power more than equals the power of ten men, this machine represents the force of an army of fifty thousand able-bodied laborers. In the station where this generator stands there are ten other similar machines, the total output of which is fifty thousand horsepower, or a total of fifty-five thousand horse-power in the station. This represents the force of more than a half million of men. It is by these machines that the Falls of Niagara are "harnessed." Water flows from the upper river, through a canal to penstocks, which carry it down the pit to the turbines. Leaving the turbines, the water flows through a tunnel over a mile long, two hundred feet below the surface, to the lower river. tunnel runs under the heart of the city.



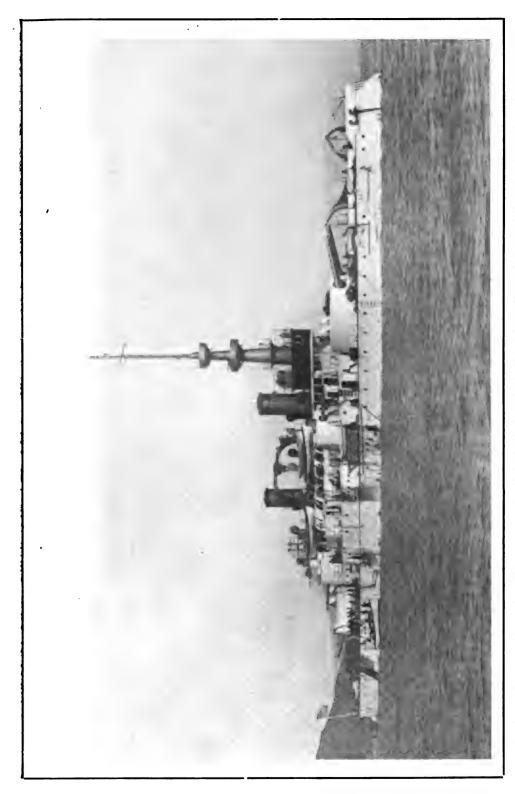
One of the largest electric generators in the world.



A view of Cloud Cap Inn, showing Mt. Hood. This majestic mountain is 11,225 feet high and is one of five snow-capped peaks visible from Portland Oregon. Cloud Cap Inn is situated on one of the sides of Mt. Hood, at an altitude of about 6,000 feet.



The result of a day's fishing.



The famous Battleship Oregon, the proudest representative of the Pacific Coast in the United States Navy. Indiana and Massachusetts are sister ships.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

The story of what has been done in a quarter of a century to bring the United States Navy to second place among the navies of the world

By Waldon Fawcett

VERY citizen of the greatest republic has reason to feel genuine pride in the marvelous advancement which has been made by the United States in building up a great navy. Less than a quarter of a century has been required to assemble under the Stars and Stripes a fighting fleet which in point of tonnage afloat ranks third among those of the nations of the world, with a prospect, ere many years, of stepping into second place.

Uncle Sam's magnificent squadron of

sea warriors is a creation of the present generation, and yet more significant is the fact that it is the product of American brains and brawn as found in Yankee navy yards and ship-building plants. Other new nations setting out to establish a navy have been content to purchase a nucleus, at least, from the professional ship builders of the Old World, who make a business of turning out warships complete to the last detail and ready for immediate service. Not so with Miss This nation has Columbia, however.



U. S. battleship Maine (new). Ohio and Missouri are sister ships.



The Oregon coming bow on at full speed. This picture was secured at risk of life by the photographer. His frail boat was tossed aside by the great battleship just after the exposure was made.

worked out its own salvation in a naval with scarcely an exception, our quarter sense as well as in everything else, and, of a thousand floating vehicles of offense



GUN DECK OF THE OREGON

and defense have been fashioned by our own people from materials found in our own domain.

The close of the Civil War found the American Navy, in ships as well as men the most powerful in the world; but for fifteen years after the close of the conflict little attention was paid to building ships for the navy, until, gradually, the fleet degenerated to the ignominy of the world's standard of inefficiency.

The rehabilitation of the navy began in the summer of 1881 when there was cruiser Chicago, which, extensively refitted so as to constitute a practically new ship has but recently been chosen as the flagship of our Pacific squadron. She is 325 feet long, 48 feet wide, draws 19 feet of water and engines of 5,000 horse-power actuating twin screws drive her at a speed of about sixteen miles per hour. Her heaviest armor is, however, only one and one half inches in thickness.

The two smaller cruisers, the Atlanta and Boston, which were constructed at this time are what are known as protected



The armored cruiser Brooklyn.

appointed a board of officers headed by Rear Admiral John Rodgers to investigate and report to Congress upon the condition and needs of the service. The vigorous representations of these men gradually aroused public sentiment and turned the tide of Congressional policy. In 1883 authority was obtained from the national legislature, and the Secretary of the Navy invited proposals for building one cruiser of 4,500 tons, two of 3,000 tons, each, and a dispatch boat of 1,500 tons. The largest of these vessels and the pioneer of our present splendid navy was the

cruisers and are each 276 feet long, 42 feet wide and draw 17 feet of water. The dispatch boat which constituted the fourth member of this first squad of recruits for the new navy was the Dolphin, which has for years past been in service as a private yacht at the disposal of the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy and other high officials. She is 240 feet in length, and 32 feet wide, and is armed only with one 6-inch rifle backed by a few rapid-fire guns. Although highly useful in a certain sphere the craft is to this day unique in the navy, it never

having been found possible to secure authorization for the construction of further vessels of her class.

The next step in the development of the new navy came with the construction of the battleship Texas and the protected cruisers Charleston and Baltimore. The late William C. Whitney, who was at the time Secretary of the Navy, purchased abroad the plans for these vessels, but fortunately they were changed considerably by the infusion of Yankee ingenuity ere the ships were completed. During the all her predecessors in that she carried armor twelve inches thick, which was certainly in marked contrast to the one and one half inch plate which afforded the sole protection of the pioneers of our White Squadron.

The next addition to our navy brought under the flag the armored cruiser New York, the protected cruisers Olympia, Cincinnati, Raleigh, Detroit, Marblehead and Montgomery, and the gunboat Bancroft. By far the most important of these was the monster New York, a remarkable



The first-class superimposed turreted battleship Kearsarge, sister of Kentucky.

Whitney regime also occurred the construction of the ill-fated Maine, the first new armored ship wholly of American design. Both the Maine and the Texas were built directly under government auspices—the Maine at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and the Texas at the Navy Yard at Norfolk, Va. Both these vessels rated as second-class battleships, the Texas carrying but two twelve-inch guns and the Maine four ten-inch guns, where our modern first-class battleships have four twelve-inch or thirteen-inch rifles. The Maine was, however, a great advance over

ship in a variety of ways and one that marked an epoch in warship construction not only in the United States but throughout the world. The New York is an armored cruiser, whereas all her predecessors had been merely protected cruisers. In other words, she had almost as much protection as a battleship combined with greater speed than is usually possessed by such heavy vessels. The vessel is 380 feet long and 65 feet wide, and has two sets of engines which are able to drive her through the water at a speed in excess of twenty-three miles per hour. In still



Torpedo-boat destroyer Decatur.

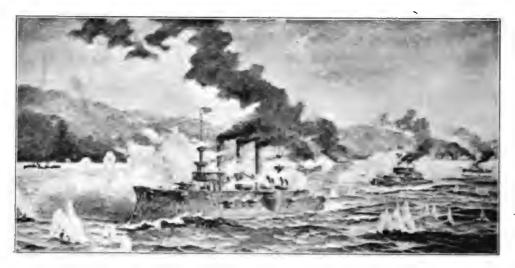
another direction did this splendid craft constitute a distinct departure from precedent. She was wholly unprovided with sail power. She has masts, to be sure, but, unlike those in all her predecessors of the new navy, they are not designed to carry sails.

Following the Yankee triumph in the construction of the New York came another American triumph as a result of the authorization of 1890 for three battleships which were to be designed and constructed with no restrictions to hamper

American genius. Thus were evolved the famous Oregon and her two sister ships, the Indiana and Massachusetts. Good as were these floating fortresses, improvements were made in the battleship Iowa which followed them. Then came the armored cruiser Brooklyn—twenty feet longer and otherwise an improvement upon the well-nigh peerless New York. These heavy fighting ships were supplemented by the two fast cruisers Columbia and Minneapolis, designed for commerce destroying and scouting duty, and by a



Battleship Alabama, sister of Illinois.



Reproduction of the painting made for the War Department of the famous battle of Santiago, which occurred July 8, 1898. The Brooklyn is in the lead, followed by the Oregon.

fleet of torpedo boats which, while involving a wide range of design and representing an aggregate in number and tonnage which appears insignificant in comparison with the torpedo fleets of some foreign powers, are yet capable of rendering very efficient service.

This brings us down to the new century, the first product of which is found in the world-renowned twin battleships Kearsarge and Kentucky. The feature which distinguishes these two vessels from the other warships of our own or any other navy are what are known as the superimposed turrets. As every person knows, the big guns on a battleship are housed in revolving steel cheese boxes, known as turrets, set up on deck. In the case of the Kearsarge and Kentucky an innovation was made by setting a second turret on top of each of the ordinary miniature forts. No other departure from beaten paths ever provoked such widespread discussion as did



Battleship Iowa.

this ingenious Yankee scheme for placing one pair of guns above another—the lower turret at each end of the ship holding two of the monster thirteen-inch guns, while above are the two eight-inch guns. Another novelty which focused the eyes of the world on the twin battleships was the first utilization of electricity for turret turning.

Finally, the Kearsarge and Kentucky were a revelation in the possibilities of heavy arming—something for which the United States has always been famous. In addition to the eight monster guns in the two double turrets each battleship carries a total of nearly fifty rapid-fire

and fifty pound projectiles hurled by the guns in the big double turrets.

Following the Kearsarge and Kentucky came other sister vessels, the Alabama and Illinois of exactly the same dimensions, 368 feet length, 72 feet wide and drawing 23½ feet of water. The superimposed turrets were not, however, introduced in the newer vessels nor in the class which followed, made up of the first-class battleships. Maine, Missouri and Ohio. These latter vessels are each 388 feet in length, 72 feet wide and draw 23½ feet of water. They have twelve-inch rifles for their principal weapons instead of thirteen-inch guns of the type found on

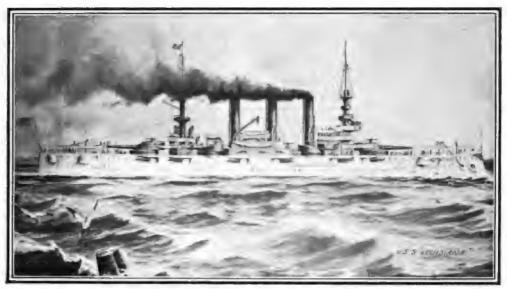


The double turreted monitor Monterey.

guns, of which fourteen are of the big five-inch variety, arranged in broadside a deadly line of seven of these quick-firing weapons ranging along either side of the main deck. Each of these large rapidfirers hurls a projectile weighing fifty pounds and one broadside or seven of these guns would be able during every minute of a fight to throw fifty-six shots or a total weight of nearly three thousand pounds, which hurled at a velocity of 2,300 feet per minute would be sufficient to lift a modern battleship nine feet in the air. And all this is without regard to the terrific destructive force of the eleven hundred pound and two hundred

the Kearsarge, Kentucky, Alabama and Illinois, it being claimed that the twelveinch gun which has long been used extensively in the British Navy, can be handled to better advantage than the larger guns.

Meanwhile, returning to his old standby of civil war times, Uncle Sam has, within the past few years, secured at a cost of nearly a million dollars each, four modernized single-turret harbor defense monitors, the Arkansas, Florida, Nevada and Wyoming, each carrying two of the twelve-inch guns and a host of rapid-fire weapons of various calibres. Likewise we have within the half decade added to our floating strength a fleet of sixteen torpedo-



Battleship Louisiana, sister of Connecticut.

boat destroyers and about a dozen torpedo boats of uniform designs.

Rapid as has been our progress in acquiring floating fortresses up to this time, it pales in significance beside the great fleet now building or under contract. Just to indicate the scale on which additions are now being made to our waterborne defenses it may be pointed out that whereas our navy now contains a total of only eleven first-class battleships, there are in the shipyards and in varying stages of completion, a total of thirteen first-class battleships, or more than our entire present strength, and this, too, is without regard to the battleship New Hampshire authorized by the last Congress, and the contract for which has not vet been let.

Leaving out of consideration the new vessels just authorized, and the designs for which have not been fully determined upon, we have thirty-one vessels building as against two hundred and fifty-two now in our navy. However, nearly all of the new ships are fighters of good size while included in the present strength are many tugs, converted yachts and other minor craft. But to make another comparison which will emphasize what a tremendous building programme we have under way, it may be cited that the total tons displacement of the naval vessels now in service is 531,886 with 767,088 indicated horse-power represented in their engines. The new ships yet in the hands of the

workmen will aggregate 349,431 tons and 481,300 indicated horse-power. This will give us a grand total when all these ships are in commission of 881,317 tons and 1,248,388 horse-power. Great Britain has a total tonnage of 1,485,105 while France has at present but 781,754. However, France will, in all probability, have a sufficient number of new vessels afloat ere we gain our impending increase to keep Uncle Sam in third place instead of allowing him to move up at once to second place, as would be indicated by the above figures.

Among the new battleships are the Connecticut and Louisiana—monsters 450 feet in length and 16,000 tons displacement—to the construction of which special interest attaches because one is building in a private shipyard and the other in a government navy yard, in order to determine whether Uncle Sam or private enterprise can do things most quickly. An interesting group of duplicate battleships is made up of the Georgia, Nebraska, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Virginia. Each of these is 435 feet long, 76 feet wide and displaces nearly 15,000 tons of water. Like all our newer battleships their heaviest battery consists of four twelve-inch guns. A slight improvement upon these designs is found in the plans for the yet newer Idaho class of battleships.

Especially significant in our recent warship building is the fact that Miss Colum-

bia has, after an interval of neglect, gone back to the armored cruiser type of sea fighter which won world-wide fame when Yankee naval architects evolved the New York and later the Brooklyn. There are now well on the way to completion eight superb new armored cruisers bearing the names California, Colorado, Maryland, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, Washington and Wisconsin. Each is 502 feet in length—one hundred feet longer than the pioneer armored cruisers and longer than any of our battleships—and they have from 23,000 to 25,000 horsepower in herculean engines which will hurl them through the water at speeds in excess of twenty-five miles per hour. In addition to this big array of the "cavalry of the sea" the new program authorizes two more armored cruisers, to be named the North Carolina and Montana, and three scout cruisers which will act as "the eyes of the fleet." Incidently the conditions in our new possessions have made it necessary to provide a number of gunboats, some of which will soon be completed, and the growth in the scope of Uncle Sam's floating schools for young "Jackies" has necessitated the letting of contracts for new training ships of the Cumberland class which have steam and sail power combined.



Swinging a 18-inch gun into place on board the Oregon.



The battleship Wisconsin.

THE SCULPTOR'S CONCEPTION OF SACAJAWEA

There have been no previous attempts to produce a likeness of Sacajawea (Birdwoman), who guided Lewis and Clark through several thousand miles of wilderness to the Pacific Coast. Inasmuch as there has come down to us no means by which any individual peculiarities of face, figure or gesture could be traced out, the conceptions of the two sculptors herewith reproduced have a peculiar and lasting value.



Latest sketch model of statue of Sacajawea for Lewis and Clark Fair.
Miss Cooper's conception.

THERE is a certain fascination in studying different conceptions the same subject by two sculptors who are widely separated by distance, temperament and the influences of environment, and this is particularly true when the theme is so fresh and untried as that of Sacajawea, the Indian girl-wife and mother. who guideð Lewis and Clark through several thousand miles. of savage wilderness tothe Pacific.

An Eastern and a Western city have been the scene of the activities of the two sculptors, Miss Alice Cooper (Chicago) and Bruno Louis Zimm (New York), who have been working out their conceptions of Sacajawea for the Lewis and Clark Fair and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Miss Cooper is embodying in her statue all the freedom, dramatic intensity and unconquerable courage of the West, Sacajawea standing with uplifted arm and ardent gaze pointing toward the distant sea.

"The one exquisite touch, however, that differentiates this statue from every other is the chubby, round-eyed pap-

poose that peeps over Sacajawea's shoulder from under the buffalo robe. Without this mark of humanity, Sacajawea, with her superb fearlessness, would resemble an

Indian Diana."

Bruno Zimm's conception, on the contrary, is of patience that endures to the end. ' heroism mingled with meekness, weariness that knowsno rest. While less dramatic and impassioned in pose than Miss Cooper's it is strictly in accord with the facts that have come down to usin the journals of Lewis Clark. and Mr. Zimm says:

"In forming my conception, I tried to avoid the old, hackneyed pose, with the hand shading the eyes, an attitude which has been used on every occasion of Indian depicture, and which, whatever its artistic beauty, is certainly very commonplace. My statue is supposed to ·exhibit Sacajawea as she may have appeared when crossing the Rockies, a weary, searching expression on her face and in her eye, looking out toward the West for the large

water, the habitat of the whale. s u bwhich sequently 80 excited her curiosity. The dress, for the reason of her long captivity by the Minnetarees, is of that tribe"

Thus it will be seen that realism is the keynote to Mr. Zimm's conception of Sacajawea. Every detail painstaking, exact, true to the most petty detail of those hard and toilsome days of travelover the Rockies.

Miss Cooper on the contrary has idealized her theme, lifting her heroine above the plane of the com monplace into a loftier and nobler realm, transforming her into the very spirit of the West, keen of vision, dauntless of heart, pressing ward with rapt purpose and unremitting zeal to the goal.



Statue of Sacajawea made for St. Louis Fair by Brune Zimm.

THE WHITE LADY

A weird tale of mystery and adventure in the snow-shrouded fastnesses of the mountains

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

By Carl Louis Kingsbury

FTER seeing Dick comfortably established I made my way back to Brown's and reported the realistic outcome of the accident that he had desired.

Brown was much concerned; he urged me to take a quarter of the mutton and return at once.

"I'll be over airly in the morning; airly," he told me; "I'll be riggin' up a sled to fetch Eastlake over here on in the morning."

"O' course you fellers could come and camp on me with impunerty but camping on the Mexican—that's different; I'll be over airly."

"Thompson is due to-morrow, to take us back to the station," I remarked.

"You all c'n go all right; it ain't going to hurt a spraint ankle none to ride on a easy buckboard. Now you git back and stay right with Eastlake until I come in the morning."

It was nine o'clock. The three of us, Dick and the Mexican and I, were sitting before the fire, a silent party, for it seemed impossible to engage the Mexican's attention on any subject, though he was plainly above the average of his countrymen in intelligence, when Dick remarked, glancing at the meat that still lay on the table where I had deposited it on first entering:

"I'm as hungry as a wolf"—he got no further, the Mexican turned on him with flashing eyes;—"What for you speak like that?" he checked himself abruptly; "It is true, senor, no doubt that you have much hunger, and your friend has brought food; we will eat." He got up, starting toward the door of the room that I afterward knew to be the kitchen, but paused to say, apologetically; "I have not so great of food myself; the snow, it is deep, and never, at any time, was I of much success with a gun."

The meal to which he presently called us consisted of mutton steaks and water—

nothing more. "It is that the snow is so deep," the Mexican again explained as I took my seat at the table while he filled a plate and glass for Dick to whom supper was served on a little table beside his chair.

The Mexican sat with me, his back to the door of the room in which Dick sat; I had not heard the opening of the closed door where the woman waited but, presently, Dick's voice sounded, clearly and questioningly:

"Good evening, madam,—I, the gentleman who runs this establishment—"

The gentleman who ran the establishment, his face the color of grey ashes, had already bounded to his feet, and, in three swift strides, was beside Dick's table. I, curious to know why he should become so painfully excited because his wife had chosen to show herself at last, was close behind him.

Before the fire, slightly supporting herself against the back of a high chair, stood a woman, smiling down upon Dick, who was returning her regard with a look of intense surprise. She was a tall woman, magnificently dressed, notwithstanding that she was within doors, in a cloak or mantle, of softest white fur. The mantle was so long that it reached to her feet, which I observed, as she advanced one of those slender members toward the blaze, were also clad in white fur.

"I grew weary of lying still." She tossed the explanation over her shoulder to the Mexican, much as she might have tossed a bone to a hungry dog, and I am bound to say, he received it with something of the expression and air that the canine might have done. The woman again turned to Dick, who is very handsome; from his face her eyes—yellow eyes, with more than a hint of ferocity in their depths—turned slowly to the scanty supper on the table beside him.

"You furnish your guests but poor entertainment; you should have called on

me to assist you." She glanced at the Mexican and laughed mockingly.

"I do that that I can; you know I would do better were it in my power," the Mexican assured her, humbly, and I saw, with wonder, that his forehead was beaded with perspiration and that his hands were trembling.

"You should have called me," she repeated, and Dick hastened to declare; "We have done very well indeed. We owe you and your husband apologies for this intrusion; it was, as you see," nodding slightly toward his injured foot—"unavoidable."

"Make no apologies," the White Lady—as I had mentally christened her—said, smiling slightly, "My—husband—here, has a saying, the Lord will provide, and this is a provision. To-morrow there will be food in plenty—for me."

"I said it to you but once—once—when we were starving, Cyrene. May the Mother of God be merciful! It was sacrilege," murmured the man, in a broken voice.

"My friends helped us then; we shall not need to call upon them this time although, as you told the senor, the snow is deep," the White Ladv responded with a smile that revealed, rather unpleasantly long, white teeth. Perhaps I am over fanciful, but her smile seemed to me a thing to shudder at. The thin, scarlet lips curled back and the yellow eves glittered. She still maintained the station that she had first taken beside the high chair but, as she made the last remark, she gave an impatient movement and the furred mantle slipped from one shoulder revealing, to our astonished eyes, a blood-stained bandage about the exposed shoulder and neck. With a smothered exclamation, the Mexican sprang to her side.

"Will you not lie down? You take risks: lie down," he said entreatingly,

readjusting the mantle.

"Risks!" she retorted, scornfully; "I shall take more—many more—unless—to-morrow—there shall be much food in the cabin. Is it not so?" she glared at him questioningly.

The Mexican stamped his foot in sud-

den, uncontrollable rage.

"Always it is that you are hungry! But no, a thousand times no!" he cried savagely.

The White Lady dropped into the chair

beside which she had been standing and stretched her hands toward the fire. "You are not wise, Cordova, it would be well to gratify me." As the man whom she called Cordova made no reply she turned to Dick and continued, in a thin, high voice, "This, it is a far and a cold country. We dwellers in the wilderness know its dangers, its hunger, its trackless solitudes as none other can." She paused and Dick nodded assent without speaking; his seeming indifference apparently piqued her for there was a distinct suggestion of a whine in her voice as she continued:

"To wander amid the snows all day, to feel the cutting wind upon one's face, to hear the wild voices of the creatures who haunt these solitudes, to feel set apart and homeless, that is the heart of all loneliness, and, after that, crowning

it all, comes hunger."

"What a singular creature; what a mysterious creature! Who is she, what is she, whence does she come, and whither does she go?" I questioned, mentally, with an underlying thought that, so far, the White Lady's remarks, few as they had been, had brought up, and ended, with a sort of linguistic crash against the one

dominating idea of hunger.

Cordova had seated himself in such a way that his eyes were fixed on the gleaming orbs of the White Lady. It struck me, after a furtive glance or two, that they were compelling eyes, this in despite of the abject manner in which he had entreated her but a moment before, and that they were commanding the White I.ady. Presently she desisted from her attempt to get Dick to talk and looked at the Mexican.

"There is more than one way of doing a thing," she said, coldly; "since you will not agree to the thing that I desire, play."

"Not to-night," Cordova implored, his voice quivering with anxiety, "You are

hurt---"

"Play." she reiterated.

"No!"

"Yes, else-"

"I will play, but I will have no treachery. Remember that."

"There shall be none—as you mean it." I had, before this, noticed a violin lying on a table in the corner. It seemed fitting that the instrument should voice the further expression of this mystifying

pair, with their puzzling conversation. The Mexican took the violin and began playing. It was the one strain that the depot agent had tried to catch, alluringly, insistently, entreatingly given; that one strain and no other, the player repeated it a half dozen times and stopped.

"It is enough," he said, bitterly.

"It is enough—and you, you are a coward!" With the words, the White Lady arose, stealing softly toward the door. "It is enough," she repeated, and, opening the door, stepped out into the freezing winter night. The door closed upon her but not before there came to our ears the sound of many scurrying, padded feet. The violin dropped from the Mexican's shaking grasp, he covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

Dick half rose from his chair. "Now," he cried, "What does this mean, why do you allow that lady to go alone into the night, in this wilderness, and in this

weather?"

"Neither the wilderness or the weather affect her, and I will answer no questions. You came here uninvited, senor," returned the Mexican, recovering his nerve.

We were given sleeping quarters in one of the adjoining rooms and, for reasons, I purposely left the door between it and the larger room ajar. We both lay down without undressing; I was resolved not to lose myself in sleep; there was something so eerie, so inexplicable in our surroundings and companionship that, it seemed to me, a case for watchfulness. What Dick's intentions were I could not say but I know that it was long before he slept, as I could tell by his restless movements.

As I lay in my bunk I could see the Mexican hovering over the fire in the next room; his attitude was one of the deepest Evidently, the night was to dejection. bring no sleep to him. Dick's regular breathing at length proclaimed that he slept, and I think I must have lost myself in a doze, for I had seen or heard no one enter when I was roused by the sound of low voices in the next room and I opened my eyes to see the White Lady standing by the side of the Mexican with one slim white hand upon his shoulder entreating him, apparently without effect, so much was plain from their attitude and the expression on their faces. I could not catch their words until, becoming

angered, the White Lady raised her voice.
"I am absolved from that promise. Why

should I have kept it, what are promises to me? But I have kept it—because it suited me to do so; it is you who have broken our compact. None, not one human foot was to cross this threshold while I remained."

"Cyrene," in his excitement the Mexican spoke more loudly, "you know the

circumstances."

"Bah, what care I for circumstances! And it was one of them who gave me this." She touched the reddened bandage with one claw-like hand, continuing angrily, "We went far and found nothing. They have chased away the game—at least, they have chased it out of my reach for the present. See," she tore savagely at the bandage on her shoulder—"my wound bleeds again—"

"I told you, Cyrene, that you incurred

a risk—"

"Risk! Give me satisfaction. I would not let them go on without me and I return, as I went, hungry. I am weary of hunger; I will forgive your breach of faith if you will—"

"I will not, I have told you." Both voices were louder and the Mexican rose to his feet. The White Lady stood in front of him; she placed a hand on either of his shoulders as she said, "You need do nothing only keep out of the way, it is all I ask. It is not much."

"Not much! Oh, you devil, you devil. Outcast of God and man that I am, that will I not do. For you, soulless, I have accepted damnation—"

"He is so beautiful," urged the White Lady in a sibilant whisper, "So beautiful. And these blonds—." The Mexican, his eyes glittering ominously, gave her an angry push, the mantle fell still farther from her shoulder, she rearranged it with a steady hand but the hand was reddened with blood when she held it up before Cordova's eyes.

"See!" she said, "I suffer, it is well that I have satisfaction. You do not care that my blood stains this hand—and yours!" With a sudden gesture she swept her dripping hand across his palm and laughed to see the crimson stain that it left. "It is as well," she went on calmly enough, "I am tired of you. I told you that I should tire of you sooner or later. You are a tame coward, but you shall not

balk me, I have always had my own way, and I always shall.'

"Not if it lies through this man's heart, Cyrene. No, not for you or all your kind."

"One's way may deviate, somewhat, it need not always lie through a white man's heart; other hearts will do. And, always, you are a poor hunter, Cordova. My own and the wilderness are better. night."

The door opened, closed again, and Cordova brooded alone over the dving fire.

Brown was on hand with the sled before sunrise the next morning but he seemed to regard his arrival as late enough to require some apology.

"I've had to break roads most of the way," he said, "But we'll get you out o'

this, now, in a jiffy."

The Mexican had disappeared on Brown's arrival and we left without seeing

him again.

Dick's foot was much better when, late in the afternoon, Hank Thompson put in an appearance, and he professed himself as willing and able to start at once on the return journey. But Thompson vetoed that proposition.

"It's too late in the day to start out now," he said, "We'll get a soon start in the morning, all right, but we may's well inflict our comp'ny on Brown for to-

night."

We stayed accordingly. Once, twice, thrice, during the night Dick and I, lying wakeful, heard the wild cry that was so like the wailing note on the Mexican's violin, and even the stolid Hank had been disturbed by the crying, as we learned at breakfast.

"Heard wolves hollerin' 'round to beat the band last night," he remarked, "They must be gittin' purty thick since the bounty's took off."

"Yes," Brown assented, "they are."

Presently, Thompson went out to hitch up his mules. His departure was followed, directly, by an excited and urgent shout:

"Come out here; come quick!"

What we found, when we reached the spot that Hank indicated, was the torn and mangled body of the Mexican, Cordova, lying in a blood-stained wallow of

"Must a' been comin' over here and the wolves ketched him," Hank said, soberly. "But why didn't he holler? We could a' heard him, this nigh the house; why in time didn't he holler?"

A tuft of white fur still tightly clutched in one mangled hand may have been the answer to that question. Cordova had made no outcry; was his life given for another? Had he purposely kept silence?

When we reached the station we found that the afternoon train, true to its traditions, was some hours late. Before it came we had seen the coroner and knew that he was on his way to the cabin, far away in the mountain solitudes, where lay the body of the Mexican.

Twilight was deepening into dusk when, far down the track, a single wavering star grew and brightened and we knew that the belated train was approaching. Within the lonely little station house Dick and the operator and I waited. Suddenly, "Holy Moses, what's that!" shouted the operator, pointing, as he spoke, to one of the rear windows.

Framed in the frosty panes, as we looked, was a strange white face. A face with long, gleaming teeth showing white between parted scarlet lips and with flaming vellow eyes that glared at Dick, at Dick alone.

In an instant we were on the platform Within that instant the train outside. thundered up with a roar and a rumble that shook the earth.

It was the voice of the great world calling us back to the known and the commonplace.

We ran around the depot to the rear window. Nothing there, but, away across the field, going as lightly as thistle-down blown before the wind, ran a guant white wolf, making back to the mountains from whence we had come.



THE SITE OF FORT CLATSOP

Where the first land was cleared and houses built by American citizens on the Pacific Coast

By P. W. Gillette



Locating the sight of Fort Clatsop. At the extreme left is Silas B. Smith, the descendant of Cobaway, the Clatsop chief. In the center are L. B. Cox and C. W. Shane. All three are deceased. At the extreme right is the writer of this article.

OME three years ago the Oregon Historical Society, realizing the necessity of permanently establishing the location of Fort Clatsop, deputized Mr. L. B. Cox to visit the locality, in the company of the writer, and to leave such marks as will permit no future doubt as to the exact site. In the party were also Silas B. Smith, Judge Galloway and Carlos W. Shane. The latter is an old settler, who was at one time in possession of the ground occupied by the fort.

The writer was able to identify the exact spot, and, by the relative location of standing timber, to determine the boundaries of the pallisade. Stakes were driven, so that the site of the fort—the "Plymouth Rock of the Pacific"— is fixed for all time.

Fort Clatsop, so named by Lewis and Clark for the Clatsop Indians who occupied the surrounding country, is situated on the west bank of the river Netdle, now the Lewis and Clark River, one and a half miles above its mouth, and three miles from the Pacific Ocean, in Clatsop County, Oregon.

Lewis and Clark reached and selected this point on the 7th day of December, 1805, and on the 8th commenced to cut down trees, clear land and build their cabins. They erected seven cabins in all; the smokehouse was built first, in order to have a place to smoke and dry their meat. A storehouse was built for their ammunition, stores, etc.; a small cabin for Tousaint Chabonau, the interpreter, and his wife, "Sac-a-ja-wea," and the remainder of the cabins were used as quarters for the officers and men. As soon as the houses were completed, they constructed a strong stockade around the clearing, as a protection against the Indians.

The stockade enclosed something over a half an acre of land, and stood on the high land, about two hundred yards back from the river; within and on the north side of the inclosure was a beautiful spring, which supplied the garrison with an abundance of pure water. After the fort was completed, a number of men were set to work to survey and open a trail through the forest to the ocean, three miles west.

Fortunately they found a dividing ridge

running almost due west, and nearly through the timber, to the Skipenon Creek, across which they felled a tree for a bridge. This stream ran through a broad marsh, through which the men were obliged to wade. When the writer came to Oregon in 1852 this trail was in pretty good condition, having been kept open by Indians and wild animals. I have walked over it many times.

The houses of Fort Clatsop were built of round logs and roofed with "split shakes," and the cracks chinked with timber and moss.

When Lewis and Clark left Fort Clatsop, March 28, 1806, they gave the fort, houses and furniture to Co-ba-way, the Clatsop chief, with whom they were very friendly.

Some of Co-ba-way's grandchildren yet live on Clatsop Plains. One of his daughters married a white man, Mr. S. H. Smith, who crossed the plains in 1834.

Fort Clatsop is a spot of great historic

importance. There the first land was cleared and houses built by American citizens on the Pacific Coast; there our flag was first planted by officers and soldiers of the United States, by direction of President Jefferson.

On the same trip a visit was paid to the "Salt Cairn," where Lewis and Clark boiled sea water to extract salt for their use. The appearance and location of the "Cairn" is sufficient evidence that it is the one referred to by members of the expedition; but the best possible testimony was from the lips of the old squaw, "Stin-is-tum." or Jennie Micheal, as she is now called. The old woman—she is over 80—was brought to the spot, and testified that her mother had often told her of Lewis and Clark, and had spoken of this pile of stones as the place where they made salt. It is noteworthy that Stin-is-tum is one of the three (one man and two women) surviving full-blood Clatsop Indians.



Stin-is-tum, who located the "salt cairns" of Lewis and Clark.

THE PLAYHOUSE

By A. Garland



Madge Carr Cooke as "Mrs. Wiggs."

AVID BELASCO is in the enviable though somewhat difficult position of living up to his reputation. Within the last few years he has made three stars whose popularity is on the increase. He is now confronted with the question: Having outshone all other managers, can I now outshine myself? Mr. Belasco is the one producer who furnishes veritable surprises to theatergoers, and this season's

was the appearance of Henrietta Crosman in his play "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," founded on Egerton Castle's novel "The Bath Comedy." Mr. Belasco has a theater of his own, and four stars—Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, David Warfield and Henrietta Crosman, all of whom have made record runs.

So far as supporting companies are concerned, Mr. Belasco has set a standard no other manager seems willing, if able, to equal; and when it comes to the staging of a piece, it is perhaps true that Mr. Belasco surpasses them all.

There are two classes of people to whom success is never begrudged—to the one who has honestly and laboriously earned it, and to the other who has attained it easily and yet wears it so graciously that we are glad that it has come without the usual attendant drudgery. To these two divisions a mother and her daughter belong, Madge Carr Cooke and Eleanor Rob-The former, after long years in stock work and character parts in many and various companies, is now a star in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," a play the box office receipts of which are in correct proportion to the selling qualities of the book itself. Eleanor Robson, her daughter, came into prominence not more than three years ago in "A Balcony." She followed that by appearing as Kyrle Bellew's leading woman, and then, most pretentious of all, she essayed Juliet. Even those critics who thought it impossible for her to make a characterization meriting praise, found her interpretation delightful. Miss Robson had seen no one act the part and her reading had the claim to originality. This year she is the little "slavey" in a dramatization of Israel Zangwill's story "Merely Mary Ann." It was said that she fell in love with the quaint character of Mary Ann before she thought of playing the role, and those who have read the book will remember that the tale breaks off suddenly, leaving doubt as to the ending.

Mary Ann, the tiny maid of all work, fresh from the green meadows, has come into all the horrors of a London lodging house, and, unknowingly, falls in love

with a young composer, Lancelot. In poverty and failure, with a desperate craving for human sympathy, he turns more and more to Mary Ann, and accepts her genuine devotion. At last he is forced into doing what he considers hack work—writing a popular air—and with the despised reward he decides to leave London for the country. Mary Ann, in all

her innocence, begs to go with him, and at last he consents. Then comes the news that Mary Ann has fallen into a fortune, and now Lancelot's pride makes him refuse all that Mary Ann more eagerly than ever offers.

Here it was the story ceased, and Miss Robson begged Mr. Zangwill to tell us



Arnold Daly and Dorothy Donnelly in "Candida."



David Warfield, a clever actor who owes much of his success to Belasco's management.

how it ended, and so "they married and lived happily" act was tacked on. A very simple and almost trite plot, and yet "Merely Mary Ann," with its Dickensesque flashes of humor and pathos, is very real to us. Miss Robson has the greatest of all gifts—the power to touch our hearts.

It must be encouraging to start out with all the earmarks which attend genius; to have in rapid succession those disappointments which are meant to try one's courage and whet one's ambition. It would seem as though when discouragements pressed hardest, something must have whispered to Arnold Daly, "keep on—this is but the payment exacted in advance for honors soon to come." Mr. Daly kept on, and his is the greatest per-

sonal triumph of the season. As an experiment, he produced at a matinee, George Bernard Shaw's "Candida." The audience was made up largely of players, but his fame spread.

Then came the chance to fill in a week's engagement; the critics were united in their wondering praise, and the public began to take notice. Winchell Smith, Daly's manager, believed in the venture, and the tiniest theater in New York, "The Vaudeville," was leased. Then came the fire regulations, and while "The Vaudeville" undergoing these changes, some place must be secured. Mr. Smith besought the "Carnegie Lyceum Company," but they refused, as one of their rules forbade the moving in of scenery. He offered to play with their scenery, and so one night was provided for, but the following evenings had been engaged in advance by others. He endeavored to persuade "The Strollers," whose stage is

of an ironing-board dimensions, but no woman had ever played in their club-house and it took much labor to induce them to be gallant, but at last the much traveled "Candida" had a home for a second evening.

No place else could be discovered, and so "Candida" went back to daily matinees at "Carnegie Lyceum." Then the New York Kindergarten Association asked Mr. Daly to play a benefit matinee, and if there is one organization which contains the elect in the fashionable world, this is the one. The seats sold for ten dollars apiece, and even the passes which went to the critics were paid for at that rate, but Arnold Daly now had the stamp of approval from Fifth Avenue, and what mattered all his previous hardships?



Scene from "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," Henrietta Crosman's successful play of the past season.



Miss Eleanor Robson as "Mary Ann."

Mr. Daly's first hit was in "Pudden'head Wilson," with Frank Mayo. Mr. Mayo is one of the young actor's idols; he and Eleanore Duse, a large portrait of whom, together with an autograph letter, hangs in the lobby, are the patron saints of "The Vaudeville." Mr. Daly has decided views as to his work. "I don't want to star. Any actor can get a backer and do that, but every one can't play. A good production is what I care about, no matter whether I have the best role or not."

He is very young and very enthusiastic,

and this is only the beginning of his work; if he keeps on as he has begun, he will be a worthy successor to, if not even greater than, Mr. Mansfield.

When each season brings its crop of theatrical failures, and this year's is a plentiful one, there comes the annual hue and cry for the ignored American dramatist. But does he exist, and is he going the rounds with his wonderful play to which no manager is willing to listen? Why do not these same critics advertise that they are willing to advocate his cause, and the honor of discovery will be theirs?

Playwrights are all too scarce, and managers know that few patrons are attracted purely by reason of the author of a piece. Take Richard Harding Davis. He is well known, his novels are liked, but his first play, a dramatization of "Soldiers of Fortune," was not carried to success by the power of his name, but by the breeziness of Mr. Edeson. What happened to his next play, "The Taming of Helen," with even a better cast? It was soon taken off, and now this season, after his apprenticeship at play-building, comes his first real play, "The Dictator," with William Collier in the leading role. Even the magic of Clyde Fitch's name could not save "Glad Of It," and if "The Other Girl," written by Augustus Thomas, had not been the cleverest comedy which has appeared this winter, it would not have been playing to packed houses, but would have gone the way of his "Colorado."

Another case directly in point is that of George Ade. "Peggy From Paris" did not draw because of his fame, but when that was taken off, his newer "The County Chairman" proved so popular that it has lasted the rest of the season.

This year has been an unprofitable one for the theaters, and consequently the list of revivals has been large and the number of Shakespearean productions remarkable. There is less expense and not so much risk connected with a revival, wherefore Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper returned to their former successes, "Erminie" and "Wang." "The Two Orphans" was put on with an all-star cast, and it was a pleasure to see the younger generation who made up the larger part of the audience.

So far as Shakespeare is concerned, he draws no royalties, and can not complain of how his plays are put on. Viola Allen and Mr. Greet's company of Elizabethan players presented "Twelfth Night," the first, in a very modern and gorgeous production; the second, in the way it was done in Shakespeare's time.

Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner as joint stars in "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Taming of the Shrew" were thoroughly artistic, but the really wonderful impersonation — the one creation which brought new light to bear on the fascinating most hardest of roles-was the Hamlet Forbes Robertson gave us. He made the moody Dane a human being—rational in every way. His reading was delightful, his voice the most flexible of any modern actor and his face and physique ideal for that character.



David Belasco.

THE CHINOOK WIND

Born of the breath of the ocean
And warmed by the sun-kissed sand
On the shifting dunes of Clatsop
And the westmost sea-girt land,
To the ice-littered crest of the mountains
The deep belifed snows of the plain
Unlocking the source of the fountains
With the soft soothing breath and the rain.

Warm as the tints of the even
The sundown portals gave
Soft as the breast of the ocean,
Strong as the sweep of her wave,
Up the inland stretch of waters,
By the ice king's hoary throne,
Quickening ever slumbering nature,
Calling springtime to its own.

THE EYE OF GANESHA

By Eleanor M. Hiestand-Moore

HEN Professor Bodley was up on Puget Sound making observations on the Japanese current, I assisted him up to the time when the Navigation Commission notified us that the appropriation for this special work was exhausted. In the days of unlimited leisure which intervened, Bodley took to writing articles on the hyperborean tribes, while I continued to angle for seaweed and evolve theories upon the migration of aquatic life. One morning I went over to Lummi's Island at the Indian reservation, and it was on the south beach I picked up the remarkable relic which I have since called the Eye of Ganesha. Much to my surprise, Professor Bodley refused to recognize the importance of this discovery, although he was deeply interested in demonstrating the great power of portage in ocean currents. The moment I saw this very peculiar object lying in a heap of cobblestones, I apprehended its importance.

It was a black stone, very heavy, of obscure composition, resembling jade more than anything else, ovoid in shape, smooth on one side but upon the other marked with a few vague lines in which I could plainly trace an attempt to delineate a human eye. It seemed to me as I examined it that on the black surface of the stone I could detect faint indications of color artificially applied, but if this were so, the sea water had practically obscured There were also certain little scratches upon the stone as though it had been firmly set in metal with which it bore the marks of friction. Moreover, when I took an impression of the intaglio, I detected the line of a drooping eyelid, and holding the stone in a certain position, it seemed to me perfectly obvious that I had found the eye of some huge image. I wrote for the Smithsonian a voluminous report of this discovery, embodying some remarks on the possibility of the Japanese current having transported to the western shore of America an object of such size and weight. Professor Bodley refused to sign this report, and it was never forwarded. I set the stone up on my mantel, where it challenged a great deal of argument up to the time when the astonishing event which I am about to narrate, occurred.

I had gone to bed one night on a salmon salad, and I did not sleep well. My room faced the street, but, as I lay there tossing restlessly in bed, it occurred to me that the electric lights were unusually bright and I got up to close the blinds more securely. But there was just as much light in the room as ever. It was filled with an odd refulgence such as I have since seen emanating from specimens of radium. Moreover, as I endeavored to investigate this phenomenon, I observed that the light was intermittent. It ebbed and flowed at slow intervals, as though it emanated from some source regulated by an automatic cut-off.

"What the—!" I observed in bewilderment, to which casual remark there was an immediate reply in the form of a rather melodious whistle, coming from the chimney corner.

"Bodley!" I called sharply, but he was

snoring in oblivion.

"It ain't Bodley," some one observed.

I traced this remark to my Morris chair where there was a strange man sitting. I turned on the electric light.

"Thanks!" said my visitor with a sigh

of relief.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded, at which he shrugged his shoulders in a deprecating way and smiled wearily.

"I ain't here from choice," he replied in a despondent tone. "I've followed that

damned eve for months!"

"What eye?" I asked, as I had little need to ask, for immediately I felt a mild electric shock which evidently came from the mantel where my much-disputed relic

It was glowing with what we now call "radio-activity," and as I gazed at it in astonishment it rolled upward, the heavy lid closed over it for a moment, opening again as the light continued to stream

from the dilated pupil, and I felt upon my whole body the gentle pricking of an

electric shower.

"I wouldn't stand there," observed my visitor. "It ain't good for you. I can stand it, because I ain't all here you know, but you'd better move over there," and he waved me to the other side of the fireplace.

"May I ask," I managed to say, "what

all this means?"

"Blamed if I know," he said gloomily. "You picked the darned thing up, and wherever it goes, I go. That's the rule of the game."

He was a blunt man in coarse clothes. His face bore marks of dissipation, and he was much tanned.

"Who are you, anyhow?" I inquired

very naturally.

"I used to be a sailor," he said, sighing, and then I observed for the first time that he held in his hands a shabby cap on which the letters "U. S. S. Montgomery" were faintly legible and that both his wrists were tattooed with red and blue bracelets.

"Where did you come from?" I persisted.

«Cu ::11 -

"Steillacoom."

The lunatic asylum!

"I ain't bughouse," he observed, "though I don't blame anybody who thinks I am. It's such a darned queer thing that I don't expect folks to believe it. It's natural they'd think I'm crazy. You see," he concluded confidentially, "this ain't me you're talking to—I mean that I'm sleeping down at Steillacoom in bed like anybody else, though I'm booming around up here at the same time just as you see me."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "you are an astral

entity."

"Is that what you call it?" he said, much relieved that I could grasp the situation.

I went over to the closet and poured out some whisky. I seemed to need a brace.

"Have a drink?" I inquired, as pleasantly as I could.

He groaned and buried his face in his hands, as though the suggestion were torturing.

"I can't drink," he said piteously, "and I can't eat—when I'm like this, I mean.

I can't seem to get hold of things. There ain't no feel to 'em."

"You must feel queer," I remarked with

growing interest.

"I feel queer, and I am queer," he said emphatically. "Just keep your eye to the sou'west—will you? Look at this!"

Then to my unutterable astonishment the man rose from the chair and deliberately walked through the wall into the next room where I heard him whistling softly a familiar air. He did not disappear in any mysterious manner. He simply walked through the wall as though it had not been there and as I stood gazing after him, he came back in the same remarkable fashion without the least exertion.

"Now you see me, now you don't!" he remarked grimly. "Wouldn't that jar you? It beats any hoodoo show I ever seen."

"How do you account for it?" I asked. He jerked his thumb toward the mantel.

"It's that goo-goo-eyed god," he said savagely, an impertinence which was promptly resented, for the stone eye emitted an angry flash and I felt a shock that nearly knocked me over. The man cowered in the chair overcome with fright.

"Don't look at me like that!" he said. "For the Lord's sake, don't look at me

like that!"

The eyeball rolled in excitement, and the heavy lid began to wink very rapidly, while a shower of sparks seemed to emanate from the luminous interior aglow with a brilliant phosphorescence.

"I'll be good!" wailed the wretched man. like a terrified child. "O, Ganesha! I'll

be good, if you'll forgive me!"

He was actually crawling on his knees before the glowing eye, his forehead touching the floor in the most abject humiliation. He writhed and moaned as though he were in great pain.

"For Heaven's sake!" I cried, "what is

the matter?"

Yet I could see for myself that the poor wretch was in the power of the Eye. It was some time before he grew quiet and could speak to me coherently—some time after the stone evelid had drooped again and the angry sparks had ceased to scintillate.

"I ain't got a mite of sense," he said brokenly. "Ganesha ain't fond of me-- naturally-because I busted his face one time in the Temple. Me and Tim Johnson went ashore one day. It was a Hoodoo Temple," he explained.

"Hindu!" I suggested.

"Yes! It was an off day and we had a good-sized jag on. We got in underground in the cellar where they kept the sacred cats and we crawled up the gangway before any one got on to us. I ain't got much respect for idols-at least, I didn't use to have," he added apologetically.

"You looted the place," I said sternly; "you two drunken sailors! They ought to have killed you both. I am surprised that an officer in the United States

Navy-"

"Lord, sir!" he interposed. "I didn't know no better in those days. Tim and I gouged the idol's eyes out, but we didn't mean anything by it. Anyhow, the idol got even with us. He got after us both every night and when the eyes was stolen-"

"Stolen?" I exclaimed

"What'd you expect?" he demanded. "We warn't the only ones that wanted 'em. But the idol made us hunt 'em up again and there won't be a moment's peace for either of us till them eyes are put back where they came from. One of them turned up at Foochow in a fantan game and Tim got stuck in the gizzard for trying to grab it. I meet Tim sometimes. He says he's dead, but he's the liveliest corpse I ever seen. His other eye—it's the left Gan'sha eye—" he observed, jerking his thumb toward it,-"I don't know how it got over here."

"By the Japanese current," I said

quickly.

"Maybe so!" he replied; "maybe not! Anyhow, I've got to keep tagging around after it till I can manage to get it back in the idol's head alongside of the other one. Now, if you would give me a lift, sir, I'd make it worth your while."

I glanced at the relic on the mantel and beheld an utterly new phase of the situation. The light which had emanated from the Eye of Ganesha was diffused through a space now occupied by the most astonishing figure I had ever seen. It was the wraith of a huge form, squatting with difficulty within the narrow limits of my room, a great fat idol with three pairs of hands and as many feet, a pale diaphanous presence in whose head the stone eye was set

alongside of another eye of which we seemed to see only a suggestion. The brilliant drapery of the idol was enriched with gems of great beauty and its broad, naked breast was glittering with similar ornaments.

"That's His Nibs!" whispered my sailor

friend. "Ain't he a dandy?"

The poor fellow was trembling like a

"What does he want?" I demanded forcibly, for I felt that I must assert every atom of will I could summon. The electro-magnetic current was very strong.

"He wants his eye sent back to Futta-The consul knows all about it. If you'd just send it to him, it would be all right. I was going to write to him from 'Frisco, but I had too much booze and I shipped on a coast steamer one day by mistake. I dassn't say a word now or they'd jug me."

I looked at the idol, on whose misty countenance there was an expression of anxiety. In the midst of that wraith of a face, the great stone eye glowed with peculiar brilliancy.

"May I ask," I proceeded with great respect, "whether it would be entirely satisfactory to Ganesha if I should forward his eye as this person suggests?"

The idol nodded.

"Go on," urged my astral friend. "He understands everything, though he don't speak anything but Harian."

An angry flash of the eyes and a sharper pricking of the electric current marked the idol's displeasure at this interruption.

"Shut up!" I said sharply, for the gunner's mate had let out an unearthly howl.

Doubtless these delays were dangerous for the idol, as though he meant to warn me of his power, suddenly reached out two pairs of hands and boxed me on both ears at once. It was a curious thing, but I did not feel the contact of the hands at all only a violent shock of electricity almost stunned me for the moment and in the first heat of resentment I forgot that I was dealing with something superhuman. Making a single wild dash at the idol, I grabbed the stone eye and wrenched it forcibly out of its astral socket. For a moment I managed to hold it, and then my fingers, paralyzed by the electric shock I received, loosened their grip. The eye

fell crashing upon the hearth and broke

in a hundred fragments!

A wild shriek from the sailor, a shriek of terror merging quickly into joy, brought me to my senses.

"You've done it! You've done it!" he shouted. "You've knocked him silly!"

I stared stupidly at the place where the idol had suddenly been snuffed out. There wasn't a vestige of his appearance, while on the hearth where I knelt beside the shattered eye lay a diamond of such huge dimensions that I could hardly credit its reality. The Eye of Ganesha owed its radiance to a gem that was worth a million dollars.

"You knocked him silly!" shrieked my astral visitor, who was executing a sailor's hornpipe in a frenzy of delight. "I dassn't tell you and I dassn't touch it myself, because he had me magnetized so I couldn't. Lord, sir! He's quit the galley for good. That's your diamond! Yes, sir! It don't belong to nobody but me, and I'll give it to you if you get me out of the asylum. Yes, its my diamond, all right, because that was a Korean idol and the Chinese hooked it and the Hindus killed the Englishman who brought it to Futtapore."

"It seems to be an evil eye," I observed

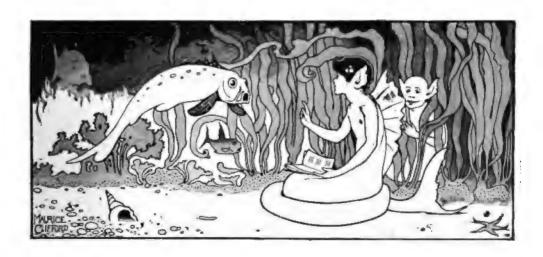
a little dubiously.

"'Taint an eye any longer," he said benevolently, "it's just a diamond and a iim-dandy, too!"

I will not mention the name of my singular visitor, a name that is registered among the deserters from the United States Navy. He left me with the utmost deliberation, in high spirits, and the only notable thing about his departure was the fact that he walked out without opening the door. A few days later I went down to Steillacoom and inquired for my friend. He was a patient whose case was not understood by the physician in charge. He was cataleptic and had hallucinations that he was being pursued by an invisible enemy.

"Keep mum!" he whispered to me, and

He was released from the asylum "on parole," when I signified my willingness to make myself responsible for his good behavior. The subsequent sale of the Eye of Ganesha was discussed for weeks in the newspapers. The gem has taken rank under that name with the famous diamonds in history. In the division of spoils, I think I was quite fair to the gunner's mate, and I did not forget Bodley who has ever since deferred to my judgment in all of the Smithsonian matters.





Opposite Lyle, on the Columbia River, looking toward the Washington shore,



Near White Salmon, from the Washington side of the Columbia River, showing the famous Hood River



Taken from Viento, on the Oregon shore, a few miles above the Cascades. In the heart of the famous Wind Mountain appears over the promontory



about ninety miles from Portland, Oregon. Up-stream-right hand.

T. Birdsall, Photo, Portland, Or.



Valley, and the town of Hood River, about seventy miles from Portland.

T. Birdsall, Photo, Portland, Or.



and wonderful gorge of the Columbia River. Hood River is at the extreme right, up stream, and of the right bank at the extreme left.

T. Birdsall, Photo, Portland, Or.



Front view of the home of Paul de Longpre, at Mellywood, California.

PAUL de LONGPRE AND HIS BEAUTIFUL HOME

Something about the struggles toward success of the greatest flower painter in the world

—his home, and his love for flowers

By Mary H. Coates

LOWERS that daily bloom in happy companies to reappear in splendor never fading these are the blossoms in the home of Paul de Longpre, the king of flower painters. The entire flower realm, from wayside wilding to fragile hothouse beauty, he has made his life study. With his genius and the courage of his convictions, he started at the lowest rung, single of purpose, and stubbornly overcoming difficulties, climbed until he reached the heights of his heart's desirethat of being the greatest flower painter in the world.

The beginning lies awayin Lyons, France, the home of his childhood, for he always loved flowers. His mother was left a widow in straightened circumstances, with children. ten The breadwinners were Paul's two older brothers, who painted fans for fashionable shops in Paris. When he was a child of eight years, the family moved to Paris, and he was sent toschool; but on many a day he eluded the calls of book and in-



A painting by Paul de Longpre.



Mme. de Longpre.

structor to hie away to the fields outside the city walls to find flowers and feed his hope of some time being a flower artist.

No dreamer was he, but a live boy, wide awake to the first beckon of opportunity. He made sketches of favorite nooks and blossoms. These he showed to his schoolmates, some of whom were well supplied with pocket money, and straightway the little pictures and the coin of the realm changed owners. When he was twelve, the little artist had to give up school life to join his brothers in wage-earning for the family support. It was really a step toward the future he had now marked out for himself—that of being the best flower painter in the world.

His talent was evident in his work from the start. Yet there were many discouragements. Orders for fans sometimes came in slowly, or not at all, and profits were small; but the thought of his life plan held him steadfast; and by the time he was eighteen, Paul de Longpre had won quite a national reputation as a

painter of fans.

He was romantic, too, and was married to a charming young girl when but nine-teen. In selecting a home of their own he took another stride toward his cherished standard. He chose a cottage outside the city, and by making fans still do service as commercial art, and working sixteen hours a day, for six months of the year, he managed to spend the remaining months among flowers, and in painting from nature.

The time of times to aspiring young artists came to Paul de Longpre when he was twenty-one; his first picture was hung in the Paris salon. Then came orders for important paintings, and for years his flowers hung in the salon by the



Side view of the de Longpre mansion.



From a painting by Paul de Longpre.



Paul de Longpre.

side of portraits, landscapes and historical paintings.

Success is in the silences, though fame is in the song, the poets tell us, and in the silences the great flower artist treasures up hard-earned triumphs. Among them his coming to America, acting against the advice of his friends. He reasoned that the painter with world-wide aspirations should know both the East and the West, and so, with his family, sailed across the Atlantic.

Paul de Longpre arrived in New York with \$900 (which was all that could be rescued of fifteen years' careful savings lost in a collapsed bank of Paris), and in the silences are recorded his efforts to establish himself, a foreigner, a flower

painted among comparative strangers. After five years of strenuous exertions instead of succeeding, his capital had dwindled by half. Then he decided upon a daring scheme. Again he went against the most vigorous advice of all his friends. He gave an exhibition of his paintings and into it went every dollar he possessed.

An exhibition of flower paintings. exclusively. was new. It was novel. and it was an immense After that his success. flowers were exhibited there every winter; also in Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, and the memorandum of one exhibition — 25 pictures sold, with an average of \$300 each — shows the substantial appreciation. After a decade spent in the East, the popular artist turned toward the Pacific Slope, and settled in Southern California. among the olive and orange groves of Hollywood, a select suburb of Los Angeles.

In the land of the Fleur-de-lis, Paul de Longpre is closely related to the earliest nobility, and is a descendant of the great statesman, the Marquis de Mesmes. Also he is an American by all the rights of naturalization, and an enthusiastic citizen of this country.

A gift to President Roosevelt, a picture from the artist, now hangs in the White House. It is one of his beautiful paintings of a typically western wild flower.

Paul de Longpre is a botanist and a self-taught artist. He had no instructions in painting, or in drawing, and he has established a "school" entirely his own. He paints in oils or water colors at will. His flowers have been adopted by the French Government as standard models for the state schools of art throughout that country on the recommendation of

artists of such renown as Bonnat, Bougereau and Gerome. He works with infinite

Upon the picture which was hung in the French section of the International Exhibition in 1889, he spent five months, sometimes giving an entire day to a single leaf of foliage. In fact, overwork has brought him five severe illnesses in the

last twenty years.

In one respect the famous artist is a grand surprise; remembering the theme from the beginning, one might expect to find a grim face, shaded by beetling brows and lines of determination; instead, he is success personified—a sunny countenance, blue eyes, wherein merry twinkles chase one another, glad and young of heart, a courtly geniality, and a step that is jaunty, even boyish with enthusiasm, as he strolls among his loved flowers. With the happy comradeship of his family, Mr. de Longpre's days are, as he himself expresses it, an artist's ideal realized.

Mrs. de Longpre is gentle graciousness itself, the while clinging lovingly to the language of their native land; and of flowers among flowers, the sweetest are their two daughters, charmingly accomplished Miss de Longpre and tiny Pauline, the pet of the family.

The villa is Moorish-Californian, and its arabesque facades arch over alluring interior vistas. Spacious reception hall, polished floors, Indian tapestries, carved chairs and tables, ancient armor, cabinets filled with rare treasures from many lands, pianos (the master is both a musician and a composer), and the grand stairway leads to balconies and outlooks of mountain, valley and blue Pacific. Everywhere about the house-pictures, pictures, bearing the talismanic signature of the man whose lifework is love of flowers.

The picture gallery, which the celebrated artist kindly keeps open to all visitors upon presentation of their visiting cards, is on the north from the reception hall, and is down three or four steps, which permits the right light from the broad Spanish windows. Here it is that flowers bloom in exquisite and perpetual springtime; simple wild blows, rare orchids, water lilies with gauze flies poised above, trumpet creepers with humming birds, lilacs and butterflies, sunflowers and bees that almost hum aloud, baskets of daisies, sprays of white fruit bloom dropped poet-



A view in the garden

ically on sheet music—genius that, white over white—and countless other studies; the many paintings so artistically arranged that not one beauty outshines another.

Fortunate, indeed, was the Pacific Slope when Paul de Longpre sought the West. His home is an enchanting vision that fills the most prosaic with pleasure. Its atmosphere is refinement, beauty, and bird song, and everywhere the evidence of the master's artistic temperament. It is a paradise on earth—sober, good men have said so—600 of them at one time, Methodist ministers of the General Conference of Los Angeles who visited and reveled in its glories, and enthusiasts and tourists by the thousands have told of it.

The first glance is an intake of pure deliciousness. The street lines are evergreen hedges, with vines to the lawns and flower beds; the division walls are green arbors. There are ten summer bowers, no two alike, and between blossoms by the million, in mazes of color schemes. There are 3500 rose bushes, borders of ivy, sedum, lobelia; rockeries of cacti; corners of alyssum banked with Shasta daisies and crowned with stately Matilija poppies—all white and gold; ferneries, pot plants and shrubs making billows of color merging in the upenrying greenery of the trees on the opnosite boundary.

The de Longpre's lovely home was

thrown open to the general public in the early season, when the famed artist gave an exhibition of paintings lasting three weeks. It was an ovation. Ten thousand persons, by the most conservative estimate, accepted the prized invitations; and thirty-five choice paintings were sold.

Paul de Longpre's fame and pictures have gone all over the earth; and his flowers, birds and bees will live through years unknowable after many seemingly more substantial honors of trade and glittering show have passed into oblivion.

As he walks in his garden—in which he has collected almost every plant known to the botanist, there is an indefinable, mystic something about him—communion with the soul of flowers, it may be—which easily shows that flowers are as the breath of life to him. Has he a favorite, and which, where all are beloved? The poetheart of John S. McGroaty tells the secret. It is the flower:

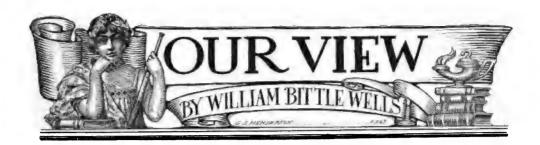
"That cheered him when Fortune looked askance.

In his days of gloom and trouble 'neath the bending skies of France.

And now, with all the world and its laurels at his feet.

The heart of him can not forget his first love - Marguerite.''





There is no success without sacrifice.

Whenever the world finds a man who is willing to sacrifice enough to attain a desired end, the world is glad to bestow its rewards upon him. The law of compensation never fails, and chance has no part in the workings of the universe.

The most powerful nation in the world, when all of its resources are taken into consideration, is undoubtedly England. The richest nation in the world is the United States. The most determined and progressive people—shall we not say the most enlightened—are the English-speaking nations. It should be a source of pride and gratification to every son of England and America that these two great nations are united by the strongest bonds of blood, language and ideals.

The revolting spectacle of legalized murder is now under way in the Orient in earnest, and we read daily reports of the number of dead and wounded. Two thousand Russians killed and there is great joy in Japan. A Russian warship sinks a Japanese transport crowded with soldiers, and it is considered a great triumph. The brightest young men, the flower of both Russia and Japan, are being sacrified at the altar of barbarism. A wild career of butchery is on, and the best butchers will win. Human beings are the targets. The barbarity of it all is revolting and nauseating.

It has been demonstrated beyond doubt that even a machine needs rest. There seems to be a law requiring one day out of every seven to be set aside for rest and recuperation. We may violate this law, but the price will be paid for it. So this talk about vacation being unnecessary is the sheerest nonsense. Vacation is not only necessary but vital in these strenuous times. The American nation is a nation of worriers because of the great things that are being done. We are living and working at high tension, and, if breakdown is not to result, a period of rest is absolutely essential.

Every man has to work according to the stuff that is in him. Each one has to meet his own peculiar problems. There is no infallible rule for action excepting as a choice between right and wrong. Each decision, nevertheless, is toward a definite course of action, whether intentional or unintentional, and stamps the character of the man—one who will go up or one who will go down. But you can't expect to get out of a man more than is in him. A yard of cloth is a yard of cloth and no more. We might think and plan and devise for all eternity, but we couldn't make a yard and a quarter out of it. So we all have our limitations. Yet we will make progress in this world and be satisfied with the brightness of life and our lot if we are honest; if we strive for the light of God's clear, unmistakable truth; if we stand for the best we know, and try always to know more, conscientiously and sincerely; if we hate shams and snobbery; if we have faith in ourselves and in the world.



A world-wide survey of important events in all departments of human activity

The civil war in Colorado may, perhaps, be justly termed the event Labor War in during the past month that seems likely to have a more far-reach-Colorado ing influence upon the welfare of humanity than any other one thing. While the war in the Orient has continued to attract world-wide attention, and American politics have assumed a greater interest owing to the meeting of the national conventions, the case in Colorado bears particularly upon the greatest economic question of the day, and will tend to hasten the ultimate relation between capital and labor. A dispassionate view of the disgraceful scenes in Colorado lays the blame primarily at the doors of those who, by hook or crook, nullified the will of the people of Colorado for an eight-hour day. Labor advances this argument and it is unanswerable. If the politicians and weak-kneed legislators are responsible for the failure to carry out the law, upon their heads lies the blame for the subsequent rioting and bloodshed. At the same time, however, there is no justification for the cowardly, dastardly work of the union miners in blowing up the train carrying nonunion men. The principle laid down by the union, that if a union man does not desire to work no one else shall be allowed to do so, is abhorrent to all sense of right and justice, and the American people are united against the "closed shop." If this be the slogan of unionism, then unionism is doomed. A resort to violence is a mistake, and whether the unions sanction the action of the Colorado miners or not, or disclaim all responsibility for it, as they do, unionism will be blamed for the acts of violence in Colorado.

In General-

The steamboat General Slocum left her pier in the morning June 15, carrying unquestionably 2,500 excursionists for a day's outing on an island in Long Island The excursion was largely of women and children, being of St. Mark's parish. Fire broke out in a pot of boiling fat, and the boat burned completely in an incredibly short time. It is known that 905 perished, all but 40 of the number being drowned. June 28 the inquiry to fix blame for this most appalling disaster was completed. A verdict was rendered in which the directors of the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company, Vanschaick, of the Slocum, Captain Pease of the commodore's fleet, and others were held criminally responsible. charge in each case is manslaughter in the first degree. This was probably the most

horrible disaster which ever happened in American waters. It reveals a condition of things relating to steamboat inspection which is unbearable.

There is a steamboat war in progress between the big liners that ply on the Atlantic, and as a result the steerage rates from Europe have been reduced from \$15.00 to \$9.50. A lower grade of immigrants, owing to the lessened cost of passage, has been coming in, and 240 out of 3000 that landed during a week in June were deported; 30 out of 3000 is the normal figure.

The War in the Orient-

The most important engagement during the past month between the Russian and Japanese forces culminated on June 15 at Vafangow. The Russians under command of General Stakelberg were defeated with a loss of about 2000 men and a large number of valuable guns. The Japanese report a loss of about 900. They were commanded by General Nozu.

The Vladivostok squadron made a sortie recently and sunk the Japanese transport Hitachi, ruthlessly slaughtering most of the soldiers. Two hundred were killed by the bursting of a single shell. Two other transports were sunk at the same time, but a large part of the crew and passengers were saved.

Lines are tightening around Port Arthur and news of important engagements there are expected daily. The rainy season is now under way in Asia, during which time it is the evident expectation of the Russian commanders that little will be done towards moving the troops. It will perhaps develop that the Japanese will not be greatly affected by the condition of the ground, and some surprises are probably in store. While the Japanese forces have been uniformly victorious so far during the war, it is yet too early to make any intelligent forecast as to the final outcome. The most important developments that will largely affect the ultimate result are the thorough preparedness of the Japanese army and navy, the brilliancy of Japanese commanders, the earnestness of the Japanese men at arms, and the uncertainty that seems to prevail among the Russians at home and in the field.

Sixteen hundred miles of the projected railroad from Cape Town, Africa, to Cairo, Egypt, have been completed, and it begins to look as if Cecil Rhodes' dream of a "Cape to Cairo" railway will soon be realized. The line will open up a vast region of considerable commercial importance.

The Perdicaris incident has been temporarily closed by the release of Perdicaris, brought about largely, it seems, through the efforts of France. The brigand, Raisuli, secured the ransom demanded besides a good many other things that he happened to think of. Morocco is evidently in a sad plight.

The International Women's Congress met in Berlin June 13 to 18. There was a large attendance of representative women from all parts of the world, and over 200 addresses were delivered bearing upon subjects in which women are especially interested. "The Americans present were impressed with the great deference shown the United States as the leading country in the world in the women's movement."

"Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" is the title of a new opera by Massenet, which has recently been produced in Paris and favorably received. The *Illustration* says: "There are beauties of the first order in 'Le Jongleur de Notre Dame,' especially in the second act, and it is unnecessary to say that the frame of the music is magnificent and in perfect artistic harmony. The book by M. Lena is very simple, its chief merit being that it furnishes excellent musical situations. A remarkable feature of the piece is that there is no feminine role."

In Politics-

The Republican National Convention met in Chicago June 21, 22 and 23. The only uncertainty that faced the convention was the man who should be selected as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. It was, of course, a foregone conclusion that Roosevelt would be unanimously nominated for the Presidency and that the platform would say what it said. Chas. W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, was nominated for Vice-President. It was undoubtedly the least enthusiastic gathering of its kind ever held by one of our great parties. And what served to lessen public interest in the convention was the knowledge that the result in November will depend less upon what was done at Chicago than upon what will be done at St. Louis.

Three changes took place in President Roosevelt's cabinet on July 1. William H. Moody, formerly Secretary of the Navy, became Attorney-General; Paul Morton, of Chicago, became Secretary of the Navy; and Victor H. Metcalf, formerly congressman from California, became Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, succeeding Mr.

Cortelyou, who resigned to manage President Roosevelt's campaign. Mr. Knox, formerly Attorney-General, has been appointed senator from Pennsylvania to fill the unexpired term of the late Matthew S. Quay.

The appointment of Metcalf and Morton is commented upon most favorably by the press. Mr. Morton is at present vice-president of the Santa Fe system and has been a democrat. His father, the late J. Sterling Morton, was Secretary of Agriculture in President Cleveland's second term. Both men are able and popular.

The new Canadian tariff program imposes a heavy fine on importations that are invoiced below the market value of the country in which they are produced. The fine is intended as a "hit" at the practice of American manufacturers who have been making "a slaughter market" of Canada. The tariff has met with the entire approval of the Canadian press, and little or no objection from our own, much to the surprise of the former.

The result of the Oregon election held on June 6 is regarded throughout the country as indicative of the general feeling in the West regarding Republican policies. The re-election of Binger Hermann and J. H. Williamson may undoubtedly be taken as an expression of approval of the Roosevelt administration, but the really important results of the election—the majority in favor of local option and the direct primary—have been passed over by the Eastern press.

In Science-

A lieutenant in the French navy, M. Turc, has invented a boat which he claims neither rolls nor pitches. The problem has been "to discover a boat of such a kind that the periods of pitching and rolling which are proper to the boat and which depend on its manner of loading and on the form of the keel, shall be longer than those of the largest wave it shall encounter." The inventor's boat is a peculiar looking object, built high above the water on two floats which allow the water to flow between the sides of the boat proper. M. Turc estimates that his boat will attain a speed of nineteen knots.

Professor Winfield Ayres, of the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, has announced a new cure for Bright's disease. A catheter is introduced directly into the kidney without making any incision or using the knife at all. To do this an instrument known as the cystoscope is introduced into the bladder, which is then lighted up by an electric light attached to the instrument, and by this guidance a long catheter is inserted. The medicines are then forced into the kidneys. In this way drugs can be used with safety which if injected into the blood would cause certain death. The drugs used are those in ordinary use among surgeons as antiseptics and are in sufficient strength to destroy the disease germs.

The medical profession is beginning to regard worry as a disease susceptible to medical treatment. The symptoms include "various degrees of vague dread and apprehensiveness, often taking definite forms, in which case they are designated as 'phobias' or 'obsessions of fear,' weakening the capacity of attention and memory, and tending to a confusion of ideas. The treatment of the patient should be directed to improving the circulation, the muscular feebleness, and the condition of the brain and nervous system. Hence tepid and cold douches are useful, as are shower baths and moderate physical exercise."

Professor Rutherford before the Royal Institution in London stated recently that in addition to the three kinds of rays which radium has been found to give off. there is in addition an emanation which behaves like a gas and can be condensed by cold: it can be secluded in the radium itself, and is liberated when the salt is This emanation, dissolved in water. though exceedingly minute in quality, possesses three-quarters of the characteristic powers of radium and all its properties. Could we collect a cubic inch of the emanation, the tube containing it would probably melt, while a few pounds would supply enough energy to drive a ship across the Atlantic, though each of these pounds would require seventy tons of radium to supply it.

The telephone industry is now capitalized in the United States at \$450,000,000,

with over 2,000,000 instruments, and nearly 5,000,000 miles of wire. There are over 4,000 systems, and 64,628 wage-earners in the industry, besides 14,124 salaried officials. During 1902 the revenue derived from the industry reached \$86,825,536.

Dr. Walther Thorner, of Berlin, has recently invented an apparatus for photographing the background of the eye, many fruitless attempts having been made heretofore to find a solution. His invention is an important one, and is a big step forward in the treatment of eye diseases.

In Education-

The large majority of this year's graduates of Yale and Princeton will select business pursuits, while those of Harvard and Columbia will take up law. Twenty-eight from the four universities will go into the ministry. The New York Globe says: "Figures such as the above are probably the best answer often put as to whether formal education fits or unfits for a business career."

* * *

The closing of public schools, colleges and universities for the customary summer vacation has, as usual, been made the occasion for utterances by men and women of high educational rank, which have much significance as indicative of present educational methods as well as future administrative purposes. natural evolutionary processes it has come about that a few immense educational institutions are, by a sort of tacit consent, assigned to the lead, and the rest follow. Not that criticism has ceased, and not that the views of these leaders are altogether in sweet accord, but their utterances are the creeds of the many who follow their lead, and so, under them, the educational promenade goes forward.

In Art-

A new society, called the Society of American Sculptors, has been organized as a revolt against the methods of the National Sculpture Society. The purpose of the new organization is "to give an exhibition at least once a year which will correspond to the Paris Salon. It is

planned, also, to have a permanent exhibition of the smaller works of sculptors which may find a ready market."

In Religious Thought-

The Oxford press has just issued the first complete text, transcription and translation of the "Sayings" of Jesus discovered by Professor Hunt at Oxyrhynchus in November, 1903, and by Professors Grenfell and Hunt at the same place in 1897. The "Sayings" were written at the end of the second century or during the early part of the third. The editors consider these fragments "one of the most important, remarkable and best attested of the sayings ascribed to our Lord outside the New Testament."

* * *

Nothing in the realm of religious thought is just now attracting so much attention as some form of union among various Protestant churches. From the disposition to magnify and to exalt into great importance the distinctive features of the creeds whereby denominations have been established and continued in being, there has come in recent years a desire to look after the things in which beliefs resemble one another. The Armenian and the Calvinist in the disrupted Presbyterian church are seeking for the one fold. When the larger and stronger of the Presbyterian bodies exhibited to the world the real courage of its convictions, it broke down the barriers which were separative between it and the Cumberlands, and union became certain in the near future. Public Opinion, in its issue of June 23, presents a "Symposium of the opinions of religious leaders on the recent tendency to reconcile denominational differences." A letter was sent out making the following inquiries: "As the fixity of distinct convictions among Protestant divisions relaxes and the disposition toward some sort of unity increases is not the underlving spirit an evidence of religious indifference and unsettled religious convictions, an evidence of weakness rather than strength in that it represents a growing indifference to the doctrinal standards that have given rise to Protestantism? Is not diversity the genius and glory of Protestantism and is not the life of Protestantism being sacrificed to the new liberal movement?"



Freedom is happiness. Freedom of body, mind and soul is the natural right and ultimate destiny of every individual

Bleeding Colorado

B LEEDING Colorado is, by force of arms, deporting men from their homes who are themselves guilty of no known crime except belonging to a union, and bleeding Kansas is refusing to have these men dumped within her territory. The men are in hard luck, for it seems as if they must get off the earth.

The condition of armed anarchy, as the newspapers call it, in Colorado, should give rise to thought. It will occur elsewhere in time and it indicates that radical reform in economical conditons will probably come through forcible collisions

after all, through the dynamite bomb rather than through preaching.

The struggle began by an effort on the part of the union to dictate an eighthour labor day. The mineowners claim that the real object of the unions was to compel all nonunion men to join the unions. Undoubtedly there is a tyranny of unions. Undoubtedly unions are inconsistent with freedom and full individual development. Undoubtedly unions are an evil, but undoubtedly that evil was forced into existence by a greater evil—the natural union of capital and the absolutely inhuman tyranny of capital.

The one evil came from the other evil upon the principle that self-preservation

is the first law of nature.

Every man should be free to work where he pleases and as fast and as long as he pleases without dictation from his associates or from men a thousand miles away, whom he has never seen.

But the freedom of labor will not be possible until the vacant earth has been made free to those who would use it, the issuance of money has been made free to those who are able to issue it, and all monopolies created by law, those robberies of the people, are abolished. It is the root which must be struck before the top will die. Control by law of these monopolies is a delusion and a snare.

No one can, by any possibility, excuse the murder of nonunion workers by union men; but murder is not done by men except when they are desperate. If we rivet our whole attention to the suppression of outrages and do not inquire why out-

rages occur, we are not making progress.

History shows that vested rights in property have always been cruel in their own defense; honestly cruel. Mr. Baer, of anthracite coal fame, felt honestly indignant that the troops of the United States were not called out to sweep the striking miners off the earth. He believes that he has a vested right in the anthracite coal fields to work them when he pleases and how he pleases or not at all, if he pleases. He said on the witness stand the other day that the price of anthracite coal was not determined by any question of supply or demand or cost of mining, but the price was fixed at what the consumer would bear, "Just as you fix your fees," he added, to the lawyer who was examining him. The difference between a lawyer fixing his fee as high as the traffic will bear and the monopolist of one of the natural products of the earth fixing its price at all the traffic will bear is too obvious to need discussion.

Colorado is, in fact, dominated by the wealthy corporations concerned in Colo-

rado's mines. General Bell, who has been the military instrument of Governor Peabody during the martial law regime, says, referring to the intended use of the

militia to control the Denver city election:

"I am accused of using, or attempting to use, the military in the late campaign. This is false, but the corporations used the militia for their purposes, and instead of the militia being used to protect the people and uphold the law, that force was actually degraded to the uses of the local corporations who connived at the breaking of the law. " " The very men whom we use the militia to protect, imported all-round bad men (the very men I ran out of their camps) to break the law in Denver and carry the election in their interest."

There is the trouble.

Corporations have no soul; they have no conscience; the manager does for his corporation what he would not do for himself personally. You can never teil whether a riot has arisen by natural friction or has been actually precipitated by the corporation owners in order to secure police protection and to manufacture public sentiment.

Wicked as it is to murder innocent men, yet the forcible wholesale deportation of men innocent before the law, without any trial; their expulsion at the point of the bayonet because they belong to a union; the suppression of the press and of the civil law by an oligarchy ruling the state by military power are worse, immeasur-

ably worse.

It will be found here as ever before that the "upper" classes and property rights are the worse sinners. The crimes of the laborer arise from the desperation of a struggle for existence.

Meeting of the L. A. D. M. N.

THE meeting of the Saphira Chapter of the Ladies' Association for the Dissemination of Misinformation about our Neighbors was a great success. The reputations of several young girls who had been guilty of youthful follies were ruined for life, and the moral scalp of a clergyman was added to the society's trophies. A resolution to furnish members with postal cards, with cards for answer attached, for convenience in interrogating people all about their private business, was voted down, on the ground that such inquiries might be deemed impertinent, or, if answered, might compel the society to accept the truth. The subject for regular debate was, "Are Women Brainless Because of Tea and Tattle, or are Tea and Tattle Because Women Are Brainless?" The discussion became quite heated, and the subject was somewhat obscured by the personalities indulged in and the more or less direct allusions to the shady past of some of the members added interest to what, taken as a whole, was one of the most successful meetings of the chapter.

The Turner Deportation Case

THE Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the deportation act is constitutional upon the general theory that no alien has any right to enter this country at all and that Congress may prohibit aliens coming to this country for any reason whatever; that the spirit of the constitution does not extend to aliens, guaranteeing them freedom of speech and of opinion.

This law will either become a dead letter or we will become a dead nation.

Politics is a Game

POLITICS is a game. The offices are the prizes. There has been a change in the Portland, Oregon, postmastership. Presumably all of the candidates were equally competent, because from first to last not one word was said as to their fitness for office, but the sole discussion was, and a very anxious discussion, which one can the machine least afford to offend by turning him down? Young people should remember that politics is a game.

The democrats carried in Multnomah County, Oregon, the offices of sheriff

and district attorney Immediately the republicans set about much needed reform. They have taken away from the sheriff the right of feeding the prisoners in the jail, have cut down his deputies, and they announce that at last they intend to put through the Legislature an act providing flat salaries for these officials. It is curious what a stimulus to right doing it is to have the other fellow reaping the benefit. Politics is a game, and the taxpayer is the prize.

Divorce

I T is appropriate to the blossom and nesting time of the year that thoughts of love and mating should stir the breast, and, if love and mating, why not divorce? They are the blossoms. It is the fruit.

Anti-Divorce Congresses are bursting into bloom all over the land—the Mothers' Anti-Divorce Congress in Chicago; the Anti-Divorce League in New York; and the anti-divorce sentiment in the Methodist convention at Los Angeles.

Now, as you can not stop the slow glacial flow by hitting it with an axe, nor hasten it by giving it a kick, so the divorce question will evolve its own solution regardless of the "antis" or of me.

To have no divorces presupposes infallibility of judgment in every boy and girl, man or woman. It presupposes the same likes, dislikes and affinities, character and development at forty as at twenty.

Are human beings infallible in judgment? No! Hence divorce. Is the man

or woman of forty the same as at twenty? No! Hence divorce.

Is the love of twenty the same as the love of forty? No! Hence divorce.

There are but few regular divorces among our brothers and sisters of the lower animals, because their marriage is merely mating for perpetuation of species. When you come to think of it in cold blood, human marriage has that for its foundation stone, too.

It has other elements, also, but I suppose no marriage ever took place which was not really a sexual mating. Men do not marry men and women do not marry women. It is a great universal law, and not to be blushed at or stammered over except by those minds who find themselves "purer" than the universal God.

The birds and beasts find their escape from the divorce courts in the fact that they were never legally married. But the boy or girl of seventeen and nineteen or eighteen or twenty, impelled by this same all-compelling goad, who mate with as little discretion as the robins—they are to be kept together in hell, in bands of legal steel, because it seems to some one that God has belied himself and decreed to be lifelong what He has made in most cases impossible of being lifelong.

It is significant that God, as generally understood, is man-created, in that His edicts are always those of the hierarchy in power, and as the hierarchy itself de-

velops so God's edicts change.

Moses decreed free divorce. He said, "Write any one of your wives a bill of divorcement and let her go." If Moses were the mouthpiece of God, this was the law of Omniscience; but Christ said it was only because of the hardness of heart of those old polygamists, and as God could not change their hearts, he did the best he could.

Christ said there must be no divorce except for adultery. Again, if this be the word of God that is the end of the discussion, and yet divorce is growing and ought to grow until people's own sense of happiness or duty is the sole controlling force.

Many a drunkard, gambler or tyrant of uncontrolled temper makes home more a hell and marriage more a failure than the adulterer. If divorce at all then the logic of it is divorce in every case where the true foundations for marriage have failed. There is a deal of solemn talk by parrots about the home and children. No home and no child is bettered by forcing people together who would be apart. Instead of decreasing, divorce will increase, for it means greater freedom. The only law which ought to keep people together is their wish to be together or their own free sense of duty and fitness.



A review of current books and an opinion of their merits

The true story of the first explorer of the West is now presented to the public in "The Journey of Coronado from Mexico to the Buffalo Plains of Texas, Kansas and Nebraska," translated from the original journals and edited by George Parker Winship. This remarkable history told at first hand, which has been pronounced of more thrilling interest than any historical novel, has just been published by A. S. Barnes & Co., in their notable Trail Makers series under the consulting editorship of Prof. J. B. McMaster. While Coronado's journey is of general historical interest, its publication will be peculiarly welcome in the West. The East has had John Smith and Henry Hudson; the South, De Soto; and now the story of the first explorer of the West is brought within the reach of general readers. The Coronado is uniform with A. S. Barnes & Co.'s popular edition of the Journals of Lewis and Clark.

The Yeoman

Instead of the vigorous character and virile virtues one would expect from the title, we are treated to the morbid monomania of one who was "slow brother to the ox."

The ingrowing egotism of this character is the axis around which the story revolves.

The author has made the beautiful daughter of the Yeoman a plastic creature ardently loved by the squire's son. In order to avoid the natural denouement he is compelled to drown this lover in what is the only strong chapter in the book.

The story drags on to a happy ending hastened by the death of the Yeoman from

slow paralysis and the flaccid love of a colonial cousin. Dainty bits of descriptive writing are interspaced with lengths of dreary dialogue.

(The Yeoman, John Lane, New York.)

In all the long list of college graduates this year, the name which easily attracts the greatest attention is that of Helen Keller. Miss Keller graduated from Radcliffe College, Harvard, on June 28, and the event was given especial significance. Many distinguished people were invited to be present, and newspapers and periodicals displayed close interest in the subject. Miss Keller has already proved her ability in one field of life work-that of Her book on "Optimism" literature. showing her wonderful and sunny vein of philosophy, as well as attitude toward life, published a few months ago by Crowell, is now in its tenth thousand.

Mr. A. J. Dawson, author of "Hidden Manna," a romance of Morocco, has just received a letter from Mr. Ion Perdicaris, who was seized and taken into captivity by Raisuli, the Moorish brigand. The letter was written in the brigand's camp and is remarkable for the whole-hearted tribute it pays to the personal qualities and fascinating manner of the bandit. dated Benaires, Saturday, June 4, and begins—"What an opportunity for good copy you missed by not being with us when Varley and I were carried off." His publishers must also regret that Mr. Dawson could not have been a witness of the "Hidden Manna" reveals kidnapping. Dawson's thorough knowledge of and sympathy with the Moors.

Written for the amateur and expert alike, the Fisherman's Handbook, which John Lane has just added to his series of Country Handbooks, is not so much a book of instruction as a discourse concerning the various methods of angling and the tackle best suited to them, as the author has found them in his own experience. The methods he sets forth have been proved effective time and often. But, as he observes, he is not the only successful angler. "Different men," he writes, "different methods"; this handbook shows how one man "goes angling."

In this spirit the author proceeds to explain the mysteries of his delightful hobby. He discusses the ways of angling for salmon, trout, grayling and coarse fish with an artificial fly; the tricks of spinning for the same with artificial or natural baits; bottom and mid-water fishing, and angling in salt water. In an appendix he gives full descriptions of various sort of tackle and suggestions for the use and care of them. The book is illustrated with many diagrams and from photographs taken by the author.

Speaking of dry fly angling, Mr. Shrub-sole says:

"The great and increasing popularity of angling with a dry or floating fly is not without good reason. I am not with those who advance it as the style of trout fishing to the neglect of all others-notably the use of the small or wet fly-but I am certainly of the opinion that it ranks first among the numerous methods of angling for trout; howbeit, the dry fly man, pure and simple, is a bigot, whose bigotry sends him home often enough with an empty basket. If there be a greater mistake than that of the dry fly bigot, it is made by him who neglects to avail himself from time to time of the wondrous deadly power of a single fly fished dry."

"William Keith" is to be the next subject in a series of appreciations by George Wharton James appearing in Impressions Quarterly (San Francisco, Paul Elder and Company) to be followed by "John Muir," that in the June number of the magazine being "Ina Coolbrith." Miss Coolbrith was an interesting figure in the literary affairs of the early days in California—a friend of Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard and Joaquin Miller, and this paper of familiar reminiscence touches on some friendly gossip not generally known.

Another serial in "Impressions" is by Adeline Knapp, "Nature and the Human Spirit," of which two papers have thus far appeared, "The Return to Nature" and "Nature's Place in Culture."

* * *

Word comes from London that Mr. Thomas Hardy has entirely given up writing fiction. He is devoting himself to the second part of his drama, "The Dynasts," of which the first part was recently published by The Macmillan Company.

* * *

How far is the servant problem in America really the problem of the American mistress? That is, how far is the prevailing difficulty about servants merely an indication that many American women do not understand how to manage domestics? The experiences of "The Singular Miss Smith" answer this question amusingly; and Mrs. Kingsley's breezy novel is spoken of by serious reviewers as an invaluable aid to the young housekeeper.

Though the action of Mr. Churchill's new novel, "The Crossing," takes place in the Great Wilderness, and the tale is full of the woods atmosphere, three charming women grace its pages. First there is Polly Ann, a glorious specimen of pioneer young womanhood; then Antoinette, who captivates the dashing young dare-devel Nick Temple; and then Helene, "who might have governed a province and still have been a woman," splendid in her power, yet always womanly.



Bakery Bread-

"Why anybody ever buys bakery bread at all is perhaps something of a mystery, but some people occasionally do it. Of course, if you are a single man and live at a boarding house where they don't know how to cook, you have to eat bakery bread or eat no bread at all (the latter course is the safer); but if you are married, and your marriage isn't a failure, your wife makes bread instead of buying it. She makes good bread, too,—bread that can easily be distinguished from a white oak block or a mineral specimen. But there comes a time when your wife goes to visit her mother for a week, a month, or an indefinite period, according to the state of the home atmosphere at the time, and you are left to struggle alone with the problem of housekeeping. You find it more of a struggle than you had thought it was from seeing your wife engaged in it. You had thought at first that you would much rather your wife would go to visit her mother than that her mother should visit at your home; but after she has been away a day or two, you are not so sure about it. Of course, for a short time you do very well, for your wife has left a goodly supply of food, including some homemade bread; but after you have disposed of that, the real trouble begins. You go to a bakery and buy something that is called bread, and as you have no time to get it analyzed, you have to let it go at that.

Now, there are two kinds of this socalled bread—the airy, and the indestructible. If you happen to get the former, it is a comparatively easy task to prepare it for the table. It consists mostly of air cells, large and small, surrounded by a sort of membrane, the whole enclosed in a thin but tough, leathery substance made by a secret process known only to the baker. After removing the shell, the inner portion may be rolled into a ball about the size of a small lemon and eaten in any manner desired. Six loaves will make a meal for one person—if he has plenty of other food.

The indestructible variety is more difficult to manage. It is covered by a bark somewhat resembling that of a hickory tree, and as it contains no sap, the bark is as difficult to remove as hemlock bark at certain periods. It may, however, be chopped off with a sharp ax. The loaf should then be put into a kettle and boiled for forty-eight hours, after which it may be cut into small pieces and fed to the chickens. The bark may be used for fuel or sold to a tannery.

This information is for the use of unfortunate men who may be left to keep house alone and who are unable to make bread.

-Charles Burnside.

At the Wedding—

"Oh, we're the first ones at the church!"
"Good. We can see every one who comes
in. Let's sit here at the back."

"No, let's sit near the front. We can see the bride better."

"But we can't see the others so well."
"Very well. My, they haven't decorated
the church very nice, have they?"

"No, it evidently wasn't fixed by a florist."

"Looks as though they got the flowers in their own yard."

"Te-he-he!"

"Who are those people just coming in?"
"I don't know, but they don't look very stylish."

"Is Grace to receive many presents?"
"I haven't heard of anything elaborate.
Oh, here they come!"

"Goodness, who is that at the organ? The playing is awful!"

"There's the bride and groom. Doesn't she look like a stick?"

"Yes, and isn't he nervous?"

"Poor fellow!"

"He looks as though he'd like to run away and escape before it's too late."

"I feel sorry for him."

"So do I."

"How did she land him?"

"It's leap year, you know."

"Te-he-he!"

"Do you really think she proposed to him?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"You used to be very chummy with her."

"Me? Why, the idea! I never did like her. See how her dress fits!"

"It hangs on her as though she made it at home instead of going to a dressmaker."

"And her veil!"

"A perfect fright! And her bouquet!"

"Resembles a bunch of cabbages."

"She looks as if she feared he would say 'no' at the critical moment."

"What if he would!"

"Wouldn't that be delicious?"

"U-um."

"It seems just as if she was dragging him to the altar."

"Hear how loud she says 'yes'!"

"And I can't hear him answer at all."

"Guess he feels ashamed."

"Isn't his face red?"

"There's the ring, now!"

"See how she holds out her finger for it!"

"Well, she's got him at last."

"Hasn't it been a dowdy wedding?"

"Just awful!"

"Not a bit of fashion to it."

"Well, now it's over let's go over and congratulate the couple."

"Let's."

The Reason Why-

Jinks: "I wonder how Jones can afford to get married and divorced so often."

Binks: "That's easy. Jones is getting rich writing "The Reflections of a Bachelor."

Fast colour—a blue streak.

The Gentle Sex-

A woman is glad that she is not a man: When she sees her husband trying to shave with a dull razor in three minutes.

When she sees the latest styles in

millinery.

When some one has to hunt for the supposed burglar.

When the bills come in for the summer

vacation.

When political questions are being discussed.

When her husband goes to work on a stormy day.

When lodge matters must be attended to.

When some one near her is smoking a poor cigar.

When she attends a meeting of the

sewing circle.

When the picnic lunch must be carried When she can wear a diaphanous waist on a sweltering day.

Married the Washer-Woman-

Some peoples lif auf die income dey haf— Oders lif py die sweat of der brow; But mein way of lifing suits me der best— I lif py die sweat of mein frau.

"Not Available"—

The following verse was received in reply to some returned MSS., with the suggestion that the author try some lighter theme:

So I must choose some "lighter theme," Must squelch each wise or lofty dream, Must don the tinsel and the bells, Or else forego the "stuff" that "sells?"

Must write the squibs that make one smile And serve the moment to beguile, Must tickle with stubborn quill, Or "go 'way back" and sit right still?"

But what, good sir, if active mind Malicious bent, is still inclined To statelier style and nobler things Than pen of "note and comment" slings?

I know the answer. Don't exclaim If 'tis a fault, not yours the blame. The "reading public" of the day Dictates the requisites that "pay."

Forced by the spirit of the age
I lay aside the pen and page
Nor count again the worn reply,
"Not wanted, but we won't tell why!"



Devoted to the energy, enthusiasm, growth, progress and development of the great Northwest

Prosperity!

What a hearty, happy ring the magic word has! What a picture it presents of teeming fields, and granaries filled to the bursting; of deep mines, where every blow of the pick brings forth copper or iron or silver or gold; of the lumber woods, and the stately monarch of the forest crashing to earth under the blows of the woodman's axe; of laboring locomotives, and white-winged ships, bearing to the marts of commerce the products of field and forest and mine; of expanding towns and cities, alive with human activity in shops and factory, office and countinghouse!

Work for everyone, and the maximum return for toil, that is what brings prosperity. Peace, contentment, the joy of living; these are a few of its results. The Pacific Coast is enjoying such prosperity as can be found in no other locality in the United States. Nor is it the result of any abnormal circumstance, but the rational outgrowth of natural conditions. Nowhere can be found such natural resources—such fertile soil, such mineral deposits, such gigantic forests, such fisheries, such waterways, such a climate.

These things are the materials of prosperity. All that is needed is men and women to avail themselves of these unapproachable advantages. And they are coming. In tens and hundreds and thousands they are following the course of Empire to dwell in this land of plenty. There is room for all, and for millions more, for the productivity of this marvelous land has been hardly quessed.

Here is the promised land—prosperity's headquarters. Gird yourself, rise, and come to enjoy its blessings.



Portland's new fireboat, the "George H. Williams," built by the "Willamette Iron and Steel Works."



One of irrigation's miracles—in the Yakima Valley.

Wheat From the Inland Empire-

According to the figures published in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, there have been shipped during the last few months from the Inland Empire—the wheat belt of Eastern Oregon, Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho—35,000,000 bushels of wheat, while many millions of bushels are still held for higher prices. The average price paid has been 65 cents a bushel, which is considered an excellent price, being nearly double that commanded a few years ago.

Over \$20,000,000 have been paid to the farmers of this section during the past season for wheat, and unexampled pros-

perity is the result.

The process of mortgage-paying has been going on for some years and the farmers are now out of debt. The prospects for another year are very encouraging, and the people of the Inland Empire have every cause to be satisfied with that section of the earth's surface that it is their lot to inhabit.

Idaho's Welfare-

In speaking of the prosperity of Idaho, Governor Morrison said, in a recent interview:

"There is a great immigration into the state, all portions being favored with this influx. In my visit to Kootenai county I was astonished at the great growth. The lumber there is increasing with leaps and bounds. Many new settlers are making their homes there and the same is true of Latah, Nez Perce, Idaho, and the southern part of Shoshone county.

"Immense irrigation schemes in the southern part of the state are doing much for its progress. The Twin Falls Irrigation Company, which takes water from the Snake River, will reclaim 244,000 acres in Cassia and Lincoln counties. It is sagebrush land, which heretofore has been unproductive on account of the lack of water. The main canal will flow an immense body of water. With the main canals and laterals there will be over 300 miles of ditches. Its construction will entail an expenditure of \$1,500,000. The land is mostly on the north side of the river.

"The American Falls canal project will reclaim 30,000 acres of fertile lands in Bingham and Blaine counties.

"The mining industry in the southern part of the state is in a healthy condition. Capital is becoming more interested in Thunder Mountain as the wonderful possibilities of the district are realized and the district is rapidly coming to the fore."

The Lumber Trade -

The Pacific Lumber Trade Journal offers this retrospect on the business of the

past year:

"At no time during the past year has there been any cause to suspect a retrenchment in the demand from the East. California or foreign ports. As a matter of fact, when the statistics for this year are published it will be seen that the demand for our lumber products this year has shown a greater increase than during the year 1902. The total Eastern shipments will show that there will be an increase of probably not less than 10,000 car loads over 1902, of which the proportions will be about 6,000 car loads for lumber and about 4,000 car loads for shingles. This in spite of the greatest car shortage in the history of the trade. The California demand will show up fully as good as the year before, while the foreign cargo shipments will exceed those of 1902 by at least 25 per cent."

Arid Land Survey-

The report of John T. Whistler, engineer in charge of irrigation surveys and examinations in Oregon, contains much that is of interest. A one-sided development of the state is not to be desired. The agricultural resources of Eastern and Southeastern Oregon are relatively untouched though returns from endeavor in some sections have added largely to the aggregate wealth of the state in recent years.

The object of what is known as the arid land survey is well known. As a proposition which seeks to store and distribute the waters of certain sections so that instead of running to waste they will insure bountiful crops to the farmer over wide areas that are now unproductive, irrigation is attracting the careful attention of broadminded men. It has, moreover, enlisted the attention of the Government as a scientific proposition, and one that can be worked out satisfactorily only by engineer-

ing skill and systematic methods. The entire scheme commends itself to all progressive citizens, as it does to their representatives in Congress, for its breadth, utility and great promise of development.

The Tonnage of Puget Sound Ports-

The tonnage clearing from Puget Sound during the eight months was 967,-137, of which amount 238,467 was sail. But one port in the United States, and that the port of New York, exceeded Puget Sound in the aggregate amount of its sail tonnage for the eight months, and New York led this port by but 27,000 tons. In the amount of American sail tonnage engaged in its foreign trade, Puget Sound was easily the first ocean port in the country, the American tonnage from this port being nearly twice as great as that which cleared from New York during the same period. In American steam tonnage, New York was again the only ocean port in the United States which exceeded Puget Sound. Puget Sound continues thus to hold its record as the American port which carries the highest percentage of its oceanborne commerce in American ships. Nearly one-third of the sail tonnage from this port was American, and more than twothirds of our steam tonnage was American.

Compared with other Pacific Coast ports, Puget Sound has a long lead in volume of tonnage, both of sail and steam. The total tonnage clearing from San Francisco was 624,363, and from Willamette 139,218. From Willamette all but 6,000 tons was under foreign flags.

The exports of Puget Sound for the eight months exceeded those of San Francisco by upwards of a million dollars, and were two and one-half times as great as those of Willamette.

In exports of flour, Puget Sound was the fourth port of the country, and in exports of wheat was the sixth. She exported flour to the value of \$3,908,525 during eight months, as compared with exports of \$10,814,854 from the port of New York, which has a long lead over all other ports of the country in its flour exports. The exports of flour were more than \$800,000 greater than those from San Francisco, and considerably more than double those from Portland.

Forest Fires

Every summer and autumn large areas of public and private forests are devastated by fire. This destruction is a universal injury. It not only destroys a valuable asset in the list of the country's resources, but is productive of floods. The forest is the most effective means of preventing floods and producing a more regular flow of water for irrigation and other useful purposes. To prevent the mischievous forest fires Congress has enacted a law which forbids setting fire to the woods, and forbids leaving fires (camp fires and others) without first extinguishing the same. The law provides a maximum fine of \$5,000, or imprisonment for two years, or both, if the fire is set maliciously, and a fine of \$1,000, or imprisonment for one year, if the fire is due to carelessness. It also provides that the money from these fines goes to the school funds of the county in which the offense is committed.

Commissioner W. A. Richards, of the General Land Office, has issued circulars, warning the public against carelessness, inasmuch as many fires start from neglected camp fires, and makes the following requests:

- 1. Do not build a larger fire than you need.
- 2. Do not build your fires in dense masses of pine leaves, duff and other combustible material, where the fire is sure to spread.
- 3. Do not build your fire against large logs, especially rotten logs, where it requires much more work and time to put the fire out than you are willing to expend, and where you are rarely quite certain that the fire is really and completely extinguished.
- 4. In windy weather and in dangerous places dig a fire hole and clear off a place to secure your fire. You will save wood and trouble.

5. Every camp fire should be completely put out before leaving the camp.

6. Do not build fires to clear off land and for other similar purposes without informing the nearest ranger or the supervisor, so that he may assist you.

As hunters, fishers and campers will soon haunt the woods and streams, it is hoped that newspapers everywhere will circulate this warning and information.



A SCIENTIFIC DIAGNOSIS.

"What is your diagnosis?" asks the older physician of his young confrere, who is earnest but inexperienced, and who has been

called in consultation.

"Well," says the younger medico, "there he much the matter. The patient has a slight fever and some little tightness of the chest. I should say there was nothing more than a cold bothering him."
"My boy," said the older man kindly,

"you have gone about it wrong. Note these symptoms: A white marble stairway in the entrance hall, gold furniture in the parlor, cut glass and silver galore in the diningroom, two automobiles in the side yard, a solid mahogany --- ''

"But what has that to do with the sickness of Mr. Gumpurse?"

"It has lots to do with it. The man has congestion of the bank account, and the proper move for us to make is to relieve that as much as possible."-Judge.

Some fools and their money are parted only by death.

WHAT IS IT?

"It is all well enough," said Uncle Joseph, as he put down the book, "but it isn't true."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because the author makes him propose to the heroine in a crowded theater. Now, a woman doesn't want to be proposed to in such a place. She wants a quiet spot, where she can weep a little. Story-writers should take this into consideration."

"Pshaw!" said I.

"When a woman accepts a man for good and all, she likes to put her head on his shoulders and cry," said Uncle Joseph. "I do not know why it is, but they all do it."

"Do they?"

"Didn't your wife when she accepted you?" he demanded.

"Well, yes, I believe she did."
"They all do," said Uncle Joseph. "They like it; it somehow comforts 'em.'

"But why?" said I.

"Ask the women," said Uncle Joseph .-February Woman's Home Companion.

SIDE LIGHT IN HISTORY.

Newton, ever a lazy chap, was lying asleep under a tree. His mother sauntered into the orchard and discovered him there. Awakening him forcibly, she said: "Ike, why don't



you get a job or discover gravity or something like that?"

"Mother," said the soon-to-be-great man,
"if gravity wants me, it knows where I am."

Job was waiting patiently for the doctor. At last he came.

"Doc," said Job, "can you tell me the difference between me and David!"

"I'm up against it," said the doctor. "Tell

"Well," said Job, "David is a manly boy and I am a boily man."

This was only another of Job's humors.-Chicago Journal.

REVERSING THE CASE

An Irishman was called upon to give evidence in a shooting affray.

"Did you see that shot fired?" asked the

magistrate.
"No, sor; but I heard it," replied the witness.

"That is not satisfactory. Step down." As the Irishman turned to go he laughed, and was rebuked by the magistrate, who told him it was contempt of court.

"Did yez see me laugh?" "No; but I heard you."

"That is not satisfactory."

And then the court laughed .- Green Bag.

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A GREAT SCHEME

A glad smile broke into a long, low chuckle of delight that made the clubman in the next chair rouse for a moment from the labors of digestion and exclaim:

"Struck a good thing, eh? Let's have it."
"Good thing?" said the happy member. "It's simply a Klondike and Golconda rolled into one, with an inexhaustible mother lode in sight.

"Oh, I thought it was a joke."

"Joke nothing! This is as serious to me as the sources of my income."

"You interest me."

"The Japanese have just made another advance in Manchuria.'

"Well, I don't see anything in that to

chuckle about."

"You don't, eh? Listen to this." he read off an account of skirmishes and battles full of names that sounded as if the make-up man had pied a paragraph and sent it to press without correction.
"I don't see any richness in that," said

the one who had butted in.

"You don't, eh? Well, perhaps you will get wise when I tell you that my business interests lie almost equally in building sleeping cars and modern flat-houses."
"I am still dark."

"Pish, tush, man! Can't you see that this new list of outlandish names will enable me to christen all the sleeping cars and apart-ment houses that I can build in the next two years?''-Judge.

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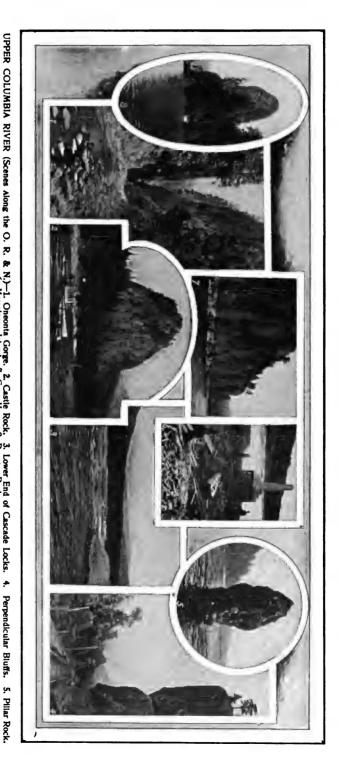


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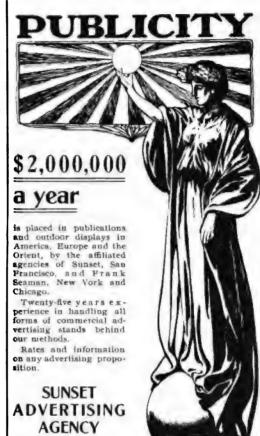
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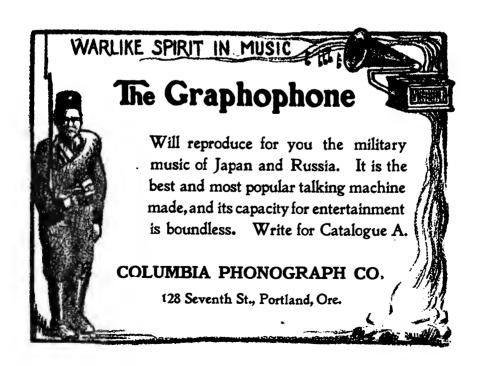
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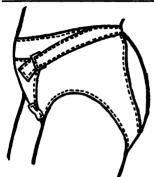
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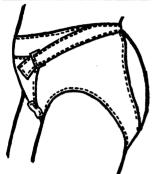
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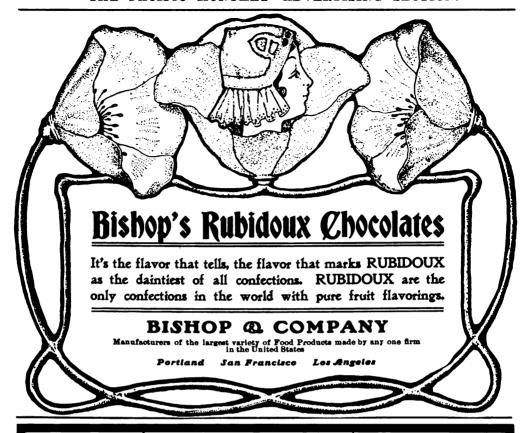


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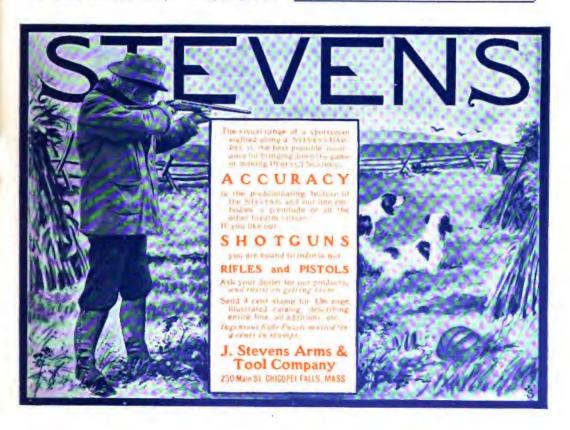


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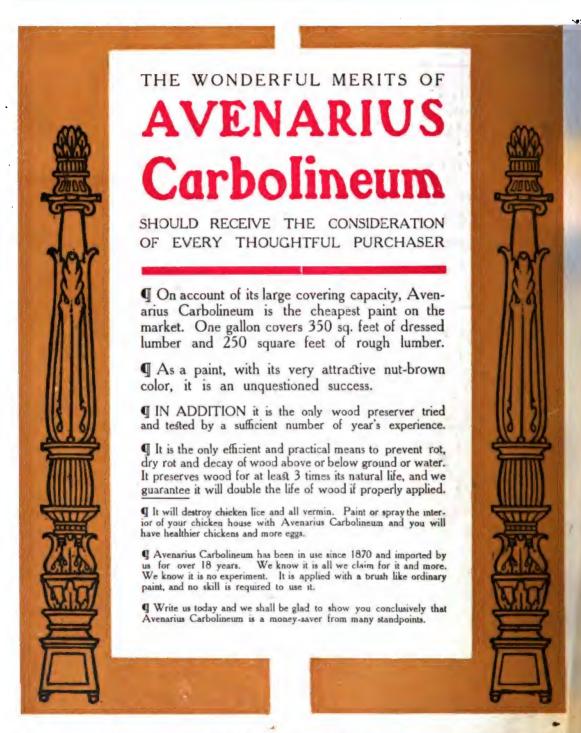


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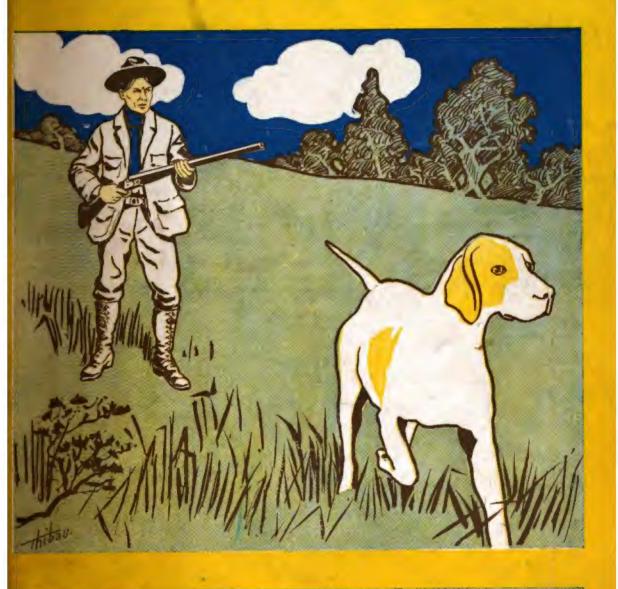
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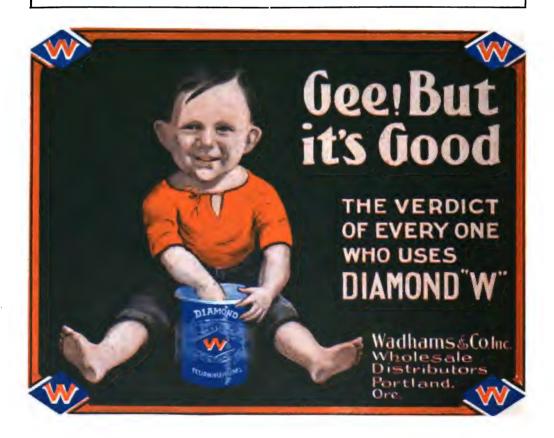
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The Tacoma

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

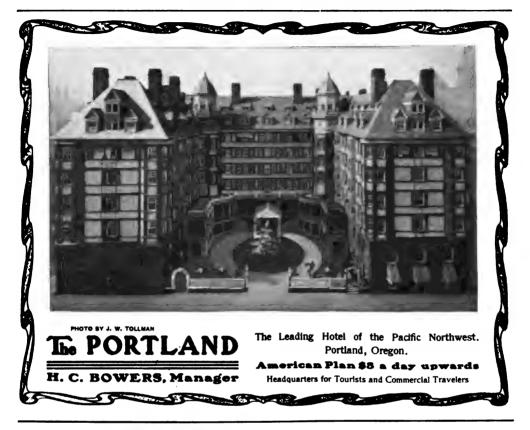
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Umatilla (Oregon) Klootchman and pappoose.

By a stroke of exceptional good fortune, The Pacific Monthly has come into possession of a series of unique and impressive pictures of Eastern Oregon Indians, one of which will appear in each issue of The Pacific Monthly. These photographs are products of the craft of Mr. Lee Moorehouse, of Pendleton, Oregon, whose success in this difficult branch of photography is unparalleled, and to whom The Pacific Monthly is indebted for these remarkable and artistic pictures.



Volume XII

SEPTEMBER, 1904

Number 3

PEOPLE—PLACES—THINGS

Russell Sage and Vacations

LL unconsciously, Russell Sage, the successful old moneygrub, exposed himself to endless ridicule when he gave utterance to his now famous advice concerning vacations. There is something intensely humorous in the thought of that aged slave of the dollar setting himself up as an authority on this subject. But when he naively admits that he has never taken a vacation, pointing pridefully to his own career as an example of a life given over to unremitting toil, without the yearly outing which is so dear to the average man, it approaches the ab-

It has its pathetic side, too. That a man of so great attainment should be so blinded to the joys of life; that he should be content, year after year, to sit at the seat of customs, to barter and plot and contrive in order that his vast wealth may not slip away from him, but may continue to grow; to know no sweeter pleasure than the sound of the ticker and the hoarse tumult of Wall street—and thus to go down the declining years, with the grave yawning at his feet: there is certainly pathos in that.

Nay, Russell Sage, you have lived your



Mrs. David R. Francis, president of the Woman's Club, St. Louis, and wife of the President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

life with but one aim—the accumulation of wealth. Success has rewarded your efforts, and, no doubt, you consider yourself a successful man. We have no quarrel to pick with you. You have paid dearly for your gains, and we pity you from the bottom of our hearts. There can be no joy and brightness in life for you. We (and "we" are the ordinary men, who take all the vacation we can get and beg for more) know that all your millions are not worth the memory of hours afield, with rod and gun, hours on the seashore, with the hot sun burning our skin, and old ocean lapping at our feet, hours in a hammock with pipe and some favorite author. These and the anticipation of other such days in store give a zest to life, Russell Sage, and a sparkle and a glow that never goes with clipping coupons. You know nothing at all about it, so you were very unwise



The adopted mother.

to speak as you did. Work is an excellent thing, and every man must do his share; but, like everything

else, it may be carried to an extreme, and in excess it becomes a fearsome task-master.

With all your money bags you have missed the best in life, and we wouldn't change places with you, Russell Sage, for all your millions.

New Cruiser California

The recent launching of the new and formidable armored cruiser California from the great shipyard of the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, Cal., proved a very important event in the annals of the American navy. In the history of the Golden State the affair was no less notable.

The California enjoys the enviable distinction of being the longest war vessel of her class in the world. She is longer than the battleships Oregon, the Iowa, Ohio, and other great vessels. She is nearly twice the length of the New York and other cruisers of that class.



Bussell Sage, the famous old financier, whose remarkable advice on vacations has aroused much comment.

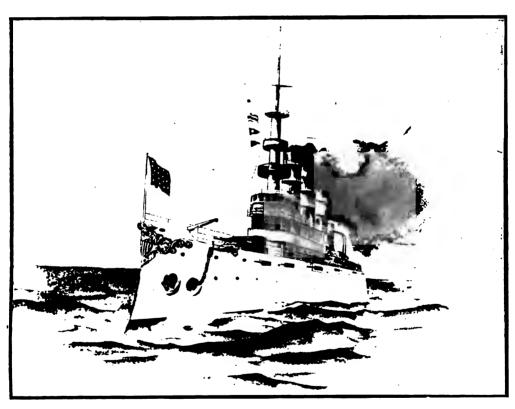
The dimensions of the California are: Length over all, 503 feet; extreme breadth, 70 feet; full loaded draught, 26 feet; total displacement, 13,440 tons. She has twin screws and triple expansion engines, whose total indicated horsepower aggregates 23,000. This great power is capable of developing a maximum speed of 22 knots per hour. At a high rate of speed the propellers will make 120 revolutions per minute. There are 30 large tubular boilers placed in eight water-tight compartments.

The coal bunkers hold 2,000 tons of coal, and the new cruiser's steaming

In every respect the California is an up-to-date fighting machine. Electricity will be used throughout the vessel for lighting, for the turning gear for the turrets, for the loading apparatus of the heavy guns, and for various other purposes.

There will be an ice plant on board capable of turning out three tons daily; an evaporator plant, capable of producing over 20,000 gallons of fresh water per day, and also a distilling apparatus, with a capacity of 10,000 gallons of drinking water each day.

The California will be fitted up as a



The splendid new first-class cruiser "California," one of the finest fighting ships in Uncle Sam's navy.

radius is estimated at 5,000 knots. Her armament—main and secondary batteries—is very complete. In both offensive and defensive fi,ghting the California will be one of the most formidable war vessels in the American navy. In addition to her destructive armament, the new cruiser will be able to offer to hostile projectiles a very strong resistance, in the shape of massive hull protection.

flag ship, and, with a full complement, will carry 47 officers and 782 enlisted men.

The construction of this great and formidable cruiser was authorized by an act of Congress approved March, 1899. The price fixed upon for hull and machinery was \$3,800,000, and her complete armament, \$1,000,000, thus making a total of nearly \$5,000,000.



The Torpedo Boat

If there is one fact that, beyond any other, has been brought out by the Russo-Japanese war, it is that of the formidable efficiency of the torpedo-boat. Heretofore these pigmy craft have been looked upon with more or less contempt. In the war between the United States and Spain the torpedo-boat played a very small part, the bulk of the fighting being done by the cruisers and battleships. It remained for the Japanese to appreciate the destructive value of these deadly naval instruments. In their hands, the torpedo has assumed a new and awesome significance. In nearly every engagement the torpedo has struck the decisive blow. Like wasps. they dart upon their enemy, sting and away again, before a defense is possible. Unlike that noxious insect, their blow isdeadly. It is as if the wasp possessed the fangs of a cobra. No armorplate evercast can resist the rending power of a Whitehead torpedo.

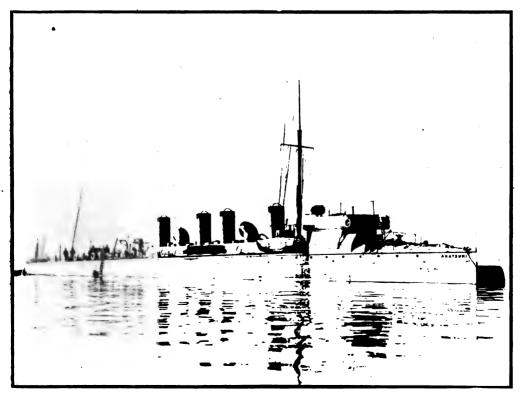
So swift is their motion, and sosmall the exposed surface, that the torpedo-boat is the poorest possible mark for the ponderous guns of the great war vessels; and so, to meet the torpedo-boat, a new style of craft has been developed — the torpedo-boat destroyers. Swifter, and as easily maneuvered as the torpedo-boat herself, she is, at the same time, armed with guns sufficiently powerful to pierce the thinly protected torpedoboat. She lurks in the lee of the great floating forts, or does patrol duty around the fleet, ready to dart out and give battle directly the dread torpedo-boat is seen. Thus battles are fought and won by these tiny craft, before the ponderous battleships hardly get into action. It is the "hit-and-get-away" policy once more; speed, cunning and quick, telling blows, instead of heavy movements and thunderous cannonading. It is a style of fighting peculiarly suited to the Japanese, and by them has been brought to high perfection.

A Wave Motor

On the Cliff Drive, which skirts the ocean shore north of Santa Cruz, in California, there is a wave motor, where the horses of the sea have been broken to harness, and have done steady work for seven years. The inventor of this successfu?



Harnessing the waves of old ocean. Wave motor at Santa Cruz, California.
Photo by C. L. Aydelotte.



Japanese torpede-boat destroyer "Akutsuki," one of the pigmy craft that have figured so prominently in the naval engagements of the Russo-Japanese war.



Charming Mary Mannering, one of America's most popular actresses.

Courtesy of Burr McIntosh Monthly.

Copyright, 1904, by The Burr McIntosh Studio.

motor is E. J. Armstrong. His idea is quite a simple one. The plant contains mainly, two wells, a force pump, counterbalanced float, derrick, pipes and 5000-gallon tank.

The wells are sunk, one behind the other, on the sheer cliff, facing the open sea, and reach from thirty-five feet above high tide to below low-water mark. They open into the ocean at the bottom. In

the outer well a counter-balanced float rises and falls between vertical guides as the breakers or waves raise and lower the water level. In the second well the plunger of a common force pump, working in any part of a long pump barrel, on the down stroke, forces the salt water up 125 feet to the tank.

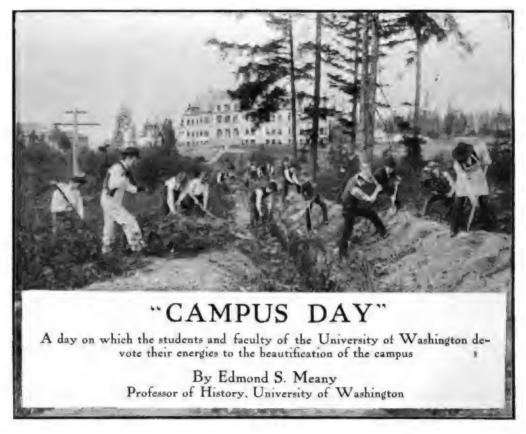
In ordinary weather the pump fills the tank in an hour, but has done it in thirty-five minutes. It will throw a four-inch stream to a height of 125 feet.



On the beautiful Willamette by moonlight.



Forbes Robertson, the eminent English actor, as H mlet. His masterly interpretation of Shakespeare's greatest character was the paramount performance of the past dramatic season.



AMPUS DAY has been inaugurated as the unique holiday of the year by the students and faculty of the University of Washington. Every one who has visited the Puget Sound region knows that the forests there are dark and dense in their almost tropical tangles. The campus of the University of Washington, comprising three hundred and fifty-five acres. wholly within the city limits of Seattle, is covered with this same native growth of trees and shrubs. Two lakes-Union and Washington—bound the campus on the south and east, giving about a mile of lake shore in each case. The thick forest growths approach to the very edges of these shores, making them inaccessible, except through the construction of paths.

The land slopes from its highest table, where are located the university buildings, by gentle grades to the shore of Lake Union, and by steeper terraces, bluffs and ravines toward Lake Washington.

Such experts as President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, Professor D'Arcy Thompson, of Dundee University. Scotland, and Professors Richard T. Ely, Frederick J. Turner and Paul S. Reinsch, of the University of Wisconsin, have visited this particular campus in its wild ruggedness and have pronounced it one of the most beautiful locations for an institution of learning to be found anywhere in the world. To make some of this beauty more available, an appeal was made to the students and faculty to establish a sort of annual "labor day," when every man should appear with an ax, pick or shovel, while the women should provide the midday meal. The response was enthusiastic, and the results of the first Campus Day most gratifying.

The workers comprised about six hun-

dred men and women. They were organized into companies, properly officered, and devoted one whole day to good, hard labor. The faculty and graduate students were called the "awkward squad," which was given the hardest and least attractive work of filling ditches and leveling ground between the buildings. The Law School men built a path along the shore of Lake Washington. Men of the College of Engineers built winding paths through two large ravines. Other classes cleared land and built paths in various directions. Great care was taken not to mar in the slightest the natural beauty of the rich forest. The campus will one day be one of the finest natural parks in this part of the world.

Probably the best piece of work accomplished was the clearing of a natural amphitheater formed by a wide and



Clearing the natural amphitheater, which will be one of the features of the campus at the University of Washington.



Some of the workers equipped and eager for the fray.



Students of the College of Engineers, starting one of the winding paths on Campus Day.

evenly sloped ravine. Without grading and by simply removing the trees and undergrowth, there was revealed a natural auditorium that will accommodate an audience of thirty thousand people. back or "sounding wall," consists of a mass of interlocking trees, such as fir, hemlock, cedar, maple and alder. rough, temporary platform was built on a huge fir stump. The acoustic properties have surprised all who have tested them. From any place on the wide sides of the theater an auditor can hear every syllable, even when the speaker drops his voice to a whisper. This splendid possession will be improved by each succeeding junior class in the College of Liberal Arts, and soon Greek plays will be given a fine setting in this beautiful spot by the far Western sea.

BEFORE LOVE CAME

Before Love came I knew not sights nor sounds, Save what had always seemed to be; A rose was but a rose—ah, me!— Before Love came.

Before Love came a bird was but a bird;
Now in my soul an answering thrill
I feel, where erstwhile all was still,
Before Love came.

Before Love came, dear heart, how poor I was!
The fragrance and the song could give
No ecstacy; I did not live
Before Love came.

-Marion Cook Knight.

A TEMPERED WIND

The meeting of two wanderers—the exchange of confidences—a story of appealing human interest

By C. E. Adams

HE Flyer was an hour late. The Great and Powerful, surfeited with attention, had closed the window of the ticket office, and could be seen struggling wildly with the telephone. Hanging up finally with a jerk, he came through into the waiting room, and, standing before the billboard, wrote rapidly:

"Flyer delayed in Tacoma by slight accident to machinery. No night boat. Will

run as usual to-morrow."

A ripple of disappointed comment ruffled the silence of the waiting crowd.

People picked up their bundles and pushed and crowded for the door with the

eagerness of instant necessity.

A young mother carrying her child and a man in rain coat and cap drifted together as they neared the door. Standing aside as she passed through, he made an awkward but earnest proffer of assistance.

"I'd like to help you over the tracks," he said. "You can't carry the baby and your bag, too. Excuse me for speakin'."

The sincerity of the offer was apparent, and after a moment's hesitation the girl gave him her bag and followed, as he led the way through an open passage to the street. Here he paused.

"Give me the kid. I guess I can man-

age him all right."

Before she could remonstrate he had taken the child from her arms and started across the network of tracks."

"Keep close to me. Look out there, you!"—to a drayman. "Now, we're all right. Don't you see you couldn't never have got over here alone, with all these things screechin' and blowin' and runnin' you down. Are you goin' to Tacoma tonight?"

"I must," she said, eagerly. "I guess I can get over on the electric road pretty

soon "

"That's right. That's just how I'm goin'. The station's right up here."

The little waiting room was warm and

bright, and the girl gave a sigh of relief as she saw that it was unoccupied. The instinct of the hunted was strong within her these days.

The man pulled an easy chair near the stove and went out to make some inquiries.

Coming back soon, he said:

"I've been findin' out about the trains. We've just missed one; but there'll be another at nine. You don't need to worry. You'll get home to-night all right."

His allusion had evidently not been a happy one, and brought no cheerfulness to the tired face. Changing the subject

quickly he remarked:

"I ain't had no dinner, have you?"

She shook her head. "I don't want

anv."

The man looked at her keenly. "You ought to eat something. We won't get there till after 10 o'clock. I suppose," hesitating, "you wouldn't feel like coming out to get anything?"

She shook her head again. Evidently she was trying to sift his motives, and out of the poverty of her experience could find no satisfactory explanation for his con-

tinued interest.

The man slowly buttoned up his rain coat, and, pushing back his cap, stood looking down on her with a quizzical expres-

sion on his strong face.

"It's just come to me," he said, "that like as not that hat and coat of mine was influencin' you some about dinner." His eyes twinkled and the girl smiled involuntarily. "If my other hat and coat wasn't in Tacoma I'd put 'em on if it would make you feel any better about this eatin' business."

"Oh, no. I don't mind that, but-"

The man filled up the pause.

"You see, it's like this: I'm just gettin' home after twelve months in a mighty dry old country. I ain't seen a decent mist nor drizzlie since I've been gone. I ain't tasted fog like this for a year. Seems like I could just slice it off and eat it. "I'm used to livin' up in the woods where things is green and shinin' all winter long on account of the damp, and I've wore these kind of clothes right along. This morning, when I struck the town, and see the fog lyin' low on the Sound, I felt like I was back in God's own country, an' I went right out and bought me this slicker and cap."

The girl smiled again, looking up at the man with new interest. Some feeling of fellowship had been established between

them.

"I like the fog, too," she said. "It seems to wrap you up and take care of you." She stopped abruptly, shunning the revelation which the words implied.

The man took up the conversation. "Been livin' long on the Sound?"

She dropped her eyes. "No; my home was on the other side of the mountains. We came out from Kansas after my mother died, about six years ago."

The man leaned forward, quickly recognizing, but apparently ignoring the subtle betrayal of her words. "Kansas! Why, that's where I just come from, where I was born and brought up. I thought there wasn't nothing like it till I come out here."

They talked for a little, finding some common interests in the section and the prairie life to which both had been born. He saw that she was weary, and, finally glancing at the clock, he pulled up the collar of his slicker, still stiffly creased in its store folds.

"Well, if you won't come I'm goin' to get my dinner and bring you something in. And before she could reply he had opened the door and was gone. Left to herself, she cared for the child, and then leaned back in her chair with closed eyes.

The man, coming quietly in with the tray of food, stopped for a minute within the door. The girl's hat had slipped back, making a dark background for the fair hair and weary, childish face. One hand rested on the little bundle by her side; the other hung listlessly over the arm of the chair. As he waited, the fragrance of the coffee smote upon her half-conscious sense, and she sat up quickly, with words of thanks. A warm glow crept over her face as she ate and drank, the man, meanwhile, watching with friendly eyes.

"I knew what you need better than

you," he said, quietly.

By the time she had finished her lunch other travelers began to appear, and when he went away with the tray a woman sitting near inquired if he were a lumberman. The girl hesitated in some little confusion before replying, "I think so. He is a stranger to me."

The woman looked surprised, turning to speak in a low voice to her companion. The girl shivered, drawing her wrap closer.

The train was ready when he returned. He took the child this time as a matter of course, leading the way to the car and arranging a place for their comfort.

She saw that he seated himself directly behind her, watching every motion as she took off her wrap, folding it to make a bed for the child. The train under way, they passed through brilliantly lighted streets, then over the trestles of the bay, and, finally, with greater speed, out into the more open country beyond.

The girl sat looking from the window, filled with a sweet sense of security and peace. The child stirred and cried, and she took it up, resting its soft face against her cheek. In the front of the car, a woman had turned in her seat and was watching them curiously. It was the same who had spoken in the station.

The girl's mood changed. She felt again the darkness and despair of that near past, in the shadow of which she must ever walk.

The matron—kind friend, good woman—had kissed her last week, giving words of strength and comfort. "You are a good girl, Mary, a good girl; I know it. If they won't let you keep baby, come back." And she was going back. There was nothing else to do. She could not be separated from the child. She would try another place; but in all the world there seemed to be no—

The car stopped suddenly. The conductor went forward, swinging his lantern out into the darkness. In a few minutes he came back. "There's been a landslide 'round the next curve. We won't get through for several hours. Any wanting to return to Seattle, please take the rear car. Passengers desiring to wait, can remain in this car. If they don't clear the slide by morning, a train will be sent from Tacoma to connect."

The man leaned over, speaking reassuringly. "It looks like Seattle was bound to keep Tacoma out of the game. I ain't kicking, but it seems like it's hard on you. If you want to go back—" "Oh, no," she said. "I couldn't go back. I'll wait in the car here."

The man nodded. "That's right. I'm

goin' to stay right by it myself."

The passengers filed out of the car, dropping complaints and anathemas by the way.

The conductor came to the door again. "You're goin' to stay by it? All right. I'm going up the track now to see what I can do. I'll let you know later how things look. He closed the door, and the rear car slid away into the darkness.

As the sound of the retreating wheels died away, the girl spoke, with a shadow

on her face.

"Perhaps I ought to have gone back any

way, but there wasn't any place—"

The man interrupted her. "You done just right. You don't need to worry any. You can rest right here. I'm goin' out to smoke pretty quick."

He saw that she was comfortable, insisting that she get out a shawl which she

said she had in her bag.

"I'm goin' now, but I'll be near if you want me. She slept a little, waking now and then to listen for the sound of the footsteps beside the car. Sometimes she could see the light of his pipe, a glow worm in the darkness.

It was early morning when he came in, strong and fresh, with the drip of the mist

on slicker and cap.

"Don't you get tired walking like that?" she asked. He laughed. "I'm just getting rested. I don't ask nothin' better of weather than this."

He left his damp coat and cap in the front of the car, and sat down behind her, leaning over to look at the child.

"Ain't he slept too long?" She shook her head, smiling.

"I don't know much about 'em," he said, "never havin' any of my own. No, I'm not married." He laughed a little.

"When I told my partner good-bye, goin' East, I told him I might likely bring back a wife; but when I got there I didn't seem to find none that just fit my case, and the longer I stayed the more company I seemed to be for myself. I

ain't got no near relatives back there now, an' so about fall it run strong in my veins to get back to the Sound. Sleepin' or wakin' the mountains kept callin', and it seemed like I couldn't stand it if I didn't get way up on top of something and look off. So yesterday I got back just the same as I went, and then last night"his voice shook a little, but he went on— "when I come into the waiting room and see you settin' there with the child, somethin' begin to work in me new like, and big and strange. I've been thinkin' out there what's it's like. Before now I've been goin' through the woods, mile after mile, just the same, and all at once there'd be a clearin', an' a stretch of blue sky and mountains, big and white and shinin'. reachin' up to heaven itself. And the almightiness of it all'd get into me, makin' me feel littler than little, because I couldn't hold no more.

"Do you see where them blue hills is showin' through the clouds? Me and my partner's claims right on top of that lowest range. I built my house on the edge of the bluff, an' you can sit on the porch and hear the river singin' and talkin' down below. When it's clear, you can see way off to the Sound, and when its misty, the valley's like a big blue sea, and the mountains shinin' on the shore. There's a lumber mill and a good road down to the line, and everything is goin' our way. I don't know what's happened since I left, for I ain't no hand to write, nor my partner, neither; but I know him all right."

"Now you just keep watchin' the clouds over there, floatin' and shiftin', an' pretty soon Mount Tacoma's goin' to tell you good morning. I don't want you to do no talkin' till I get done. I've been readin' your story right along in your face, an' in your ways to me an' to the child. Nobody can't tell me different. I know you're a good woman."

She put up her hand, and he knew that she was crying.

"Things has been workin' in me, trampin' up and down out there. If I'm not mistaken, you understand what I'm thinkin' and feelin'. A voice is tellin' you and me the same things, an' if you'll just listen an' give it time, it'll speak clear and sweet to you like it has to me."

"I ain't done yet. See, the mountains

all white and pure, and the red's creepin'

up behind it.

"Now, I'm goin' on. In Tacoma there's a good man I know, a preacher. He's been up in the woods. He knows me and he'll do everything all right, and to-morrow night, after we get home, the pine logs'll be glowin' on the hearth and you'll be rockin' the child to sleep in the firelight, and my partner'll be comin' in glad to see me and my wife from Kansas—an' -my child. There ain't no neighbors. but some wouldn't mind that if they wanted to be quiet and liked to keep company with the mountains an' trees."

She stopped him now. "I do under-The voice has been speaking to me, too, about you. But I must tell you because you are asking me to be your wife.

You must let me tell you."

The man dropped his head on the back of the seat. She should stand at the bar of no justice but that of love.

It was a pitiful story of trust and deception.

"I can't say anything good for myself; but the matron does. She says," and her voice thrilled with the joy of it. "She says I am a good girl."

The man raised his head, reaching over for the little hand, still wet with the tears

of confession.

"You are that. I ain't nothin' like so good. I wisht I'd been better-for you."

The conductor threw open the door with a bang.

"They won't get through the slide before noon; but there's a train from Tacoma up the track. You've had a long wait. You must be tired. It isn't so bad, though, being all together."

Outside the car the man held the child easily in the curve of his arm, and taking the girl's hand led her steadily on into the

sunshine of a new day.

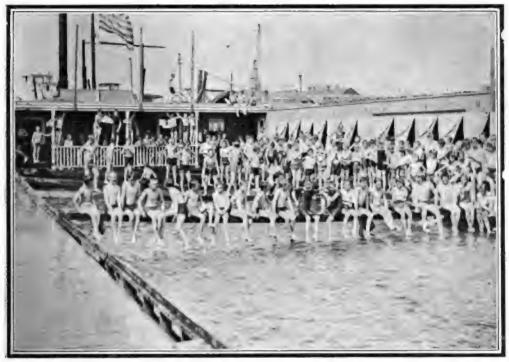


A view of the Willamette River near Portland, Oregon.

THE CITY BOYS' SWIMMING HOLE

The Public Baths that are the delight of the amphibious boy during the summer months

By E. J. Bloom



All ready to plunge into the cool water.

ORTUNATE is the man whose boyhood was spent in the country. His memory is a neverfailing storehouse upon which he can make generous draughts to soothe the careworn years of his man-Well he remembers the midsummer days, when, at stern, parental command, he "wed" the garden, the hot sun burning his back, his thoughts upon the angle of the creek where the "swimmin' hole" invited, with its screen of willows and its stretch of cool sand. Again he sees the familiar hand through the backyard fence, with two fingers extended and slightly parted; again he dives for the place where the palings are loose, and, risking a licking, sneaks through the alley to join the gang bound for the "hole."

Now, as then, the country boy has the advantage. He still finds his way to the old mill pond, or the pool down by the big clump of willows; but for the city boy much has been done to overcome the handicaps of his habitation. The municipal government, forgetful of its boyhood days, no longer permits indiscriminate swimming along the banks of the river; but generous men, who are mindful that they, too, were once boys, have contributed to the erection of free swimining tanks, where the amphibious boy may find every opportunity to follow out his inborn tendencies. In one of the larger cities of the Northwest this has been done, and has been attended with splendid results. Not only has a means of healthful and innocent amusement been provided, but



A hot and dirty crowd, awalting the opening of the baths.

the death rate among youngsters learning to swim has been greatly reduced. This is proven by the fact that prior to the establishment of the public baths the annual loss was from twenty-five to fifty lives, while since, the number has fallen almost to zero.

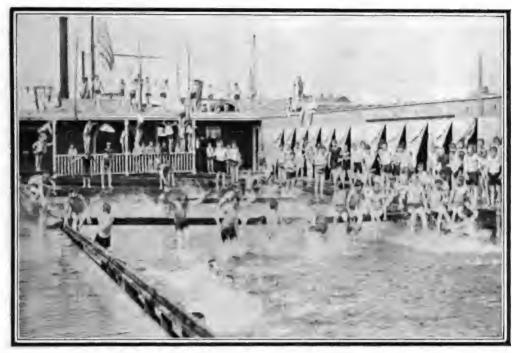
These baths are well equipped for the purpose, and since being opened there has been practically no desire manifested on

the part of the boys to return to the old plan. Here, with a tank thirty-five feet wide and a hundred feet long, and a graduated depth of from eighteen inches to ten feet, they can disport themselves to their hearts' content.

The tank itself is wholly made up of slats, four inches in width, placed about an inch apart on the bottom and about two inches apart on the sides, and allows



It would seem as if water were the natural element of the boy.



In they go, feet first, head first, splashing and playing like a school of porpoises.

a constant change of water of the same temperature as other parts of the stream. The tank is surrounded by four pontoons, on which dressing rooms and instructor's quarters are located. These pontoons are of sufficient width so that plenty of room is left for a runway, springboard and other diving contrivances.

The greatest number the baths have ever accommodated in one day was 2,500, of which 1,800 were boys. During one season over a thousand boys learned to



Here the little boys disport themselves in a shallow corner of the tank.

swim here, and without a single serious accident.

On a warm day, the baths are packed to suffocation. Boys of all shades of color, and all conditions of life, meet here on one common plane.

The greatest number the baths have ever accommodated in one day was twenty-five hundred, of which eighteen hundred were boys. During one season over a thousand boys learned to swim here, and without a single serious accident.

The clang of the big gong outside the instructor's quarters marks the close of the swimming period, and then the boys

all scamper for their dressing rooms to get ready for the street. Handling such large crowds of boys requires perfect and unflinching discipline, and the commands of the instructors are so well heeded that it hardly ever requires more than thirty seconds in which to clear the whole tank. Ten minutes later they are on the street, very wet as to hair, and going through strange contortions to remove the water from their ears—the rule being to kick the foot on the other side. Their wholehearted laughter, their bright eyes and clear skin are evidence enough that the city boys' swimming hole is an invaluable and much appreciated institution.



Leaving the baths—a cooler, cleaner and happier lot of boys.

AWAKE

Oh prisoned souls, in slumberous fetters lying,
Who scarcely dream, so strong the chains of sleep,
Awake! Awake! Your own soul-pinions trying,
Shake off your slumber deep.

The power within you lies. Arouse to action,
And seek the love and wisdom hid therein;
Till from the great All-source, with sure attraction,
Comes that which you would win.

For soul can rule; and there is naught above it That may its growth and progress disallow. Oh seek within it for the power you covet, And claim it, here and now!

-Florence May Wright.

THE BUCKET TRAMWAY

An ingenious contrivance used by the farmers of the Palouse country to transport their products from the uplands to the river

By George M. Gage



General view from the upper terminal of the Interior Warehouse Company's tramway, Wawawai, showing Snake River and the famous 340-acre orchard of Wm. La Follette.

Photo by Hudson.

HE grain tramway of the Interior Warehouse Company, at Wawawai, Whitman County, Washington, was built in 1901, for conveying grain from the wheat lands tributary to the Snake River bluffs over the face of the bluff to the steamboat landing on the river. The elevation of the upper warehouse is 1,700 feet above the river, and the distance between the two houses is about 5,150 feet, making an endless cable nearly two miles in length.

The upper terminal of this tramway is a large cast-iron wheel, eight feet in diam-

eter, supplied with a patent rachet grip that the cable passes through, and a smooth, band-iron grip brake for regulating the speed of the cable. The lower terminal is constructed in the same manner. The farmers deliver their grain to the warehouse at the upper terminal, and the sacks are placed on the carriers and lowered on the cable to the house on the river.

The cable is run on a gravity basis, the loaded carriers pulling up the empty ones. The lower terminal is in the tower of a large warehouse at the foot of the bluff, and grain is conveyed in chutes from this

tower, either to different sections of the warehouse or to the steamboats, as the case may be.

When working at full capacity, ten hours per day, this tramway puts down 200 tons of wheat. Regarding distance that grain is drawn to it, it may be said that practically all of the grain in a territory extending five miles out in three different directions from the upper terminal is taken care of by it. The carriers

this cable are about 80 feet apart. There are 128 carriers on the cable, so that 64 are going down loaded, while 64 are going up empty.

This tramway has proved a great success, and saves the farmers a haul of from



Scene on the bluffs of the Snake River, showing the carrying towers and buckets—one ascending, one descending—of the tramway.

Photo by Hudson.

10 to 15 miles over a rolling country to the nearest railroad station. There are about 50,000 sacks of wheat put down to the river landing over this tramway each season.

When the government shall have given

to the Upper Columbia an unobstructed passage for steamers, and when irrigation shall have transformed the arid and semi-arid lands lying adjacent to it and its tributaries into productive fields, there will be needed many and many a tramway to carry to the river and the railroad by its side, the fruits and grains which will be grown by the thrifty farmers who will own an d cultivate the country reclaimed and made fit for homes of thousands of people.



"The man at the brake"—scene in the upper terminal of the tramway.

Photo by Hudson.

THE DEACON'S DILEMMA

A remarkable tale of tramps and trousers—the confusion of the Deacon—the explanation

By Erskine M. Hamilton

EACON Tracy had gone out to the barn to look after his horses, not for eggs, and when, in an unfortunate slip from the hay loft, he sat down in a nest full of them, the incident made him unhappy. He knew that eggs were made to be sat on-by hens-but when the task was undertaken by a respectable, middleaged gentleman like himself, it was a lamentable failure. He viewed the yellow blotch on his Sunday drab trousers, and gave utterance to a few remarks. No matter what he said. It was not precisely the same speech he would have made at a Sunday-school convention. He removed the egg marks as best he could with whisps of straw, and then went into the house for further repairs from Mrs. Tracy. It was a Fourth of July morning, and he found his wife very busy in getting ready for a church picnic.

"Well, I'm glad you've come in," she remarked. "I'm in an awful hurry, and I— Why, Silas Tracy! What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I've been sitting on eggs," replied the deacon, solemnly.

"Sitting on eggs? Well, I should think you were old enough to know better. Now go upstairs and put on some other clothes as quick as you can, for we must be going."

The deacon disappeared up the stairway, and presently returned, arrayed in a suit of black. The carriage was soon at the door, and the family started for the picnic grounds, leaving the farmhouse deserted and alone for the day.

Near the hour of noon two ragged, dusty wayfarers came plodding lazily along the public highway. As they came opposite the Tracy homestead they paused and looked in that direction. They were hungry, and the farmhouse, standing back from the road, in the shade of the trees, looked inviting, and suggested possible refreshment. After a moment's discus-

sion they turned down the lane to the back of the house, and stopped at the kitchen door. One of them, evidently an Irishman, approached and rapped. There was no reply, and he rapped again. No answer came, and all was silent within the house.

"Whist, Dan, I'm thinkin' they've heard we was comin' to see 'em, an' have jist left on that account."

"Oh, come on," growled Dan. "There's nobody at home, an' we can't get nothin' to eat here."

"Indade, an' I'll look about a bit first," persisted the other. "Me own mother used to say to me: 'Mike, me boy, ye'll find a fortin some day,' an' now I've found it I'll step into it."

Without further words Mike began to try the various windows. He soon discovered one which had been left unfastened, and entered the house. A moment later he threw open the kitchen door with a polite bow.

"Come in, Mishtur Burk," he said. "Me family, as ye can see, have gone off to spind the Fourt', an' have left me to enthertain gintlemin like yersilf. Come in, and whativer ye sees that ye like, jist take it. I'm that ginerous wid me friends."

Dan accepted the proffered hospitality with a grim smile, and the two speedily made themselves at home. Mike made a fire in the kitchen stove, and soon had the teakettle sending forth jets of steam, while Dan went through pantry and cellar for provisions. The table was spread with Mrs. Tracy's best linen, and china from the closet, and our wanderers sat down to a sumptuous repast. Neither time nor expense did they spare in the banquet, and they enjoyed it in luxurious silence.

"Well," said Mike, leaning back in his chair after eating all he could swallow, "it's mesilf that's glad of yer company, Mishtur Burk, an' I hope ye'll always have plinty to ate an' to wear. An' that makes me think," glancing down at his

own ragged apparel, "that I'm not drissed as a gintleman should be whin his friends call to see him. So, if ye'll excuse me, I'll jist step up the stairs an' see if me driss suit is anywhere thereabouts."

Without further words he ascended the stairway. He was gone but a short time, and when he came back he was clothed in a blue coat and vest, and drab trousers—the suit Deacon Tracy had taken off.

"'Tis a fine fit, indade!" he said, surveying himself in a mirror. "Me tailor be a good one. But I see there's some vellow paint on me trousers, or ilse a yellow dog has rubbed ag'in 'em while he was wet."

Dan smiled indulgently at his whimsical friend, and then remarked gruffly:

"We'd better git out o' here, or the coves what own this place'll come back an' find us."

Mike made no objection, and after closing door and window the two set forth once more on their travels.

Meanwhile, ignorant of the unusual festivity going on at their home, the Tracy family were having a pleasant time at the picnic. Here they met many of their neighbors and church acquaintances. The place was a grove, on the bank of a small river, and boat-riding, fishing and other amusements were indulged in by the young people, while the older ones sat under the trees and talked. About the middle of the afternoon Johnny and Willie Tracy approached their father.

"Say, pa, won't you take us in swimming? You said you would the first

good chance."

The Deacon had often spoken of what a wonderful swimmer he was in his younger days, and he had, indeed, promised his boys to give them a few lessons when opportunity came. The opportunity was here, and there was no good reason why he should refuse. Accordingly the three started off down the river to find a suitable place. They soon reached a spot remote from the picnic grounds, and free from probable interruption or observation. A large, dense clump of willows, near the river's bank, afforded a secluded place for disrobing, and in a few minutes the little party were in the water, enjoying themselves to their hearts' content.

A short distance from the river, and beyond the clump of willows, was a country road, and down this road came two figures, one clad in blue coat and buff trousers. Mike was in advance, discoursing volubly, while Dan walked silently behind. As they drew near the clump of willows the shouts and laughter on the other side attracted Mike's attention, and he stopped suddenly to listen.

"An' what be goin' on over there, be-

yant?" he questioned.

"Oh, come on," growled Dan. "Ye're always a-stoppin' about nothin'."

"Indade, an' I'll see about this first Wasn't it me own mother as used to say to me, 'Mike, me b'y, it's the bird that's huntin' that finds the worm, an' if ye wants good luck, ye must look for it'."

"Oh, bother take yer mother! Come

on!" urged Dan.

"Niver ye mind, Mishtur Burk. If ye had respicted yer mother whin ye was young, ye'd a been as dacint a man as mesilf. But ye wasn't brought up right, an' has no sinse to obsarve what's goin' on about ye."

As he spoke, the persistent Mike left the road, and pushed his way through the willows, while Dan reluctantly followed. They soon discovered the group in the water, and were about to retrace their steps, when Mike's keen eye saw the clothing in the bushes.

"Did ye iver see such luck?" he whispered exultantly. "I was thinkin' the way over here that thim yellow marks on me trousers wus not lookin' nice, an' the gintleman I borrowed 'em from might know 'em by that same. An' here the saints have put a fine black suit right under me nose. As me mother used to say"—

"What in blazes do I care what yer mother said?" interrupted Dan, savagely. "Let the clothes alone, an' come on, or them coves in the river will be back here, an' we'll have no end of bother."

"Be aisy, an' presarve yer timper, Mishtur Burk," answered Mike composedly. "An' didn't me own mother used to say to me: 'Mike, me b'y, if ye'll kape a clane skin on yer body, an' clane duds on yer back, ye'll niver die in the poorhouse."

In vain did Dan protest. His objections were of no avail, and even while he was talking Mike deftly made the exchange.

"Begorra, I'm honest, onyhow," said the latter, as they reached the road once more. "Me own mother used to say to me: 'Mike, me b'y, whativer ye does, be honest.' 'An' I jist took the things I found in these pockets an' put 'em in the pockets of the suit I left behind. Let this be a lesson to ye, Mishtur Burk. Honesty is always the best policy."

There was no reply to this homily, and the two resumed their aimless wandering —Dan in moody silence, and Mike happy in the possession of a full stomach, a good suit of clothes, and a clear conscience.

That Deacon Tracy and his boys had a good time in the river goes without question. The boys were overflowing with exuberant delight, and the Deacon forgot himself and became a boy once more. But seasons of enjoyment, like other things, can not last forever, and the little party regretfully left the water to resume their clothing and return to the picnic grounds.

"Well, this has been a tip-top good time," said the Deacon, as they entered the clump of willows. "I'm real glad you boys thought about it. A swim like that makes me feel young again, and I—Hello! What in the world is this?"

"What's what?" asked Johnny in surprise.

"Why, these clothes! Look at these clothes!"

"They're your'n, ain't they?"

"Of course they're mine," answered the Deacon, drawing his hand across his fore-head in perplexity. "But how did they get here?"

Johnny looked at his father, and then at the clothes, seeing no reason for this perturbation.

"Why, pa, you put 'em there yourself, didn't ye?"

"Now, Johnny, Willie, both of you," continued the Deacon, with a pained expression on his countenance. "Look me right in the face, and tell me this: Did I have on that suit when I came down here?"

For a moment the boys were silent. Had something turned their father's brain?

"Why—I guess you did; I don't remember. Of course, you must have had it on," answered Johnny. But the Deacon was far from satisfied.

As soon as they could they hurried back to the picnic ground, where the Deacon at once sought Mrs. Tracy.

"Say, Mary, do you see anything peculiar or strange about me?" he asked anxiously.

"No, I can't say that I do," answered that lady, surveying him critically, "except you seem a bit worried, and I—why, Silas, you didn't change that suit after all!"

"That's just it," said the Deacon, gloomily. "I thought sure I had done so, for I remember going upstairs for that purpose. But it seems I didn't and that is what troubles me. I have noticed lately I forget things, and I'm afraid my mind is giving away, and I'm going to have softening of the brain, may be, and"—

"Softening of the brain!" and Mrs. Tracy laughed heartily. "Why, you haven't a bit more softening of the brain than I have. You simply forgot to change your clothes, and that's all there is to it. But it is strange I didn't notice it before. It mortifies me that you went about all day looking like that."

But when the family reached home that evening, the mystery was fully explained. The disturbed furniture, the soiled dishes, the depleted pantry, and the ragged clothes in the closet, plainly indicated that tramps had visited the house. Mrs. Tracy's wrath was beyond expression, while the Deacon was correspondingly elated. The discovery had banished all fears as to his mental condition.

"I know it was tramps," he said. "They took my clothes here, and then traded again by the river—and here's the proof!" He held up a piece of plug tobacco. "I found this in my trousers pocket, and you know I never use the stuff."

"And you a-talking of softening of the brain," answered Mrs. Tracy, wrathfully. "I wish I could have been here. I'd have softened the brains of those tramps with a rolling pin—that's what I would!"

There is no doubt that the good woman would have kept her word, but the mischief was done, and the culprits safe from any such visitation of her wrath.



The "ol' swimmin' hole," where the country boy delights to go.



Playing in the hot sand on the beach.



Hesitation before the first plunge. The water is cold, and it takes no little courage to "duck over."



"Drying off" after the swim.

OUR NATIVE SHRUBS

Some of the attractive blossoming plants that might be used to advantage in garden and park

By William S. Rice



The dainty tassels of the Swamp Alder.

T IS a matter of frequent regret that our native shrubs are not more generally employed in laying out gardens about our homes and in public parks. Possibly this is because we too often leave that important work entirely to the hands of the landscape gardener, instead of personally supervising the planting of the home gardens, and imparting an air or individuality to the work.

I remember what a thrill of pleasure was experienced only a short time ago on seeing on the lawn of a small cottage a handsome, robust bush of the Christmas berry (Toyon) bedecked with clusters upon clusters of creamy white blossoms. I thought at the time, what a joy that same bush will be to its owner next December when all those blossoms are replaced by scarlet berries!

This handsome shrub is in danger of extermination if its berries and foliage continue to be used year after year at the present rate of consumption. common name, "California Holly," refers more to the berries than to the leaves, as the latter have not exactly the form of holly leaves. This is such a beautiful shrub in cultivation that it is a shame that it is not more generally employed for this purpose. It requires no more attention than many other plants which take its place on the lawn. plucking the berries discriminately, one may obtain each year's supply of Christmas greens from the same bush. Its native haunts are the Coast ranges from San Diego to Mendocino County, California, also the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas.

Another beautiful shrub which arouses admiration even from the layman has been generally overlooked; and why? I suppose because it is "wild"; yet there isn't a more handsome shrub in cultivation than the wild white Azalea of the In June and July the borders Sierras. of the Merced River and other mountain streams are covered for miles and miles with the bushes, whose rich green foliage is almost obscured from view by the magnificent clusters of white and yellow or sometimes pinkish flowers. Its spicy perfume breathes of the "forest primeval," and suggests days spent with rod and line along woodland streams.

Productive of as much pleasure would be a bush of Manzanita. Fancy a bush of this character in full bloom about Christmas, when its dense crown of pale foliage, surmounting the rich purple-brown stems, is thickly sown with the little clusters of fragrant, waxen bells. After the blossoms are gone, numerous brilliant scarlet or crimson shoots appear, which at a little distance look like another kind of blossom. The Manzanita grows from three to twenty-two feet in height; and, aside from its blossoms, its limbs and bark are very attractive in color, ranging from a terra cotta to rich crimson and orange.

Who has not admired the soft, gray,



Christmas Berry. Pussy Willow Mansanita.

silky buds of the pussy willow, in early spring, swelling with the vernal impulse and ripening later into a "catkin" loaded with golden pollen? Yet who has ever raised a tree of this same willow in their back yard? Strange, when it grows from cuttings so easily and will flourish anywhere with scarcely any attention. A twig placed in a bottle of water for several weeks will gradually send out tiny white roots at the base, and by and by, after being set in the ground outdoors, it will produce a handsome bush which year after year will give you a whole family

tassels, which dust their pollen in golden clouds on every passing breeze.

In conclusion, I must say that when the plant lover has plenty of space at his disposal, it is advisable to keep the wild shrubs and herbaceous plants by themselves; in other words, to plant a wild-flower garden and have in it only wild species of plant life. I remember a garden I once had the pleasure of visiting, which to my mind was the most interesting ever seen. A giant pine or two shaded the whole yard. Under the branches a rustic arbor was built, and at



The delicate blossoms of the California Azalea (Rhododendron Occidentales).

of silky "pussies." The pussy, or Glancous willow, has pleasing leaves, and is a truly ornamental tree in its native haunts along streams.

Found in the same locality as the pussy willow is the common swamp Alder. It is a low shrub, probably from six to eight feet in height. Its buds are among the first to answer the call of the vernal season. All through the fall and winter—in fact, as soon as the leaves have fallen—the alder bushes are covered with firm, crimson-tipped, green catkins, which hang stiffly from the stems. Now when spring rouses the buds from their lethargy, these same stiff little catkins loosen their joints and become dainty, flexible

various places rocks had been artfully placed. The beds were covered with every conceivable species of fern, wild ginger, and other denizens of the mountains, which were allowed to grow in rank profusion. A winding path led to the arbor which was half concealed by a festoon of wild Clematis and Virginia Creeper.

The beauties of the woodland were thus brought home to the very door, and it required a very slight stretch of the imagination to fancy that one was miles away from civilization, while lounging upon the rustic seat in the arbor beneath the pines.

"EXTRA WEST 667"

A mad ride to death—the courage and heroic faithfulness of a train crew

By Myrvin Davis

LL day the snow had fallen, slowly, steadily, whispering into the long reed grass of the hollows, weighing down the branches of the bull pine and fir on the ridges; but the men on "Extra West 667" thought nothing of it, only to jerk it out of their collars and mittens, swearing picturesquely.

They were loaded with steel for the

They were loaded with steel for the Clearwater extension; twenty-one cars, a full train, with a double-header. The cars, loaded to twenty, thirty, fifty per cent over their capacity, with the clinging, springing steel, were hard to draw and hard to hold, slipping a little on the down grades to loosen the dogs on the hard-set brakes, rocking a bit under the brakeman's feet as he passed back and forth to watch them. All trainmen know what steel is, and on the hills they are afraid of it.

"361" was the second engine, a trimbuilt Santa Fe, a half-breed Baldwin, high on her drivers, a sprinter of the old passenger service before the compounds came, fast, but light for freight. "667" was the head engine, and handled the air. She was a Baldwin standard. Dick ran 361. Burns was on 667. Cool men they were, who knew danger, but not fear.

Thus they went through the drowsy half-light of the snow-filled afternoon, and the children in the schoolhouses, far apart, watched them going, steaming easily, as they rolled with muffled wheels through the growing whiteness.

The early night came down quickly and caught them on the bench just below Moscow, before they reached Howell, at the top of the hill. They call it a hill, those careless railroad men, careless of word, but watchful of brake and signal. It drops a hundred feet to the mile, and a sled would run down between the rails on a winter's day like a scared coyote. But the boys were not paid for mountain work there, and will not honor it with the name. When they reached Vollmer, some three miles down the hill, they stopped for or-

ders. The air whispered softly through to the stuttering brakes, the trainmen rolled out with their lanterns, sniffing for hot boxes, damning the snow and a soulless corporation. Then, signalling each to each in answer to the high-sign from the platform, the engines puffed once or twice, and slid out on to the snow-covered grade, blinding white in the glare of the headlight, with the snow blown from the bench a thousand feet above.

In the cupola of the caboose Gurtin watched the snow-dust following the light, dancing and leaping, mad with the rush and the tumult. Under the feet of the brakemen as they double-clubbed the brakes, the treacherous steel slipped and slid under its covering of snow. It was slippery work on a slippery track. At each stride they were going faster. Before they reached the flat they were making thirty miles an hour without a pound of steam. Ten miles is the limit. The "flat" is an easier grade with nothing flat about it; but they had thought to hold them there, should they get a start, and now the men on the engines knew they were in for it. Burns, on 667, clapped on the air hard, then let go for another charge, but the retainers were not turned up, and he felt that he couldn't hold them. He tried again, then gave over the air to Dick, whistling change of air.

Then Dick gave it to them all he could send; the brakes gripped and ground on the steaming wheels, but they couldn't hold; nothing held. They were dropping straight into the canyon, fifty miles an hour now, and trains don't stop on a mountain grade when they once get started at that rate. Gurtin and his brakeman in the caboose knew it, and they cut her loose and held her with the hand brakes, as the unlighted cars lashed into the night, dropping straight as raindrops, driving the straining engines. The snow was oil to their wheels, as it ran in water from brake and rail. Nothing could stop them but the cessation of the force, that,

swinging worlds, was drawing back to their mother's heart the drivers and the driven.

As they rounded a curve four rear cars snapped off, as a boy snaps the "popper" from his riding whip, and went whirling into the canyon below. Dick heard them go, and knowing he was lighter by sixty tons, shot the air into them, and sent his brakeman back to club the brakes again. It was a frightful task, but knuckling to it on hands and knees, he crept from car to car, calmly, fiercely, laying in with his brake club, fighting for his life, bravely, with those ahead in the steam-filled cabs.

Down, down they shot, rounding curve after curve on the winding track. At each they thought they were gone; as each was past, their hope would rise again, for they thought perhaps she would ride it out. Both engineers had thrown their engines over, and were working full steam with the great drivers, gleaming, gripping, gliding over the slippery rails, dropping as a spun top drops from your hand.

The sleepers in the canyon a hundred feet below, waking, heard the roar of the train, and saw the light as the brakes, shooting and streaming fire, clutched and clutched again, lighting the blank walls above them—so near you could reach them with your hand—and throwing into shadow the sheer fall below. As a flash it was gone, and they wondered and slept again.

It was twelve miles from Vollmer to Kendrick, at the foot of the grade. They had started slowly. But it was only nine minutes after they had started until the watchers at Kendrick, hearing the roar of the train, came out to wait below the last curve. They heard Burns whistle for Pine Siding, three miles above, but before they had run the few feet from the station to the curve, she was there

Just above this last curve the road is straight for a ways. Hold your left arm out, half close your hand and you have it; the road makes a complete half-circle into the vards. Just above this curve is the whistle post for the county road crossing. Burns, blinded with the whirling, roaring torrent of steam and snow, did not see it, but Dick knew it was there, and when he felt the curve leap under him he whistled. one long, two short; his defiance to fear and death. For, just as 667 struck the point of the curve, the track melted from under them, the rails snapped and curled like broken hair, and out went ties and ballast, rails and braces, like dust beneath the mighty weight of the driven drivers. Oh! how they leaped to it; like lions at a hunting. There was no time for stumbling, nor noise of bumping cars or ringing steel; but as one mighty burst of thunder, followed by the hissing of the rain, so they crashed. With one mighty bound, and sidling as they leaped, as grayhounds clear the hedges, the engines cleared the two hundred feet of rock-strewn slope down to the Potlatch and across it, and the flying, ringing steel came after, twistbending. As one would throw matches from a saucer, they left the cars and leaped upon the throbbing engines, heaped high in wild confusion, damming the river in its course. Then over all came silence and the hissing of the engines.

The five men who had fought through the fearful, roaring blindness, calm to the last, died at the throttle and at the brake, hoping yet to hold the train when the last curve was passed. Nobly had they fought, and as the wires clicked it east and west the crews of other trains and engines, waiting here for orders, there for trains, heard it and knew all that it meant, and were silent at the awfulness of it. Yet, as when soldiers hear of comrades slain in battles fought and won, they felt a fierce gladness mingled with the pain, and their work was a more sacred thing for the lives that it had taken.

TRUTH

Truth, like the kernel of a nut,
Within its shell of error lies;
This hard encasement you must break
Before you reach the hidden prize.

Take care that in the shell abusing You injure not the nut past using.

-Donald A. Fraser.

CHINESE MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

By Albert Gale, Director of Music, University of Washington



I-PORT OR TCHOU.

O most people of the Occident the music of the Orient makes little or no appeal except from the standpoint of novelty. The casual listener hears nothing but a succession of squeaking sounds, scraped out seemingly at random, interspersed with the crashing of cymbals and

and go student pecially ied sortional this sounds ingless several veal be exterio exceedi beauty native Chines some in beautichim: murmu words;

CHENG.

the pounding of drums and gongs. But to the student of music, especially if he has studied somewhat the national characteristics. this confusion of sounds, at first meaningless, begins after several hearings to reveal beneath its rough exterior many gems of exceeding worth and beauty. The following native description of a Chinese melody gives some idea of how its beauties appeal to him: "Softly, as the murmur of whispered words: now loud and soft together, like the patter of pearls and

pearlets dropping upon a marble dish; or liquid, like the warbling of the mango bird in the bush; trickling, like the streamlet on its downward course; and then like the torrent, stilled by the grip of the frost."

Many of our best composers have considered the study of national music of great importance and have been glad of its influence upon their musical Its many unique rythmic and

creations. Its many unique rythmic and melodic fancies offer suggestions to



TAI-KU.

the thoughtful musician, while the instruments upon which it is performed, though usually of harsh and strident tone, ofttimes embody points of ingenuity which might well be adopted in further perfecting our own. From the remotest periods,



TAI-DET.

the Chinese have had a musical system. Earlier than 3000 B. C. the development of their musical scale was begun. This scale has for its foundation many phenomena of nature. The relationship between heaven and earth, which the Chinese claim is an harmonious one, is fundamental in establishing the relationship of a perfect fifth, which, when successively developed, gives the twelve tones of the Chinese scale. In this development heaven is represented by the figure 3, while the figure 2 is the symbol of

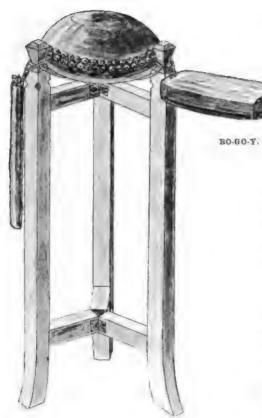
earth. By cutting a series of bamboos. each of which is two thirds the length of the next longer, the scale tones are derived. It is interesting to note that this system of scale development. which



BEN-KOW OR FAR-KOW.

has been known to the Chinaman for centuries, is the foundation of our present-day system of piano tuning; the only difference being that in our tuning we embody an imperfection in each fifth, so that the completed circle of fifths will be equally tempered, while the Chinaman insists on tuning his absolutely perfect according to theory, and therefore has as a





BON-KU OR SAC-KU.

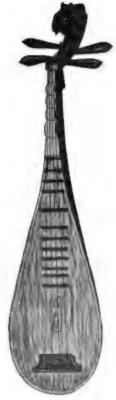
result a scale musically out of tune. These twelve tones represent to him the twelve moons, also the twelve hours of the day, and as they are developed strictly in the relation of 2 to 3, and therefore in accord with the principles which nature has suggested, they must be accepted as absolutely perfect, even if out of tune.

The perfect accord of this scale of twelve tones with nature is given in the story about Lyng-lun, a famous musician who lived in the reign of Hoang-tu and was chosen by that ruler to determine upon a fixed system of musical sounds. Scarcely knowing how to proceed, Lyng-lun wandered into the land of Li-joung,

where were to be found the most perfect growths of bamboo. Selecting one of them he cut it off between the joints and removing the pith, blew into it. It so happened

that the sound given out was in unison with the tone of his speaking voice, and with the sound of the running waters of the river Hoang-ho, which was close by. "Behold, then," cried Lyng-lun, "the fundamental sound of nature! This must be the note from which all others are de-

rived." Just at this time the magic bird, Founghoang, accompanied by its mate, flew into a tree near by and began to sing. The first note was in unison with the voice of Lyng-lun, and with the sound of the river Hoang-ho and with the bamboo he had cut. Suddenly all the other birds ceased their singing and even the winds of the earth were hushed while Lyng-lun busied himself cutting reeds of various lengths and tuning them to the tones given by the birds Foung-hoang and his mate. Each sang six different tones, which, when placed on the bamboo pipes, gave a succession of twelve notes. The notes of odd numbers which were given by the mate were pronounced perfect, and those of the even numbers, or female, imperfect. The chromatic scale as here given is used by the Chinese only



P'I-P'A.

in instrumental music; vocal music and the instrumental accompaniment to it is always in the pentatonic scale. This is a scale the five tones of which bear the same relations to each other as do the notes



upon the black keys of the piano. No harmony is introduced in their music, all the instru-



WANG-JORK.

ments playing in unison, the voice taking a sort of improvised part in falsetto, em-

recognize the tone qualities of strings, flutes, brass, double and single reeds; so the Chinaman classifies his instruments as having the sound of stone, of skin, of wood, of metal, of bamboo, of gourd, of



GUT-KIM.





HSUEN.

ploying mostly the tonic and dominant

tones.

The instruments of the Chinese are di-

vided into eight classes each representing

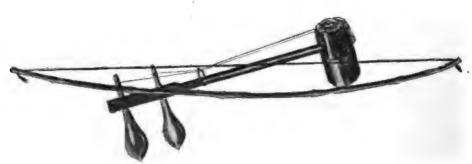
a distinct tone quality. Similarly as we

silk, or of baked earth. The sound of stone is described as being "less tart and rasping than the sound of metal, much brighter than the sound of wood, and more brilliant and sweet than either." The king, an instrument possessed by every



The Chinese Chromatic Scale.

Confucian and Imperial temple, and one from which this quality of tone is extracted, was in use 2200 years before Christ. It consists of two rows of eight



GA-YEN.



DAI-LO.



8E-0-L0.

stones each, suspended in a frame and played by striking with a small mallet. It is sounded in the temples during the burning of incense and played as an accompaniment to the songs of praise.

Eight different kinds of drums give

the sound of skin, in one of which—the po-fou—the sound is modified by first boiling the skins for the heads in water,

and partly filling the body of the drum with husks of rice to mellow the The Chisound. nesename for drum is kou. The benkou or far-kou, a small temple drum upon the heads of which are depicted certain beasts and dragons, is of indefinite pitch. It is

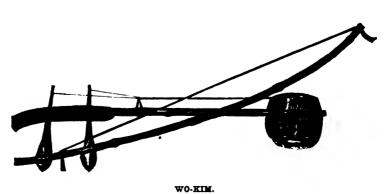
used by the Buddhist priests to gain the ear of the gods for their prayers.

The bon-ku or sac-ku and the two sizes of tai-ku are of definite pitch, the small tai-ku being an octave below the bon-ku and a fourth above the larger tai-ku, which is of older type and less frequently used. skin covering of these drums is from the "water ox," as the Chinamen call it. The skin is stretched on very tightly while wet; and the vibrating surface being comparatively small, the sound given out after the skin is dry is consequently very acute and entirely unlike that of any drum used by Europeans. As the vibrating surface of the bon-ku is only about one and a half inches, it requires great skill to play it. The parts taken on this drum are very rapid and are played by the leader of the orchestra who also plays the bo-go-y at-



tached to the same stand. The pitch of the bo-go-y is the same as that of the small tai-ku. As it is of wood, we have exemplified in it another one of the Chinese tone qualities.

Another interesting instrument giving the tone quality of wood is known as the



- A FAVORITE ORCHESTRAL THEME -

ou. It is in the form of a crouching tiger having teeth on its back which are scraped with a rod. Originally these teeth were but six in number, and were tuned to the five notes of the pentatonic scale and the octave of the first; but its use at the present day is only as a rvthmic instrument. the teeth now numbering twenty - seven, without definite tunings.

For the tone of metal, they have many kinds of bells, gongs and cymbals. The Chi-

nese name for bell is tchung. The pientchung is an instrument precisely like the king except that the sixteen stones are replaced by bells which are tuned, as are the

THE SAME MELODY IN CHINESE NOTATION ~

 stones of the king, to the twelve perfect intervals or lus of the octave.

The mar-lo-rah or "horse gong" was much used in China in ancient war times. Its use at present is in the temple orchestras and occasionally in the theaters, where its special prerogative is to depict scenes of terror. It is struck with a stick muffled with rags, and whether the blow be heavy or light. it always causes a shudder. This instrument has been introduced with telling ef-

fect by Cherubini in his Requiem in C minor, also by Meyerbeer in "Robert le Diable," and by other Euro-

pean composers.

I-port and tchou are names given by the Chinese to the huge pair of cymbals which forms a principal part of every Chinese orchestra. These cymbals are about thirty inches in diameter, and though large and cumbersome, they are handled with a skill that shows plainly the Chi-

DET-TOI OR SO-NA.

shows plainly the Chinaman's knowledge of the proper cymbal tone and how to produce it. For the sound of bamboo, the Chinese have several kinds of flutes and pan-pipes. The tone quality of these flutes, however, is very different from that of European flutes, having a very marked reedy quality, produced by covering an extra orifice below the embouchure with a piece of thin tissue-like lining taken from the inside of the bamboo. They have



MAR-LO-RAH.

six finger holes, giving the diatonic scale.

Another instrument coming under this head is the det-toi or so-na, an instrument of the doublereed class similar to the oboe used in the modern orchestra, but of much harsher tone. In playing this type of instrument, the Oriental musicians have acquired a knack that might be adopted to advantage by our doublereed players - that of breathing without interrupting the playing. This instrument is a great favorite among the Chinese as is also the tai-det,

which is simply a size larger. They are used on all sorts of occasions, whether of

sorrowing or rejoicing.

For the sound of gourd, the Chinese have an instrument called the *cheng*. It consists of a hollow gourd, serving as a wind chest and supporting twenty-one bamboo tubes, seventeen of which are fitted with free metal reeds. By stopping the single finger hole provided in each tube, the reed within is caused to vibrate. It is played by inhaling the breath rather than exhaling. Its use at present is confined to the orchestras of the Confucian ceremonies. It is of great antiquity; in fact, it is one of the most ancient of eastern instruments.

The sound of silk is extracted from a great variety of instruments, all of those having silken strings coming under this head. In the Chinese ga-yen or ur-heen, as it is sometimes called, we find preserved in nearly every detail the ancient ravanstron of India, which was probably the earliest of stringed instruments played with a bow, and the



TAI-KU.

one from which our violin is a direct descendant. In this instrument, the body is of heavy bamboo covered with skin from the tan snake. The neck is of swan wood tipped with bone. The two silk strings are tuned a fifth apart, the same as in the modern violin, but with the bow hair passing between in such a manner that by pressure of the middle finger of the right hand upon the hair, either string can played at will. The left hand in playing occupies a position corresponding to the "second" used by

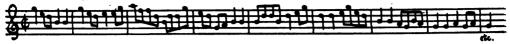
violinists, leaving out the two notes usually played by the first finger and giving consequently the pentatonic scale. The Chinaman rosins his bow as he plays from a lump placed on the body of the instrument. The wo-kim is precisely like the ga-yen, except that in the wo-kim the sounding body is larger and the snake skin covering of the ga-yen is replaced by a thin piece of wood.

The gut-kim or "moon harp" is of swanche wood left in an unvarnished state that its tone may be unimpaired. Its four silken strings are tuned in pairs a fifth apart corresponding to the tuning of the ga-yen and wo-kim. For sostenuto effects, the Chinese use a vibrato method like that in mandolin playing, picking the strings with the finger nails which the performer wears long for the purpose.

In the sam-yen the body and neck are of swan-wood with three pegs of orange wood. The top and bottom of the body are covered with tan snake skin. The instrument is without frets. The three silken strings are tuned in fifths and are played



- CHINESE THEME UPON WHICH WEBER'S TURANDOT OVERTURE IS FOUNDED -



with the vibrato effect the same as the qut-kim.

The p'i-p'a, or balloon-shaped guitar, is made of wootung wood, and, like the gut-kim, is left unvarnished. The four silk strings are tuned as fourth, fifth and octave from the lowest. Twelve slips of bamboo glued to the body serve as frets and give the pentatonic scale. The bone scallops upon the neck are not used in playing. The p'i-p'a finds its most frequent use in the southern part of China, where it is the favorite instrument of the minstrels and ballad singers. It is also played a great deal by the Chinese women.

We may get some idea of the esteem in which music is held in China from the saying of the Emperor Tschun, about 2300 B. C., "Teach the children of the great; thereby reached through thy care they will become mild and reasonable, and the unmanageable ones able to receive dignities without arrogance or assumption. This teaching must thou embody in poems, and sing them therewith to suitable melodies and with the play of instrumental accom-The music must follow the paniment. sense of the words; if they are simple and natural, then also must the music be easy, unforced and without pretention. Music is the expression of soul-feeling. If now the soul of the musician be virtuous, so also will his music become noble and full of virtuous expression, and will set the souls of men in union with those of the spirits in heaven." (Quoted by Ambrose.)

Although the Chinese have a system of musical notation, their orchestras play entirely without notes, and when one considers the small amount of playing that. some of them do, the exactness and unity which characterizes their performance is quite marvelous. Especially is this true of the percussion players. Rythmic effects which would put to shame our most vaunted rag-times are played with a precision that might well serve as an objectlesson to many of our bunglers on drum and cymbal. As to the melodies, they are intensely fascinating after one has become thoroughly imbued with their spirit. These melodies, when given out by the strident tones of the ga-yen and wo-kim, sprinkled, as it were, with the reiterated pizzicato tones from the gut-kim and samyen, and tempered with the sweet though odd, shimmering notes of the reedy flutes, give an effect totally unlike that produced by the music of any other nationality. It is music that to the initiated is bewitchingly beautiful.



THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

Some of the incidents which made the convention at St. Louis the most dramatic held by any political party of recent years

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

HILOSOPHERS who study human nature either laugh or weep. Democritus laughed; Christ wept. The Democratic Convention was cause for laughter and for tears. So was the Republican Convention. So is every National convention.

The monkeyishness of it! Men screaming and chattering they knew not why, save that others were screaming and chattering, too. The childishness of it! Men dancing and jumping on chairs, parading about with banners and flags, drunk with the unintelligent, emotional frenzy of a campmeeting. The claptrap stage machinery of it!

For example, Judge Parker's Parker was nominated Nomination by Martin Littleton in a florid speech of rhetoric and epigrammatic platitudes, one of which was, "He is the servant of the party, not its master," rudely shattered by Judge Parker's telegram supplying a gold plank to the platform, which the convention had carefully omitted. At the close of this speech, there was a very evident stage preparation for a popular outburst. Men were stationed here and there to begin it and spur it on, waving flags and yelling. When it showed a tendency to subside, new devices were resorted to,-parade of delegates, or a fresh outburst from the band. and again, as it showed signs of a natural death, it was galvanized by some fresh feature sprung upon the audience with all the stupid skill of the manager of a new comic opera. By these means the uproar was kept going twenty-nine minutes, I I will not pretend to be exact on think. so important a matter, as gentlemen on the platform timed these explosions carefully, and gravely announced, "Cockrell's demonstration lasted ten minutes longer than Parker's," and seemed jubilant. So of each outbreak for each nominee; his adherents made desperate efforts to break the record in minutes of insensate yelling. Much of it was started to new bursts by messenger boys and youths, admitted with their elders, who yelled for the boys' pure love of noise. The real anxiety of each band of partisans to keep its "demonstration" going longer than the other fellow's suggested that candidates could be chosen on the theory that the longest fit of childish and senseless yelling should be the decisive factor—as Judge Bridlegoose gave his decision to the lawyer with the heaviest load of books. In truth, to Judge Parker, as to each nominee, there was a natural outburst of applause, limited in its extent, and which, though prolonged by tactics, could not be made universal. There was just one outburst for a candidate which was spontaneous, universal and spontaneously prolonged: that was for Senator Cockrell of Missouri, who, when the votes were counted, got just forty-one votes. So much for the value of yelling.

There was only one man in the convention who, every day, at every hour of the day, in season and out of season, was hailed by an applause so spontaneous that it seemed as if every one of the twelve thousand acted on the same instant, and

Bryan's Popularity so prolonged that only his own efforts to restore order produced

the desired silence. This was Mr. Bryan. The difference between his reception and all others was as the difference between musketry which rattles with increasing volume as the men catch the order, and an instantaneous overwhelming clap of thunder near by. No one could be blind to the fact that, though he was overwhelmingly beaten in the convention, and all the world knew it, yet if popularity had been the test, he would have swept the New York delegation and their friends like straws in the wind.

The Chicago Chronicle, in formally becoming a Republican paper, said (July 12): "When one thousand men repre-



Mayor McClellan of New York, Tammany's choice for the Democratic candidacy.

senting the Democrats of the United States, most of them chosen with much difficulty as representatives of what is called conservative Democracy, permit a mere demagogue to bully them into wrongdoing, it must be that the demagogue is

greater than the party."

7 .

Certainly the impression left on me individually is that when Mr. Bryan retired from the convention, exhausted, sick and defeated, he was and is the biggest man in the party, and more a power than ever. Nor is the reason a secret. He has the courage of his convictions. He is outspoken. He uses no trickery or subterfuge, but all men may plainly see his course and hear his views. He stands for the plain people—the masses. He fears a plutocratic oligarchy and the fall of free democratic government, and he is not afraid to say so. That is why he is "greater than his party," as the Chronicle chooses to put it.

It has become plain to a great many

people that we are following the path of every other republic in history. Wealth will and does govern, and our wealth is rapidly gravitating by legal monopolies and privileges into the hands of a few who can and will dictate to the many, or rather, will wield the powers of government over the many.

The cry of "demagogue" no longer frightens men from saying this truth, and the courage of Bryan is one reason whyothers are not afraid. True, he mistakes the remedy, in my opinion, when he proposes free coinage of silver at sixteen to one, rather than absolutely free money and free banking, all laws removed and the economic force left to adjust itself by natural laws, or when he proposes state ownership of railroads. But assuming that he is mistaken in a

particular remedy, there are millions who say to themselves, "His effort is for the greater freedom and prosperity of the masses, and better a mistake in the effort than no effort." "Better a loss of prosperity in an experiment than a loss of freedom." "Prosperity may be regained. freedom can not." Such thoughts as these are now in the minds of millions who used to hoot at Mr. Bryan as a young dema-The small banker is beginning to see that he, too, will have his day and be swallowed. Where are the hundreds of competing railroads of twenty years ago? Where the thousands of Democratic neswpapers? Where the thousands of independent banks?

The tendency to centralization of all property is clear, and Plutocracy in one lifetime it has

become apparent that there is no avenue of wealth which can be traversed by any man without crossing the path of a few men of great power, as Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Rockefeller, to me, is only a type, only a piece on the human chessboard. I view him simply as a product of our laws and conditions. Knowing that it has always been the wealth which has ruled every country, and that that country is most democratic where the wealth is by natural causes distributed according to individual effort, I object to the concentrated wealth of Mr. Rockefeller and of such as he, as a menace to democratic liberty. I object because such wealth is not the natural reward of individual effort, but of laws which permit monopolies, and I would annul the laws which send a monopolistic flow of wealth toward this oligarchy. Such, I take it, is Mr. Bryan's view. He has no personal hatred for individuals, but he fears for democratic free-In honesty of intent, he seeks a remedy; others seek other remedies. But the remedies are all untried and must be uncertain till tried. Yet something must be done, so the particular remedies sink into comparative insignificance compared with the great danger which millions of common men are fearing more and more every day. In Mr. Bryan they see a fearless leader, a sincere man, a man who has surrendered all ambitions rather than surrender his principles; a man who, like Lincoln, is a great commoner, casting his lot with the plain people, becoming, by his eloquence and ability, their champion, whose clear aim, whatever may be his theories, is that there shall be a government of the people, by the people, for the people.

You can not down such a man by a defeat in a convention, nor by his death, becaust the man is a cause. It is the inevitable struggle, and another Moses for the people will rise up.

I believe that Mr. Bryan is stronger today than he ever was, and that if he can become the apostle of a sound theory for economic freedom, he will, if he lives, yet lead a revolution at the polls. The force of character is invisible, but irresistible. There is scarcely a child in the land who could not have told the difference between Mr. Hill and Mr. Bryan in the convention. One is a shifty politician—a "peanut" His creed is politician, if you please. "get votes." If you Hill and Bryan-have a belief, give it up a Contrast and suppress it, if it

may frighten votes. Be tricky, or, in his

own language, "Skate over the thin ice quickly." Be cowardly; either double, or talk not at all, lest you lose votes. Votes, votes! that is the creed, the principles and the ambitions of Mr. Hill. He is the mere politician. He, if any, is the demagogue. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, says, It is better to be defeated right than to triumph wrong. He puts principle before votes. He is candid with the people. All men know his views. He is fearless, sincere and honest. Yet he was wiped off the slate in this convention by Mr. Hill and Mr. Belmont. Why? Back of Mr. Hill is wealth, power and the conservative ideas of the East. Back of Mr. Bryan are only the common people and the radicalism of the West. To-day the conservative wealth power triumphs. The answer emphasizes the truth of Mr. Bryan's fears. The plutocratic oligarchy, which, like the Erie Railroad, has no politics, turned in fear from Mr. Roosevelt. a man they could not dictate to. For his assault upon the Merger, for his interference in the coal strike, for what wealth calls his demagogic character, they fear He is "unsafe," just as Bryan is "unsafe," just as all men will be "unsafe" always and forever who interfere with privilege and wealth, just as all men in the past have been "unsafe" who attacked kingship or other legal monopoly. nelius Gracchus was "unsafe." Savonarola was "unsafe." Voltaire was "unsafe." Cromwell was "unsafe." Lincoln to the slave wealth was "unsafe."

Change is inevitable, yet the reformer is always "unsafe" to the upper classes who must be reformed that the masses may progress. And the eternal truth is that this world was made for the masses. not for the few. That which stands between the people and their natural right must go-slowly, it is true-but surely. And no man dare say that any question which permits an answer for the privileged few and a different answer for the great mass of men, is ever answered rightly till it is answered in favor of the many. This world is for the life which it bears, not for the parasites upon that life.

It is said "Wall Street" first attempted to defeat Roosevelt for nomination, but finding his hold on the people too strong, and losing their chief politician (Mr. Hanna), they turned necessarily to the other party; and in the mere vote-seeker,

Mr. Hill, they find their tool.

Judge Parker is a most estimable man. Probably neither he nor Mr. Hill view themselves as the refuge of the plutocratic oligarchy. Probably both regard themselves as benefactors to the race in killing "Bryanism"; but to me it is clear that the aggregate money power of the country, which fears Mr. Roosevelt as a firebrand, an uncontrollable demagogue playing to the galleries, is supporting Mr. Hill.

The politician who battles for principle is a very "rare bird." The plain people who have their hands to the plough, who seek nothing—these have principle; but the mass of politicians seek office or graft. The campaign fund is a very great temptation, because even if you lose the fight still you have had the fund, and no ques-

tions asked.

The "pie counter" atmosphere was very prevalent at the convention. You breathed it everywhere. Men were abundant who wanted to be marshals or district attorneys or collectors—on down to the mere heeler for the campaign, who had his eye on "Belmont's Wall-street Barrel." Even Senator Tillman, in his address to the convention, said: "For God's sake, let us get together and win! I am tired of being out." If that remark is carried to a logical conclusion, as perhaps it is hardly

Hankering for the Let us give up princi-Flesh Pots ples and combine to win. Let us get at the flesh pots. Tillman didn't mean that fully, but the weariness of being away so long from the "pie counter" was evident among all the delegates, for they were politicians, more or less. They were there to pick a "winner" with a "barrel." They were tired of following a "loser" with no "sack." But a convention is an absurdity as a representative of the people, and the people never tire of following a plain poor man like Lincoln, who is their champion.

What is the relation between a convention and the people? It is laughable. A few men select delegates to a county convention. This selects delegates to the state convention. This selects delegates to the National convention, and all the way

through the bosses are watchful to see that the selections are "safe." The state delegation gets to the National convention, and unless the several members are put on committees (as all can not be) they find their duties consist in wearing a badge and shouting. If put on a committee, they find some two or three men do the work which they ratify in silence. Senator Lodge arrived at his convention with the Republican platform in his pocket. Mr. Hill arrived at his convention with the Democratic platform in his pocket, and the only contestant in committee room



Judge Alton B. Parker of New York, chosen by the Democratic Convention as its candidate for President.

was Mr. Bryan. In short, the rank and file of a state delegation are mere figureheads at a convention, and usually represent the state machine, so that the relation

A Convention Is
Not the People
it by no means follows that the people will approve the work of politicians in convention assembled. Platforms really mean so little that candidates and the power behind them will be more looked at.

If, as in the case of the English monarchical republic, we could go to the people on an issue, and then be put in control of all branches of government to be responsible for action on the decision, we might hope to make a victory on a platform amount to something. But with a. Democratic president and a Republican congress, what can be done for a Democratic platform? Even when the Democrats had Mr. Cleveland and a Democratic congress elected on tariff reform, it amounted to nothing against the tremendous political pull of the allied tariff grafters. So, in the coming election, the people will look at Roosevelt, supposed to be hated by the "trusts," and at Parker, silent on all points, even after the omission of the money plank was called to his attention by the newspaper men at Esopus, till he was nominated by Hill and Belmont, and they will say, what is be-

hind Roosevelt we
A Close Contrast know; what is behind Parker we fear;
so that if it be a really popular election,
Roosevelt will win. If the crowded population of the East can be purchased or intimidated, Parker will win.

There is no doubt that Parker was the worst nomination which could have been made except for the money power it enlisted, and that very strength is a weakness. The Bryan people would have taken any gold man: Olney, or Gray, or Tom L. Johnson, or McClellan; but Parker was the candidate of a faction, and, as is popularly believed, of an undemocratic plutocratic power.

On that memorable night of nominations, as speeches went on, one could not but be impressed with the idea that the speakers were speaking to tickle their own ears, to earn the reputation of "spell binders," rather than seriously to present a candidate. The crowd grew restless. Twelve thousand people were in the hall. When Champ Clark nominated Senator Cockrell, the whole place blossomed suddenly with small American flags, and became a sort of flower garden swept by a breeze.

The night wore on, and Senator Bailey,

Large Assemblies Unruly

blies Unruly

but if a speaker's voice could not be heard, it was useless to try to stem the tide of disturbance. Cries of "Cut it short," "Sit

down," "Louder," made bedlam of the place. Often was witnessed the sad case of a speaker who in his first two minutes made a climax received with thunderous applause, and who did not know enough to then sit down, but pursued his dreary way to the end amid catcalls and hootings.

One of the eloquent exceptions was the speech of Clarence Darrow, of Chicago, in seconding Hearst. It was not a placating speech, but one of defiance. With fine, virile sentences he arraigned the Hill faction before him as those who had scuttled and deserted the ship of Democracy. But, through praise and blame, Hill, Belmont and the New York delegation sat serene. Indeed, after the first boom of applause for Parker, it was noteworthy that when, in the numerous seconding speeches that were made, spontaneous and quite hearty applause would break out at the mention of Parker's name, the New York delegation as a whole sat unmoved and did not join in the applause. Perhaps it was a desire to get to the end speedily and begin voting. Perhaps it was that security in the result which robs an occasion of excitement.

Mayor Rose of Wisconsin nominated



Senator Henry G. Davis of West Virginia, the Democratic nominee for Vice-President.

Wall in a plain speech, calling on New York not to insist on forcing down the throats of the convention a candidate who was not even the candidate of that part of the state which gave Democratic majorities. "Why is it," he asked, "that we must accept a candidate, who, silent himself, is vouched for by those who never give a New York Democratic majority, and is opposed by those who always give the Dem-

ocratic majority Parker and New York?" (That Tammany Judge is to sav, Parker and Hill represented the state, which is Republican, and Murphy and the opposition represented the city, which is Democratic.) But to this also the New York delegation only returned pitying smiles. In fact, I was reminded of times when I have had to appear before a committee of a legislature whose members had the price of their votes in their pock-They listened, but were serene and only impatient for their release.

A fiery individual named Sam White, from lowa, jumped on a chair and said, "On behalf of the unbought and unpurchaseable Democrats of Iowa"— He was then suddenly pulled to the floor by other

members of his dele-Fisticuffs gation. The New and Fraud York delegation for the first time awoke from its calm, and every man jumped to his feet. One began protesting and sought to get the chairman's car. It was laughable, because there had been free whispers of the purchase of delegates by Belmont's agents; vet when the disheveled Mr. White was brought to the platform and allowed to complete his sentence, he said, "On behalf of the unbought and unpurchaseable Democracy of Iowa, I second the nomination of that sterling jurist, pure man and great Democrat, Judge Alton B. Parker." So everyone laughed, and the New Yorkers had their fright for nothing. White's return to his delegation some one knocked him down, and for a time the night was enlivened by a fight. Then the chairman of the Iowa delegation took the platform and explained that the utterances of the fiery White were unauthorized, and would receive the treatment they deserved, and the Iowa delegation would vote for Mr. Hearst, at the proper time.

It became so apparent that speakers



Charles Francis Murphy, "Boss" of Tammany, defeated by David B. Hill for the control of the New York delegation to the Democratic Convention.

were there to air their own eloquence, that finally, about two in the morning, all seconding speeches were by resolution limited to four minutes. But the crowd had very sensitive ideas on time. They would begin to yell "Time!" "Time!" before the speakers had talked a minute. One weakness of speakers they quickly caught. It seemed as if no seconder could get up and say, For such and such reasons I second Judge Parker; but it was always, I second one who, etc., etc.; who has, etc., etc.; whose purity of life, etc., etc.—until the crowd would yell, "Name him! Name him! Spit it out! Time!"

When Nebraska's name was reached in the call for nominations, a gentleman in the delegation arose, but the calls for Bryan became so uproarious that finally he was obliged to rise and make the simple statement that Nebraska exchanged places with Wisconsin. His turn came at a little after four o'clock in the morning. Daylight had crept into the hall, which was still packed, a-flutter with flags and fans. Ten thousand people were there, from the crowded floor to those leaning down from among the rafters of the galleries: a crowd that had sat the long night through and grown intolerant of even

four-minute speeches. (All these things are worth considering by the philosopher at this convention.)

As Mr. Bryan wedged his way from his seat in the delegation to the platform, the air was rent with cries of "Bryan! Bryan!" and again you felt in your bones the sincerity of the thundering applause.

Bryan's Power No man's personality does this. He stands for an idea, and he would be dull indeed who could not then feel in that daylight hour that so far as the people were concerned, there was but one man in that hall.

The roll call had proceeded to the end, and the secondings of Parker left no doubt that Hill was triumphant and that Parker would be selected just as soon as the roll could be called. Bryan, who had worked sixteen hours on the platform committee, and had been fifty hours without sleep, stood there, waiting for the applause Hill sat in an aisle seat in to subside. the New York delegation, directly in front of him. Bryan let his eyes rest upon Hill's face for a moment, and Hill turned away slightly; then Bryan ran his eyes over the crowd. In all this he seemed to be absent-minded—as if thinking. Presently, he saw that the chairman—Senator Bailey-was vainly endeavoring to quiet the applause, which was becoming hysterical. So Bryan stepped forward, and, raising both hands, motioned for silence. The noise slowly died to a mutter that dropped suddenly to death-like silence, and Bryan began. For an hour he held that impa-

tient crowd upon his lips, in silence, save as a short roar of applause would mark some point he made. When he spoke of coming there to surrender the trust given to him by the Democratic party, two old men on the platform near me began to cry, and quite a noticeable flutter of handkerchiefs was seen over the hall. His speech was not rhetorical; there were no theatrical effects; but, earnestly and as a prophet of the people, in simple, clear phrases, he stated the peo-

ple's danger, and begged for some other choice than Roosevelt and the god of war, or Parker and the god of gold.

Take it all in all, it was the most impressive, the most really eloquent speech I have ever listened to; and though it can not read as it was spoken, it is given here in full, as the one great incident of an historical occasion.

When he concluded, there was silence, as if they waited for more; and then, as he turned away, there was an outburst of

His Reception applause that rang to the roof and would not be quieted so long as he remained in sight.

I take it that the newspapers who ridicule this man can not see beyond to-morrow and the pay counter. In the after time, when all of us are dust and Time shall be winnowing that dust; when presidents shall count for their worth as men, and some who were not presidents shall be greater than some who were; when all shall be measured by their service in the uplifting of mankind; when the greatest of men shall be seen as mere puppets in the play of Destiny—then the names of Hill, Belmont and Rockefeller will be utterly over-

Belittling Bryan Is Senseless looked and forgotten, and pause will be made only over such names as Bryan, men of men, who have battled with what power was given them, honestly, for the good of struggling man—the toiling and stricken men, women and children of the common mass.

Wealth rules for the day in every age, but only ideas are eternal and move the world. Back of Mr. Belmont and Mr. Hill is money; back of Mr. Bryan is an idea. You can retard it, hide it, for a time, but you can not jail it or kill it.

"Sixteen to one" was a mere suggestion. It is as nothing compared to the great truth he announces and agitates: that the Republic stands in the shadow of a plutocratic oligarchy. His open-breasted battle against this danger gives him his strength and will give him his fame.

BRYAN'S SPEECH

Gentlemen of the Convention: Two nights without sleep, and a cold, make it difficult for me to make myself heard. I trust that it will be easier in a moment, but as I desire to speak to the delegates rather than to the visitors, I hope that they at least can hear.

Eight years ago a Democratic convention placed in my hands the standard of the party and gave me the commission as its candidate. Four years later that commission was renewed. I come to-night to this Democratic convention to return the commission and to say that

you may dispute whether I fought a good fight; you may dispute whether I finished my course, but you can not deny that I have kept the faith. (Cheers.)

As your candidate I did all I could to bring success to the party. As a private citizen to-day I am more interested in Democratic success than I ever was when I was a candidate. (Cheers.) The reasons that made the election of a Democrat desirable were stronger in 1900 than in 1896; and the reasons that make the election of the Democratic candidate desirable are stronger in 1904 than they were in 1900.

the election of the Democratic candidate desirable are stronger in 1904 than they were in 1900.

The gentleman who presented New York's candidate dwelt upon the danger of militarism, and he did not overstate the dangers. Let me quote the most remarkable passage that ever occurred or that was ever found in the speech of nomination of any candidate for President. Governor Black, of New York, in presenting the name of Theodore Roosevelt to the Republican convention, used these words:

"The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. You may talk of orderly tribunals and learned referees. You may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life. You may strike from your books the last note of every martial anthem, and yet out in the smoke and thunder will always be the tramp of horses and the silent, rigid, upturned faces. Men may prophesy and women pray, but peace will come here to abide here forever on this earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of men. Events are numberless and mighty, and no man can tell which wire runs around the world. The nation basking to-day in the quiet of contentment and repose may still be on a deadly circuit, and to-morrow writhing in the toils of war. This is the time when great figures must be kept in front. If the pressure is great the material to resist it must be granite and iron."

This is a eulogy of war. This is a declaration that the time hoped for, prayed for. of perpetual peace will never come. This is eulogizing the doctrine to brute force and giving denial to the hopes of the race. And this President, a candidate for re-election, is presented as the embodiment of that ideal, the granite and the iron, to represent the new idea of militarism. Do you say you want to defeat the military idea? Friends of the South, are you trying to defeat the military idea? Let me tell you that none of you, North, East or South, more fears the triumph of that idea than I do. If this is the doctrine that our nation is to stand for, it

world, and nothing less. (Loud applause.)

Twenty-seven hundred years ago a prophet foretold the coming of One who was to be called the Prince of Peace. Two thousand years ago He came upon the earth, and the song that was sung at His birth was "Peace on earth, good will toward men." (Loud cheering and applause.) For 2000 years this doctrine of peace has been growing. It has been taking hold upon the hearts of men.

For this doctrine of peace millions have given their lives. For this doctrine of peace thousands have crossed oceans and given their lives among savage tribes and among foreign nations. This doctrine of peace, the foundation of Christian civilization, has been the growing

of Christian civilization, has been the growing

hope of the world.

And now the ex-governor of the greatest state of the nation presents for the office of President of the greatest republic of all history a man who is granite and iron, and who represents not the doctrine of peace, but the doctrine that the destinies of nations are still settled by their wars. (Loud applause.) Will you of New York present a graver indictment against President Roosevelt than that? Will you of the South present a graver indictment against President Roosevelt than that? I do not ask what is the character of the man; he may have every virtue. He may be exem-

plary in every way, but if the President shares the idea of the man who nominated him; if the President believes with his sponsor at Chicago that wars must settle the destinies of nations, that peace is but a dream, that women may pray for it, that men may prophesy about it, that all these talks of orderly tribunals and all this are but empty sounds; if he believes these things he is a dangerous man for our country and the world. (Prolonged cheering and applause.)

I believe he ought to be defeated; I believe he can be defeated, and if the Democratic party does what it ought to do I believe he will be defeated.

How can you defeat him? I tried to defeat the Republican party as your candidate. I failed, you say? Yes, I did. I received a million more votes than any Democrat had ever received before, and yet I failed. Why did I fail? Because there were some who had affilliated with the Democratic party who thought my election dangerous to the country, and they left and helped to elect my opponent. That is why I failed.

I have no words of criticism for them. (Applause.) I have always believed, I believe to-night, I shall always believe, I hope, that



William Jennings Bryan, the most con-spicuous figure at the convention.

a man's duty to his country is higher than his duty to his party. I hope it will always be true that men of all parties will have the moral courage to leave their parties when they believe that to stay with their parties will be to injure their country. The success of your government depends upon the independence and the moral courage of its citizenship.

But, my friends, if I failed with six millions and a half to defeat the Republican party, can those who defeated me succeed in defeating the Republican party? If under the leadership of those who were loyal in 1896—(applause)—we failed, shall we succeed under the leadership of those who were not loyal in 1896? (Applause.)

(Applause.)

If we are going to have some other god besides this war god that is presented to us by Governor Black, what kind of a god is it to be? Must we choose between a god of war and a god of gold? Is there no choice between them? If there is anything that compares in hatefulness with militarism it is plutocracy, and I insist that the Democratic party ought not to be compelled to choose between militarism on one side and plutocracy on the other side. (Applause.)

We came here and agreed upon a platform. We were in session sixteen hours last night, if you can put sixteen hours into a night. We entered the committee room at eight last evening, and left it at twelve to-day. But, my friends, I never spent sixteen hours to better purpose in my life—(cheers)—because I helped to bring the party together, so we could have a unanimous platform to go before the country on in this campaign. (Applause.)

How did we get it? It was not all that I would have desired. It was not all that your Eastern Democrats desired. We had to surrender some things that we wanted in the platform. They had to surrender some things that we wanted in the platform. But by mutual concession and mutual surrender we agreed upon a platform and we stand on that platform. (Great cheering.)

concession and mutual surrender we agreed upon a platform and we stand on that platform. (Great cheering.)

But, my friends, we need more than a platform. (Applause.) We have to nominate a ticket, and that is the work of this convention. Had you come to this convention instructed for any man to the extent of a majority, I not only would not have asked you to disregard your instructions. I would not if I could have prevented it, permitted you to disregard your instructions. (Applause.)

I believe in the right of the people to rule. I believe in the right of the people to instruct their delegates, and when a delegate is instructed, it is binding upon him. But, my friends, not a majority came instructed for any candidate. That means that you were left upon your responsibility to select a candidate, and a grave responsibility it is. Grave is the responsibility resting upon these delegates in this convention. I have not come to ask anything of this convention. Nebraska asks nothing but to be permitted to fight the battles of Democracy. (Cheers.)

Some of you have called me a dictator. It was false. You know it was false. (Cheers.) How have I tried to dictate? I have suggested that I thought certain things ought to be done. Have not you exercised the same privilege? Why have I not a right to suggest? (Applause.) (A voice: "You have.")

Because I was your candidate, am I now estopped to ever make suggestions? (Cries of

Because I was your candidate, am I now estopped to ever make suggestions? (Cries of "No, No.") Why, sir, if that condition went with a nomination for the Presidency, no man worthy to be President would ever accept a nomination—(applause)—for the right of a man to have an opinion and to express it is more important and sacred than the holding of any office however high.

more important and sacred than the holding of any office, however high.

I have my opinions about the platform. I made my suggestions. Not all of them were received. I would like to have seen the Kansas City platform reaffirmed. (Applause.) I am not ashamed of that platform. I believe in it now, as I believed in it when I was running upon it; then, I was your candidate, but the people in the Democratic party did not agree with me, and their will was supreme.

When they veto my suggestions I have to accept. There is no other court which I can appeal to. I have not attempted to dictate about candidates. I have not asked the Democrats of this nation to nominate any particular.

agree with me, and their will was supreme.

When they veto my suggestions I have to accept. There is no other court which I can appeal to. I have not attempted to dictate about candidates. I have not asked the Democrats of this nation to nominate any particular man. I have said that there were many in every state willing to be President; and I have said that out of six millions and a half who voted for me in both campalgns, we ought to be able to find at least one good man for President. (Loud applause.)

I have made these suggestions only in a general way. I am here to-night as a delegate from Nebraska. I have not confidence enough in my own opinion to tell you that I can pick out the man and say that this man must be nominated or we shall lose. I have, I think, a reasonable faith in my own opinions; at least I have this faith, that I would rather accept my own and stand by them if I believed them wrong. (Loud applause.)

Nebraska is not here asking for the nomination of any man. We now have a platform on which we all can stand. (Loud applause and cheering.) Now, give us a ticket behind which all of us can stand. (Prolonged cheers). You can go into any state you please and

get him. I have not as much faith as some have in the value of a locality. I have never been a great stickler for nominating candidates from doubtful states on the theory that their personal popularity would elect them.

I have had so much faith in the virtue of Democratic principles that I thought a Democrat ought to vote for a good man from any other state before he would vote for a bad man from his own state. (Applause.)

I do no believe much in this doctrine of state pride and I have found that when people

other state before he would vote for a bad man from his own state. (Applause.)

I do no believe much in this doctrine of state pride, and I have found that when people come with a candidate and tell us first that we must carry a certain state, and that that man is the only one who could carry the state, they do not put up a bond to deliver the goods if they are accepted. (Applause.) And, anyhow, a state that is so uncertain that only one Democrat in the nation can carry it can not be relied upon in a great crisis. (Applause.)

Now we have our platform. Select your candidate. If it is the choice or the wish of this convention that the standard should be placed in the hands of the gentleman presented by California; the man who, though he has money, pleads the cause of the people; the man who is the best beloved, I think I can safely say, among laboring men of all the candidates proposed; the one who more than any other represents opposition to the trust question—if you want to place the standard in his hands and make Hearst the candidate of this convention, Nebraska does not make any request. If you think that the gentleman from Wisconsin, who, though faithful in both campaigns, was not with us on the money question—if you think Mr. Wall, agreeing with the East on the gold question and with the West on other questions, would draw the party together—if you want to place the standard in his hands, Nebraska will be with you and contribute her part. (Cheers.)

If you prefer an Eastern man and find some one who will give both elements of the party

together—if you want to place the standard in his hands, Nebraska will be with you and contribute her part. (Cheers.)

If you prefer an Eastern man and find some one who will give both elements of the party something to believe in, something to trust in, something to believe in, something to trust in, something to hope for, we are willing to join you with him. My friends, it is not always that every available man is mentioned. There is in the State of Pennsylvania a man whom I mention, without consulting his delegation, without consent of the man himself; an Eastern man who voted with us in both campaigns, but against us on the money question. and, I believe, in sympathy with the people; a man twice governor of a great state (cheers); a man who only two years ago, when a candidate again, carried the great State of Pennsylvania outside of the two great cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. If you Eastern Democrats who have insisted that your objection to me was my belief in free silver—if you Democrats are willing to take a gold man, I am willing to let you have your way on that question in this man, for I will trust his honesty on all questions. (Applause.)

I only mention these candidates as illustrations. I came here to second the nomination of a man, and I come to second the nomination of a man, and Jecause I love the man, and because I can assert to you that he is more available than any other person who might be named, but because I love the man, and because on the platform we have adopted I don't think there is any good reason why every Democrat in the East might not vote for this man. I come to second the nomination of Senator Cockerell, of Missouri. (Long-continued applause, followed by cheers.)

He is the Nestor of the Senate. He is experienced in public affairs. He is known; he has a record. He can be measured by it; and, my friends, I would be willing to write my indorsement on his back and send him out to the world, willing to guarantee everything he did. (Loud applause.) They say that he comes from

plause.) My friends, that war, that cruel war, was 40 years ago. Its issues are settled; its wounds are healed. The participants are friends. We have got another war on now. and those who know what the war between plutocracy and democracy means will not ask where a man stood 40 years ago; they will ask: Where does he stand to-day in this war?

My friends, I believe that the great issue in this country to-day is plutocracy versus democracy. You have said that I had just one idea, the silver idea. Well, awhile back, they said I had only one, but then it was the tariff idea. There is an issue greater than the silver issue, the tariff issue—the trust issue.

issue.

the silver issue, the tariff issue—the trust issue.

It is the issue between plutocracy and democracy; whether this is to be a government of the people, by the people and for the people, administered by officers chosen by the people, administered in behalf of the people. It is either this, or it is to be a rule of the moneyed element of the country for their own interest alone. The issue has been growing. I want you as Democrats here assembled to help us meet this question.

You tell me the Republican candidate stands for militarism. Yes, but he also stands for plutocracy. You tell me he delights in war. But there is another objection to him, and that is that he does not enforce the law against a big criminal as he does against a little criminal. Laws are being violated to-day, and these laws must be enforced. The people must understand that we are to have equal rights for all and special privileges to none. (Applause.)

We have had the debauchment of elections.

We have had the debauchment of elections. It was stated the other day that in the little State of Delaware \$256.000 was spent in the state on one day just before the election of 1896. Some say that we must have a great campaign fund, and go out and bid against the Republicans. My friends, I want to warn you that if the Democratic party is to save this nation, it must not save it by purchase, but by principle. Every time we resort to purchase we cultivate the spirit of barter, and the price will constantly increase and elections will go to the highest bidder.

If the Democratic party is to save this We have had the debauchment of elections.

country, it must appeal to the conscience of the country. It must point out the dangers to the republic, and if the party will nominate a man, I care not from what part he comes, who is not the candidate of a faction, who is not the candidate of an element, but the candidate of a party, the party will stand by him and will drive the Republican party from power and save this country. (Applause.)

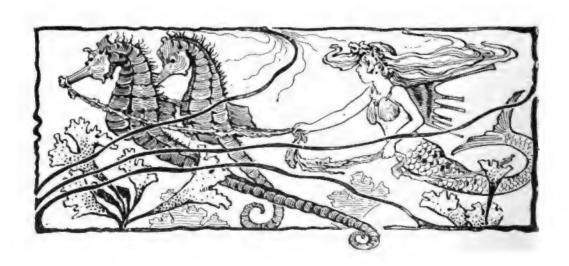
My friends, I believe that you could take a man from any Southern state who would go out and make a fight that would appeal to Democrats, all Democrats who love Democratic principles, and to Republicans who begin to fear for their nation's welfare—take such a man, and I believe that he would poll a million more votes than the candidate of any faction whose selection would be regarded as a triumph of a part of the party over the rest of the party. (Applause.)

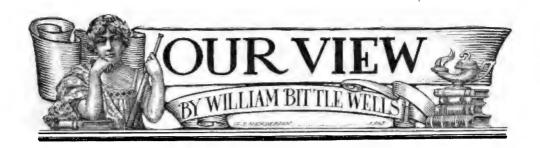
I simply submit it for your consideration. I am here to discharge a duty that I owed to the party. I knew before I came to this convention that a majority of the delegates would not agree with me in my financial views. I knew that there would be among the delegates many who did not vote for me when I sorely needed their help. I was not objecting to the majority against me, nor to the presence of those who went away and came back. But, my friends, I came, not because I thought I would be delighted to be in the minority in our opinion, but because I owed a duty to the 6,000,000 brave, loyal men who sacrificed for me. (Cheers.)

I came to get them as good a platform as I for me. (Cheers.)

for me. (Cheers.)

I came to get them as good a platform as I could. I have helped them to get a good platform. (Applause.) I came to help get as good a candidate as I can; and I hope that he will be one who can draw the factions together, who can give to us who believe in aggressive, positive, Democratic reform something to hope for, and to those who have differed from us on the main question—that he can give them something to hope for, too. And I close with an appeal that I make from my heart to the hearts of those who hear me: Give us a pilot who will guide the Democratic ship from miltarism, the Scylla of militarism, without wrecking her in the Charybdis of commercialism. (Great demonstration.)





The demand for MEN is always greater than the supply.

Refined, purified, noble character is not a gift, nor is it inherent. It is to be won by constant, unceasing effort to approach the ideal, and it is the one thing that is really worth while in this world.

The young man who expects to attain success without the most intense, continuous struggle, misunderstands the world and the reason for its rewards. Work and struggle—hard, unremitting, careful, determined struggle—are the foundation stones of all character and success.

Those who are supposed to know, assure us that the country is "safe." A good, thorough-going, dependable Democrat, Roosevelt, has been nominated by the Republicans, and a stanch, reliable, conservative and safe Republican, Parker, has been nominated by the Democrats. It is a grab-bag proposition this year. You can shut your eyes, take your choice and be satisfied.

The Pacific Monthly publishes this month an article by Mr. C. E. S. Wood on the Democratic convention. The publication of this article is not from a partisan standpoint, but in recognition of the fact that the result in November will depend less upon what was done at Chicago than upon what was done at St. Louis. In this connection we wish to remind our readers that The Pacific Monthly does not take sides on political questions. It has been and is the policy of the magazine to make no editorial expression of preference for candidates, but to publish by competent partisan writers a review of the Democratic and Republican outlook. In keeping with this policy there will appear in The Pacific Monthly in the near future short, crisp articles on "Why Roosevelt Should be Elected" and "Why Parker Should be Elected."

The organization in Portland, Oregon, recently of the Oregon Development League is a much delayed step in the right direction. The purpose of the League, as indicated in the name, is the development of the state through publicity and cooperation. The California Promotion Committee has found it advisable to do the same work for California that will be done by the newly organized League for Oregon, and the Seattle Chamber of Commerce takes the lead in such work for the State of Washington. In Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., the Tourist Associations are very active in bringing the advantages of British Columbia before the world. The purposes of these organizations are practically identical, and in a sense they present a peculiar anomaly. Why, it may be asked, is it necessary to induce immigration if the Pacific Coast is all that these organizations claim it to be? If we have the finest climate in the world, the most fertile land, majestic scenery, and all that makes life pleasant and desirable, why do not people find it out and come West without any urging? The answer, of course, is that they do find out and are coming, but not fast enough to suit the Western idea of things. So we organize. benefit of such organizations is not confined, however, simply to those who take advantage of their opportunities and come West. There is an equal advantage to be derived to the states which foster such organizations. The people are brought into closer contact and a deeper, broader spirit of loyalty and progress is engendered.



A world-wide survey of important events in all departments of human activity

So far as this country is concerned, the convention of the Demo-The Leading cratic party at St. Louis, to nominate its candidates and to enunciate Event its platform, was the chief event of the month. The outcome of the Republican convention was foregone, but that of the St. Louis gathering was in doubt to the last; and in its dramatic episodes, its sustained excitement and its impassioned oratory, it surpassed any similar event of recent years. Its essential importance lies in the fact that the conservative element of the party, under the efficient leadership of David B. Hill, was again restored to power, completely ousting the populistic forces, which look to W. J. Bryan as their leader. Mr. Bryan was by all odds the most conspicuous figure of the convention, and his thrilling eloquence was never more in evidence; but when it came to a vote, his followers made but a pitiful showing. Perhaps the most impressive incident was the receipt of the Parker telegram, announcing his fidelity to the gold standard. By his friends, this act was lauded as an evidence of their candidate's political independence and soundness on the money issue. By his foes it was denounced as a piece of trickery, designed to force the gold standard upon the convention, at a time when a revolt would spell disruption and consequent defeat. The true significance of the convention is the restoration of the Democratic party to the prestige it has lost in the past two campaigns. Roosevelt's election is no longer conceded as a certainty, and the contest promises to be hotly fought by two well-matched antagonists, neither of which can claim any great advantage until the last vote is in.

The past month has wit-The War nessed much severe fighting in the far East, but without any decisive results. Steadily, doggedly, the Japanese forces under Oku and Kuroki, have pounded away at the Russian line, meeting stubborn resistance at times, but almost invariably accomplishing their pur-One post after another has been abandoned by the Russians, until now Niu Chwang is the only point of importance in the Liao-tung peninsula — excepting Port Arthur—in the possession of the Russians. As Niu Chwang is invested by the Japanese, it may be safely predicted that Mukden will be Kouropatkin's next base The wet weather has apof resistance. parently not interfered with the Japanese advance, and the fighting has been of the severest character, the fatality on both sides being appalling. About Port Ar-

thur, the situation is not materially changed. Desperate attempts have been made by the Japanese to gain commanding points, with some success. Much excitement was aroused by a dispatch from Mukden to the effect that the Japanese had been repulsed with a loss of 30,000. Later advices reduced the number of killed, until, finally, the whole story was Under guise of merchantdiscredited. men, two Russian cruisers passed the Dardanelles, and created an international flurry by holding up shipping suspected of carrying contraband articles. The British steamer Malacca was the first victim: but English ire was at once aroused, and a stern demand for the immediate release of the vessel brought the desired result. The British vessel Knight Commander, sailing from New York with a cargo of railroad material for Japan, was sunk by

the Russians. The German steamer Arabia, chartered by the Portland-Asiatic Steamship Company, laden largely with flour for the Japanese, was seized, and her fate will be decided by the Prize Court at Vladivostok. Great apprehension is felt for the Korea and the Shawmut, each with large cargoes for Japan, which are now overdue at Yokohama.

They're off! With the formal Politics acceptance of their respective nominations by the two principal candidates, and the perfection of the organization of the parties, the great contest is now well under way. Although campaigning may not begin until the cessation of the hot weather, yet intense activity prevails in the rival camps, with every prospect for the keenest kind of a struggle. The Democratic convention, which resulted in the nomination of Judge Alton B. Parker for President, and ex-Senator Henry G. Davis for Vice-President, was of historic importance. Mr. Bryan waged a strong fight, and swayed the vast assemblage again and again with his oratory, but was unable to control the votes necessary to defeat Judge Parker. The construction of the platform precipitated another battle, with Bryan again in the thick of it. He held out for an income tax, and demanded that no recognition be made of the existing money standard. A compromise was finally effected, by which both measures were dropped. This partial victory for Bryan was neutralized by Judge Parker's impressive and straightforward telegram, declaring his belief in the gold standard, and declining the nomination on any other basis. Other salient points of the platform are those for tariff revision, for the independence of the Filipinos, and against monopolies. Any effort to revive race animosity is condemned; laws giving capital and labor "their just rights" are favored, and a promise is made to construct the Panama Canal. Other planks contain, more or less overtly, criticisms of the present administration. Tom Taggart, of Indiana, has been selected to manage the Democratic campaign. One thing is certain: the Democrats will have a liberal campaign fund, for Mr. Davis is himself many times a millionaire, and other moneyed men of the party, who were estranged by Bryan, may be expected to

"dig up." This, coupled with the undoubted excellence of their candidates, will put the two parties upon an equal footing.

Meat Packers Chicago, Kansas City and other cities are in the Strike throes of the largest strike in the history of the meat-packing industry. Seventy-three thousand men are directly involved, and if sympathetic strikes are ordered, as seems probable, the number will be largely increased. The wages of unskilled laborers in the meat-cutting departments is the cause of the dispute, but the exact situation is obscured by the contradictory statements of the contending parties. The strike leaders claim that they are resisting a threatened decline in wages. while the packers declare that the men demanded a raise. A meeting was arranged for the disputants before the Illinois State Board of Arbitration, with good prospects of a settlement, but the employers refused to make any concessions, and negotiations were declared off. The packers are importing nonunion men, and the usual strike phenomena of riots and bloodshed have resulted. In the portions of the country supplied by the packers, the prices of meat have soared, and the public is, perforce, learning the advantages of a vegetarian diet.



WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

John Bull—Oi say, Sam, the beggar is walking off with me ships, doncherknow.

Uncle Sam—Ya-s, b'gosh; and it's my goods that are in your ships.

From the Spokesman-Review.

Slocum Disaster: the Aftermath shirking of duty in fixing the blame for the terrible Slocum disaster. The coroner's jury—upon whom fell the trying duties of the investigation—acted with no

uncertainty, and their report is a rigorous accusation of all the officials connected with the affair. The president, secretary and the board of directors of the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company are found guilty of criminal negligence in failing to see that proper fire-fighting and lifesaving appliances were installed. captain of the vessel is held criminally responsible for the accident. The commodore of the fleet is also held accountable. and the mate of the Slocum is accused of cowardice. In addition, Henry Sundberg, the government inspector, is held for incompetence and carelessness in the performance of his duties. Because of the greater scope of the federal laws, it was agreed that the federal courts should handle the matter. The men were all arrested, but released on bail. The next step will be taken by the grand jury in securing the necessary indictments. Trial can not be reached before October.

The Sinking of With people still discussing the burning of the the Norge Slocum, the news of another marine casualty came as an added shock. On June 28, the Danish steamer Norge struck a reef off the coast of Scotland, and sank almost immediately. Of the 700 passengers and the crew of 80, but one boatload of 27 was saved. The passenger list was composed entirely of Norwegian, Danish, Swedish and Finnish immigrants to the United States. The illfated vessel was built with the customary water-tight bulkheads, designed to prevent just such an accident; but the connecting doors were left open, and the compartments were useless. It is thought that the Norge missed her reckoning, as she was out of her course when she ran upon the reef. Her engines were reversed, and she backed into deep water, only to go to the bottom.

Folk Nominated for Governor clean politics was that resulting in the nomination of Joseph W. Folk for Governor of Missouri on the Democratic ticket. As Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, Folk has smitten the boodlers, hip and thigh, and has earned the cordial enmity of the Missouri machine. In spite of this organized and unscrupulous opposition, he received

the unanimous vote of the convention. In his speech of acceptance, he declares open war upon the boodler, and no quarter. "If I am elected to a larger field of opportunity," he says, "I propose to make Missouri the most unhealthy place in all the land for corruptionists to operate in."

M. von Plehve, Russian Von Plehve Minister of the Interior. Assassinated met his death by the explosion of a bomb thrown by a Finn named Leglo. The minister was riding in his carriage in St. Petersburg when the assassination took place. Leglo was immediately captured. The explosion of the bomb was terrific, reducing the carriage to shreds and splinters, and horribly mangling the unfortunate occupant and his coachman. The deed is believed to be part of a plot of great magnitude, and many arrests are being made.

The persistent failure of Reform for Russian arms seems to be Russia arousing her rulers to the need of a remedy for internal troubles. One of the most radical reforms of the generation is that which, by imperial decree, abolishes the system of condemning without trial persons suspected of political Hereafter suspects of this class will be tried according to the regular processes of law. Other reform measures are those effecting the abolition of certain harsh forms of punishment, as the use of the knout and the cat-o'-nine-tails, and the supercession of military rule in rural districts by a newly organized police. Evidently the Czar is sincere in his intention to ameliorate the intolerable conditions which have prevailed in Russia.

Since his liberation, Ion Per-Morocco's dicaris, who was held captive Plight by the Moorish bandit, Raisuli, has taken an active interest in the affairs of Morocco. It appears that the country is in danger of serious disruption, if strong measures are not adopted. Mr. Perdicaris has gone to Paris to urge that the French government dispatch a commanding force at once to restore order. If France fails to do this, Perdicaris recommends that Raisuli be given authority to deal with the situation. Instead of being a common robber, Raisuli, according

to his late captive, is a man of culture and power, and the strongest man available to stem the tide of anarchy and brigandage which is threatening Morocco.

With the final release-Release of ment of Mrs. Maybrick Mrs. Maybrick from her long confinement, an international affair of considerable interest is brought to a close. Fifteen years ago, Mrs. Maybrick-an American girl, married to an elderly Englishman of wealth-was convicted of murdering her husband. The evidence was weak, and. by most people, Mrs. Maybrick was considered innocent. Every effort was made in her behalf, but resulted only in the commutation of her death penalty to a life imprisonment. Some time ago, she was put on guard in a convent, preparatory to her final release. She is now with her mother in France, and will shortly return to this country.



"Let ME at him!"
From the Tacoma Ledger.

Disappearance of Loomis

of Kent J. Loomis, brother of Francis

B. Loomis, Assistant Secretary of State.

Mr. Loomis was made the bearer of a trade treaty with King Menelik of Abyssinia, whither he was bound on the Kaiser Wilhelm III. He was much in evidence

during the voyage, but, on landing, he failed to appear, and his luggage was turned over to the United States Con-Some time later his dead body sulate. was found on the coast, with an ugly wound at the back of the head. greatly increases the mystery of the affair was the presence on the vessel of one W. H. Ellis, a Hawaiian or negro, of fabulous fortune. It is known that Ellis was en route to the court of Menelik, with whom he was very friendly. According to Ellis' assertions, the Abyssinian potentate was disposed to make him his successor, and that he was desirous of serving as the bearer of the treaty. The matter is being sifted by the authorities, but is vet veiled in mystery.

In the death, in his seventy-Oom Paul ninth year, of Paul Kruger, Dead once President of the Transvaal Republic, the world loses one of its most picturesque figures. His life is indissolubly linked with the Boer people, and his biography would almost constitute a history of the Transvaal, so closely were the two connected. He played a conspicuous part in the struggle to wrest a free home from the hostile tribes of the wilderness, and was elected president of the Transvaal in 1882. The part he played in the Boer-British war is too well known to need rehearsal. Despite his many faults, Paul Kruger had the qualities of greatness: heroism, and exalted unselfishness, patriotism of the highest kind, and the ability to sacrifice himself utterly for the cause to which he was devoted. He died in Switzerland, but will be buried, at his own request, in the Transvaal.

After a two weeks Death of "Golden Rule" Jones illness, Mayor Samuel M. Jones, of Mr. Jones has Toledo, died July 12. become famous through his introduction into business of the "Golden Rule." factory was managed most successfully on this basis. In 1897 he was elected Mayor of Toledo on the Republican ticket. His radical socialism prevented his renomination in 1899, but he ran on an independent ticket, and was overwhelmingly elected. He was greatly beloved, and his death has awakened universal regret.

Over a year ago, the Investigation of Agricultural Depart-Food Preservatives ment instituted a thorough investigation of the effects of food preservatives, such as borax, salicylic acid, etc., upon the human system. This was undertaken as a result of Germany's action in excluding certain of our exports, especially tinned meats, and also to guide our government in its policy toward imported food products. A number of men were fed upon the foods in question and careful note taken of the effects. "poison squad," as the subjects were known, were bound to eat no other food. and were also kept in ignorance of the true nature of the food they were eating. The results prove conclusively that borax and similar preservatives are more or less injurious. The digestion and appetite are affected and loss of weight ensues. The report concludes that the free use of such preservatives is not desirable, and that, at any rate, the quantity and character of the preservative should be plainly indicated.

Most deplorable is the van-Vandalism at dalism which resulted in St. Louis the partial destruction of Santos Dumont's air ship with which he purposed to compete at the World's Fair. In spite of the constant guard maintained over it, the baloon attached to his machine was so cut as to render its use impossible. The police were unable to find any clue as to the perpetrator of the deed, but charged the inventor himself with destroying his vessel to avoid participating in the race. The charge, of course, was utterly without substantiation. Santos Dumont left almost immediately for Paris, with the expressed intention of repairing his baloon and returning in time for the contest. Since his arrival, he has declared that he will not return. Vandal hands also attacked the great organ in Festival Hall, ripping a hole in the secondary bellows, but not greatly impairing the use of the organ.

Largest Vessel in The World So rapid are the advances made in shipbuilding that the right to be called the "largest vessel in the world" does not lie very long with one

But the vessel which, to-day, is ship. undoubtedly entitled to the superlative is the new White Star liner, the Baltic, which recently entered New York harbor after her maiden voyage. The Baltic measures 725 feet in length; beam, 75 feet. Her extreme displacement is 40,000 tons, and her engines are capable of developing 26,000 horse power, making possible a sustained speed of 17 knots an hour. Especial emphasis—in these days of marine disasters—is placed on the life-saving equipment, which is most complete, consisting of 26 boats, with a total capacity of 1,372 persons.

Victory for American College Athletes

In the annual meet between field and track

the athletes of Harvard and Yale, representing America, and Oxford and Cambridge, representing England, held at West Kensington, England, the Americans were successful in six out of nine events, winning the meet. The two-mile, one-mile and half-mile runs went to the Englishmen, while the hundred-yard dash, the four hundred forty-yard run, the hurdles, the high jump, the broad jump and the hammer throw, were won by the Ameri-From this record it would appear cans. Americans possess greater strength and speed, while the Englishmen develop greater endurance. This is the third international meet, in which the Americans have been twice victorious.

In the college of liberal New Idea in arts of Northwestern University 100 new scholar-Scholarships ships have been established, the requirements for which are unusual. The beneficiary must not only possess a certain amount of "book learning," but he must give promise of superior achievement or fitness for public service. "Force of character," says President James, "powers of leadership, qualities of manhood, physical vigor, etc., will all be considered in the selection of students, who will be chosen from a list submitted by the faculties of high schools and academies." This idea of fitness was introduced by Cecil Rhodes in his Oxford scholarships.



So long as there is government enforced on all by a so-called majority, there will be a robbery of the many for the benefit of the few. Only the few really exercise the power of government.

The Congressional Committee of Marine

THIS committee is evidently collecting excuses to pass a ship subsidy bill. Why not? If taxpayers' money is given to steel makers, glass makers, sugar makers, and other makers, why not to ship makers? Why not also encourage the raising of camels in Arizona? It is not that there is lack of ships in the world—nor lack of competition—American shippers now have the fleets of all nations bidding for cargoes. It is only because these ships do not fly American flags. Therefore the American farmer is to be taxed to enable wealthy gentlemen to have a bonus for building ships.

All restrictive economic laws are bad. The ship *Director* was sold some years ago and by a fool American law (which still lives) all Americans were forbidden to bid on her; that is, the law forbids any American to buy or own any ship built abroad. This wonderful law is to "encourage" American ship *yards*, not ship *owners*. Now ship owners must also be encouraged. Verily, the people are fools

and deserve to be swindled!

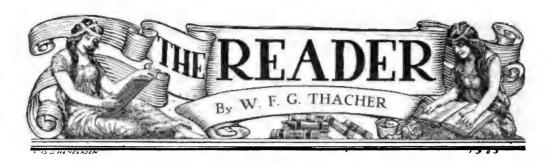
The farmer and the laborer pay all bills. Yet their votes elect the representatives who vote for the "graft." Disguise it as you will, every "protection," every "subsidy," every "aid," is a "graft." The plain people pay the bills.

Colorado

THE whole civilized world is against Governor Peabody. The London papers speak of Colorado as worse than Russia—the thoughtful press everywhere is aghast at such violent disregard of all the sacred principles of Anglo-Saxon liberty, so Governor Peabody is explaining—and the explanation is unsatisfactory and dishonest. He states that the failure of the legislature to pass an eight-hour law was not the cause of the strike, as the strike was called six weeks before the legislature adjourned. Yet he knows, none better, that the strike was called only because it was plain to all men that the legislature did not intend to pass such a law, as commanded by the constitutional amendment, and it did not pass such a law. The strike was a protest to the legislature. No local riot or personal crime ever excuses or can excuse the violation of the constitutional rights of citizens by the executive sworn to respect them. Governor Peabody is a dead man in American politics forever.

The Assassination of Von Plehve

MANY respectable papers in London and New York come very near excusing the assassination of Von Plehve as a defense of its liberties by weak Finland. It remains for "Liberty," the organ of philosophical anarchism, to point out that force is always wrong against a peaceable person, and always injures the cause which invokes it.



A review of current books and an opinion of their merits

Better than any living man Stewart Ed ward White knows the great wilderness. To him the trackless waste is a sentient thing. He knows its ways, responds to its feelings, sympathizes with it, loves it. Best of all, he has the art of interpreting it. While the human element in "The Silent Places" is by no means lacking, it is untamed nature that plays the dominant part. The wild is not merely a background, a setting, but a vital factor in the story.

The narrative is singularly simple, yet with a quality of epic greatness. It recounts the heroic struggle of two men with the savage forces of the elements. On that long, bitter pursuit race into the icy fastnesses of the north, the reader follows, as if into a different world. It is all so real!—and yet so apart from all ordinary experiences of life. It holds you in a thrall of breathless suspense, and haunts you for days after you have put the book aside.

Sentiment, in the accepted sense, is missing—but not missed. In its stead is the great love of a red-skinned forest maiden for one of the white men. Pathetic, appealing, almost tragic, it yet forms a vital and fitting part in this eloquent and memorable story of elemental things.

(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

There seems to be no limit to the number of variations that can be rung on the theme of mistaken identity. It would be a safe conjecture that one novel out of every twenty is developed from this idea. The most recent addition to the list is

"Anna, the Adventuress," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It is a story of Bohemian atmosphere, with the scenes in Paris and London. Two sisters, remarkably alike in appearance, but decidedly dissimilar in nature, are the chief characters, and the complications that arise Anna, The from the confusion of their Adventuress identities are wildly exciting, to put it mildly. It is the kind of book every chapter of which creates an irresistible impulse to read the next one. The swiftly shifting situations, the rapid transitions of scene, and the liberal use of sensational incidents keep the interest of the narrative up to the keenest pitch, nor is there any lapse in the high tension. Bizarre, it certainly is, and, at times, trenching on the risque; yet to the average novel reader, its ingenious plot, its nervous action, and its cleverly concealed denouement will more than repay a read-

(Little, Brown & Co.)

It is no easy matter to present a narrative logically and coherently, by means of a series of letters; yet this is what Beu-Marie Dix has accomplished in "Blount of Breckenhow," and has proved herself an expert craftsman in the performance. Without let or hindrance the story is unfolded, laying instant claim to the reader's attention, gathering force and swiftness as it moves onward, and carrying evenly and strongly to the end. All this is done without sacrificing the epistolary nature of the narrative. There are letters. long and short, Blount of grave and gay, indited by Breckenhow many different hands, and each one contributing its share to the development of the story. The individuality of each writer is discernible in the style and character of his letters, and the relations of the persons of the story are clearly set forth without editor's notes.

It is a sad tale: that of James Blount, and one that appeals powerfully to the sympathies. Yet it leaves no smart, for its ending, though sorrowful enough, is peaceful, and the reader's feelings are spared that final twinge. Blount was scurvily misused by fate, 'tis true, and sacrificed everything for a love he deemed hopeless; yet he died "with the light upon his face," happy at last in the possession of that love. A hero of finest mold was James Blount.

(The McMillan Co.)



Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, author of "The Penobscot Man."

A story as a story is no better because it is true; but as a transcription of life, shedding light upon the character and experiences of men, reality gives it an appreciated value. In "The Penobscot Man," Fannie Hardy Eckstorm—pleasantly remembered for her bird-book—has given us a collection of stories of the Maine river

men. With a loyal hand she has chronicled some of the deeds which exalted to heroism those lives of toil and hardship. Without idealization she has recorded them, but in the honest colors of reality; and these tales assume for us a new significance because their characters actually lived and breathed, and because these deeds of truest courage were performed without a thought of their heroism, without a suspicion that they were to be set forth in printed page.

The author knows well of what she writes, and her work is endowed with finest sympathy, and the full understanding of long familiarity. Her stories

The Penobscot Man

have that revealing, spiritual quality, so that the reader sees not only the deed, but the soul of the man who does it. The inner and the outer life are both made manifest.

Although the author modestly disclaims any art in the telling, we must beg to disagree. To the narrator who seeks to mold his story into perfect form, facts are hampering things; yet each one of the tales in this little volume has a proportion and a finish that leaves little to be desired.

(\$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The life of Frederic William Farrar, sometime Dean of Canterbury, and probably one of the three greatest churchmen of his age, edited by his son, Reginald Farrar, is a monument of loving memory to a great and good man.

to a great and good man.
As a biography, however, it is disappointing. Smoothly conventional, it chronicles the external incidents of a rather placid existence, with hardly a glimpse into the intimate life, which would reveal the real man, under the robes of the churchman.

However, the account is comprehensive, minute and reliable, and supplied with many letters which are illuminative and of decided value.

(T. Y. Crowell & Co.)



A Page from the Cynic's Notebook-

Tell a girl she is pretty, you may win her approval; tell her her rival is ugly, you will win her eternal gratitude.

To win a girl, a man must excite her curiosity, command her admiration, arouse her interest, and then—make her cry.

A man's capacity for falling in love is like the phenomena of electrical discharge in a thunderstorm: it accumulates until it reaches a certain degree, and then strikes the nearest available object.

The best part of a man's manliness is his boyishness; the best part of a girl's girlishness is her womanliness.

There is a peculiar variety of girls whose preference for a man is always manifested by extreme ill usage.



"Dressed to Kill."

Down Where the Weinerwurst Grows

Mama sent John to the butcher's;

Sad to say, he never came back (no flowers):

Since that day the family

Have never been able to eat sausage. Selah!

Good Advice-

We notice that General Ma is threatening Kouropatkin's rear.

Put a shingle in the loose part of your trousers, Koury. It'll save trouble.

Editorial Troubles-

The "Devil"-The foreman says we can't set any more of these war dispatches.

The "Old Man"—Can't! Why not?

The "Devil"—No more ski's in the font.

The Hobo's Complaint-

Rusty Ronald (throwing down a copy of Pudge with an expression of disgust)— This 'ere Roosh'n war makes me sick.

Dusty Donald—What d'you care?

Rusty Ronald-Why, since the war broke out, us fellers don't get half the space in the comics that we used to.

The Saddest Words-

Onct I read some po'try (I like it now and then), Which said the saddest words Are these: It might have been.

That poet-fellar's wrong, Which I think you'll admit. The saddest words are these: (Confound 'em)! "Please remit."



Unsophisticated Man-

They were on the piazza and the moon

was their only light.

"Did you know," she was saying, "that the Smythe girl was married last Wednesday?"

"Yes," he replied, reaching for her

hand.

"And Ethel, my chum, is engaged. And I—"

"You-"

"I am to be-"

"What?"

"A bridesmaid."

"Wouldn't you prefer being a bride?"

"Oh, James!"

And the foolish fellow actually believed that he had proposed without assistance.

"Mother Goose" Indicted-

"Maria," began Mr. Crusty, "don't read those 'Mother Goose' verses to the children."

"But why not, Henry," asked his obe-

dient spouse.

"They are positively text-books of crime. They inculcate criminal instincts in the infantile mind."

"Nonsense, Henry! 'Mother Goose' has

been read to youngsters for years and

years."

"Yes," replied Mr. Crusty, "and that accounts for the increase in wickedness dur-Remember the ing the last century. motto: 'The tree grows as the twig is bent.' Children have gained knowledge from 'Mother Goose' that they should not have until they have arrived at an age to distinguish right from wrong. To my mind, and I have given the subject deep thought, the evil dispositions and tendency to wickedness which children have are directly traceable to the time they had the vicious lessons of 'Mother Goose' read to them. And, Maria, think of it! These lessons in crime have been inculcated by the mothers."

"Why, Henry, you can not show a single instance of wicked example in the fa-

miliar lines of 'Mother Goose.'"

"Can't I!" exclaimed Mr. Crusty. "Just think a moment for yourself. There is Tom, the piper's son, who stole a pig; the cat that ran away with the pudding string; the elopement of dish and the spoon; goosey gander, who threw an old man down stairs; there was a man and he had naught and robbers came to rob him; the case of the boy throwing the cat in the well; the instance of the lady who rode the dapple gray pony so cruelly; cooking blackbirds alive in a pie. These are but a few which I recall just now, but if you will scan the book you will discover dozens of cases where cruelty, theft, falsehood and other bad habits are invested in the heroes and heroines of 'Mother Goose.' The book should be suppressed."

"Henry!"

"Well, Maria?"

"Doesn't your supper agree with you?"

Consistent

"Is Grouchy much of a kicker?"

"I should say he is! Why, in winter he plays football and in summer he is signed with the baseball team just to intimidate the umpire."





Devoted to the energy, enthusiasm, growth, progress and development of the great Northwest

Elbow Room-

Set out an orchard of apple trees ten feet apart, and you will have a very poor orchard. The trees will interfere with each other's growth; they will lack sunlight and moisture and the nourishment of the soil. Puny, branchless trees will result; many will die. You will get a tenth of a crop of a very poor quality of apples.

Set out your trees forty feet apart, and each one will thrive, without trespassing upon its neighbor. Each will attain a symmetrical growth, with a deep, wide

rootage, and broad low-spreading branches.

That's the way the Lord intended apple trees to grow.

This isn't a disquisition upon apple trees. It's an allegory.

Men are like apple trees—THEY NEED ROOM. The more room a man has the more he'll grow and expand and develop.

That is one of the chief charms of the Pacific Coast; we have lots of room.

"Room" is another way of saying "opportunity." There are opportunities everywhere, but there are more of them to the square mile on the Pacific Coast than any where else in the world. For the same amount of effort, a man can get greater returns here than any place else in the world. Why? The reason is simple. The resources are here, the raw material: wonderful, unguessed treasures of field and mine and stream. That doesn't mean that a man must be a farmer or a miner or a fisherman. These men take the raw material first, and pass it on to the miller, the manufacturer, the merchant, the lawyer. When they prosper, everybody prospers.

That's the first reason: resources. The second is: elbow room. We aren't smothered to death with competition. There is room for all. No matter what your business, the Pacific Coast offers you an opportunity. It's a young, growing, uncrowded country, whose greatest need is men. And there's lots of elbow room.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition-

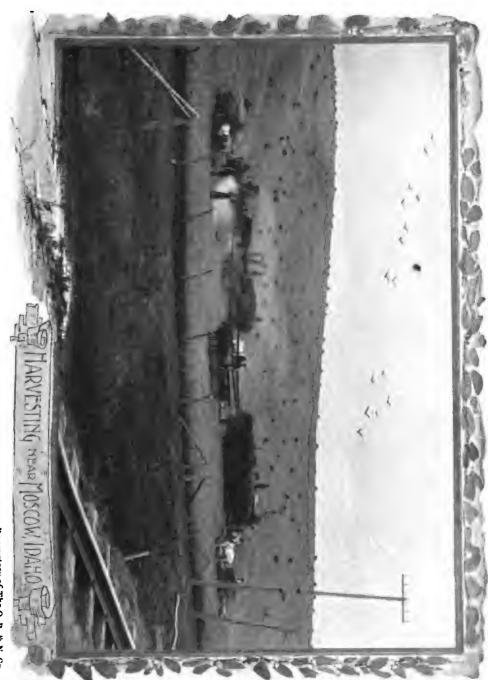
As the work on the grounds and buildings of the Lewis and Clark Exposition grows apace, the great Fair becomes more a reality in the minds of those who are observing its progress. There is something very real and substantial about the great structures, so rapidly taking form, in which the Exposition is to be housed. The sense of vagueness is lost before this manifestation of reality.

The Fair is a fact. The scoffings of the incredulous are hushed. There remains no room for doubt. To any one who has recently visited the site and observed the beautifully graded grounds and gardens, the massive buildings, all under roof, and

the signs of activity in every direction, the Fair is already an assured success.

The only thing that can turn this anticipated triumph to a failure will be a lack of attendance. No matter how great the Exposition may be, if visitors are not attracted, its success will be defeated. The great question is, Will the people come?

The Portland Oregonian says that the grounds on which we expect visitors from the East are not at all those depended on at St. Louis—supremacy in magnitude of plan or of display. We do hope for a moderate attendance on the part of those who will come to see what we can do and to visit this part of the country for its own sake; but the bulk of our attendance



Hy courtesy of The O. R. & N. Co.

will be from Oregon and her neighbors, between the Pacific and the Rockies, between Alaska and South America. Therefore the great problem is, how to make the Exposition attractive to our own people; and its solution is largely a process of selection exercised at St. Louis. President Elliot's advice is worth while, for he is in a position to know what has proved attractive there.

It is fortunate that Director-General Goode is now making a study of conditions at St. Louis, and that Colonel Dosch, whose judgment on exhibits will be largely relied upon, is there all the time and devoting himself to separating the wheat from the chaff. He thinks that about seventy-five per cent of the exhibits at St. Louis are better away from here than on hand. He hopes to get the desirable twenty-five per cent and add to them

others equally attractive.

The supreme desideratum at the Lewis and Clark Fair is a collection of buildings. electric displays, exhibits and entertainments that will draw our own people thither irresistibly again and again. Hence we want from St. Louis, if we can get them, those attractions which are always thronged with sightseers and to which the pilgrim returns to renew impressions of wonder and delight. There are paintings in the Fine Arts building to which the iaded traveler repairs again and again whenever he is in their vicinity. There are Florentine marbles in the Manufactures building which would draw many to the Lewis and Clark grounds for a second visit with their chaste and poetic beauty if they were the only attraction there. But not to discriminate, for inclinations are various, the St. Louis Fair is in reality Oregon's great opportunity; and for an Exposition of our size and scope and expected attendance, the fresh experience at St. Louis puts us on a far more advantageous footing than if we were taking up the matter more in the dark without these trustworthy guides.

Wheat Growing vs. Diversified Farming

Not many years ago, nearly all of the arable land of the Pacific Coast—or at least, of the Northwest— was sown to wheat. The acreage was so vast that, no

mater how small the returns per acre, the income was princely. Wheat required less fitting than most crops; there was less trouble in handling it; and the market was certain. The land was new and year after year produced immense crops without signs of exhaustion.

These conditions still hold, but in a diminished degree. The wheat king still reigns, but his ascendency is waning. Vast areas of government or railroad lands are no longer to be had for a nominal price; the great wheat fields of a decade ago are beginning to show signs of exhaustion; and the farmer, through force of necessity.

is turning to other crops.

At first blush this change might be reckoned a hardship, but this is not true. A country where diversified farming prevails is always far more prosperous than one in which wheat-or any other one crop-is produced. A great wheat farm, that might support one man in affluence. when cut up into small tracts, will support fifty or a hundred men in comfort. And it stands to reason that fifty or a hundred small farmers will bring far more business to the district they inhabit than one big farmer. An acre of land sown to wheat may yield its owner a net return of five dollars, maybe more, probably less, while an acre cultivated for diversified products will yield twice, thrice or many times that amount. Then, too, diversified farming is much better for the land. Continuous crops of wheat sap the vitality of the land, without putting anything back. Alternated with clover, the fertility of the land is maintained. A scientific rotation of crops will not only perpetuate the productivity of the soil, but will increase it.

Thus, in all ways, diversified farming is better for the country where it is practiced. It means a greater population; it means greater returns per acre; it means the maintenance of the soil's fertility. The most prosperous districts in the world are those where the small farmer tills the soil.

The wheat king is doomed. Inevitably his broad acres will be broken up into small fields. He is a picturesque figure, but concentration and competition will not stay their march for him. It is evolutionary, inevitable.



It Wasn't New York.

A gentleman who had occasion to go to an inland New England village ten miles from a railroad was met at the station by an old fellow who looked as if he might have just awakened after a Rip Vankle sleep. His horse and buggy were in keeping with their owner's ancient appearance.

"Here we air at last," said the driver, when they finally came to three houses and

a blacksmith's shop.

"This isn't much of a place, is it?" said the depressed stranger, looking around.

"Oh, you don't see all o' it from here," was the reply. "Thar's two more houses over behind that hill thar, an' a cooper's shop jest around that bend in the road thar. Come to bunch 'em all together an' it's consid'able o' a place—but o' course it ain't New York."—May Woman's Home Companion.

Canard Disproved.

The Kentucky delegation is assembled in the corridor of the Wadditorium hotel, when a facetious Michigander seeks to make merry at their expense. Calling to a passing bell boy, he says:

"I suppose you have been kept pretty busy since all these Kentuckians came to the

house?"

"No busier than usual, sir."

"Why, don't they keep you rushing every morning bringing drinks to their rooms when they get up?"

"No, sir," replies the boy courteously, while the Kentuckians smile approvingly.

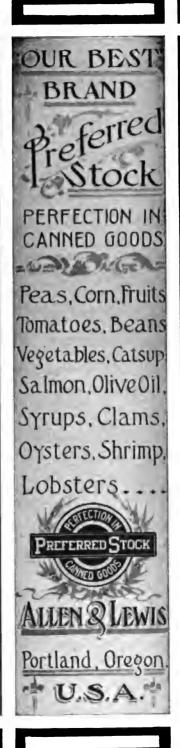
"You don't mean to say that they don't drink?" asks the Michigander.
"No, sir. They don't go to bed."—Judge.

A Small Matter.

French maid (to inquiring friend)—"Oui, madame is ill, but ze doctor haf pronounce it something very trifling, very small."

Friend—"Oh, I am so relieved, for I was real anxious. What does the doctor say the trouble is?"

French maid—"Let me recall. It was something very leetle. Oh, oui, I have it now! Madame has ze smallpox."—May Woman's Home Companion.



Helpful Hints.

The anxious mother rings up what she thinks is the day nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. She asks the central for the "nursery," and is given Mr. Gotfriend Gluber, the florist and tree dealer. The following conversation ensues:

"I called up the nursery. Is this the nur-

sery ?''
''Yes, ma'am.''

"I am so worried about my little Rose."

"Vat seems to be der madder?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a general listlessness and lack of life."

'Ain'd growing righd, eh?''

"No, sir."

"Vell, I dell you vat you do. You dake der skissors und cut off apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und''-

"Wha-a-at?"

"I say, dake der skissors und cut off apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und den turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der morning",-

"Wha-a-at?"

"Turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der morning, und den pile a lot ohf plack dirt all arount, und sprinkle mit in-segt powter all ofer der top''—

"Sir-r-r9"

"Shprinkle mit insegt powter all ofer der top. You know usually id is noddings but pugs dot''-

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such language?",

"Noddings but pugs dot chenerally causes der troubles; und den you vant to vash der rose mit a liquid breparations I haf for sale,,_

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"
"Gottfried Gluber, der florists."

"O-o-oh!" weakly. "Good-bye!"-Judge.

A Bad Break.

At last Mrs. Newlywed rose to her feet at the annual business meeting of the Very-Best-

Society Club.

"Nominations for the presidency being in order," she said, "I propose the name of Mrs. Tenderfeelings. It is the opinion of a majority of us here that she is the only member capable of filling our retiring president's shoes.''
Mrs. Tenderfeelings sprang up hastily, her

eyes blazing.

"You horrid, hateful thing!" she exclaimed, "when you know as well as I do that she wears three sizes larger than I do. and always has! I won't have your old nomination-so there, now!"-Judge.

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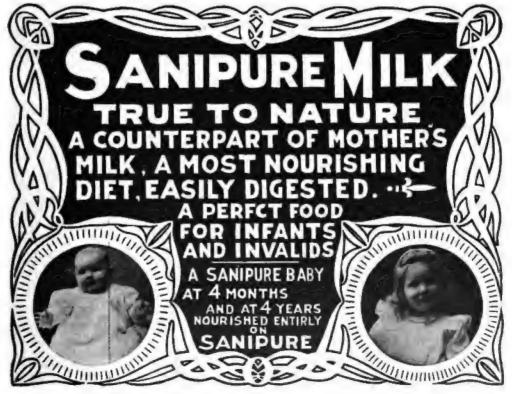
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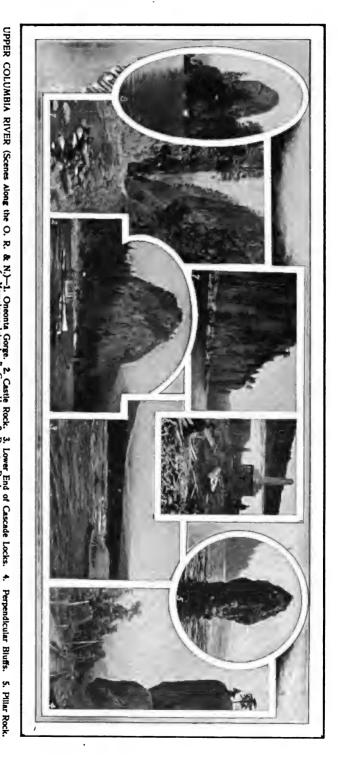
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and vine, race over verdure-clad walls of rock.

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For the magazine proper, short love stories, of from 500 to 3,000 words and short, crisp articles with clear photographs are especially wanted.

A new department, "Optimism," will soon be started in The Pacific Monthly. For this department we want any thing on the brighter side of life: anecdotes, short talks, experiences, etc., etc., that will tend to show the value of optimism.

The Magazine has a place for industrial articles relating especially to the Pacific Coast. The text must be crisp and exceptionally interesting and must show up the subject in a new and striking light. No industrial article will be accepted without first-class photographs.

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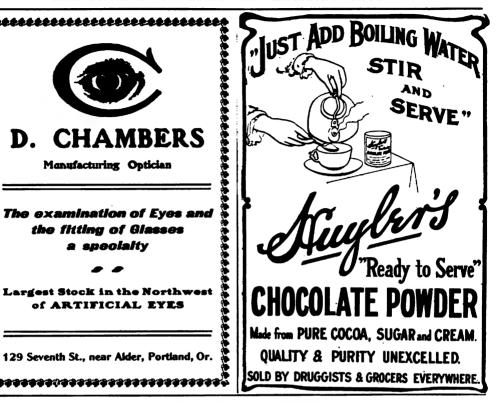
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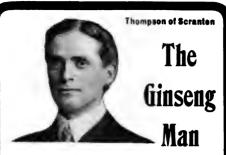
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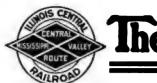
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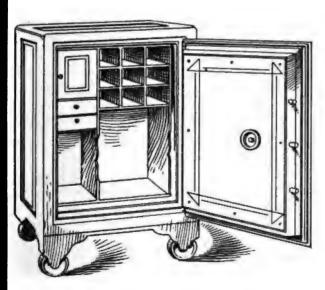
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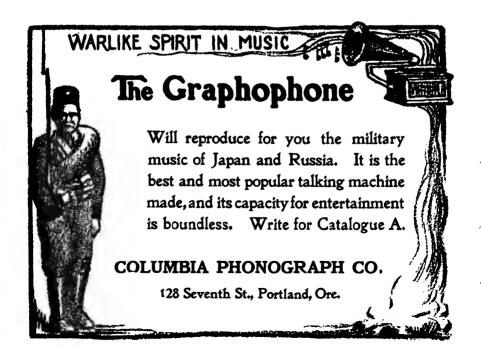
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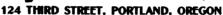
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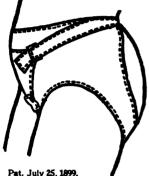
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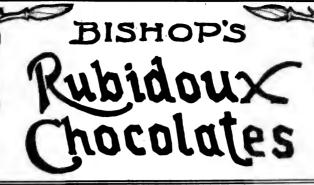
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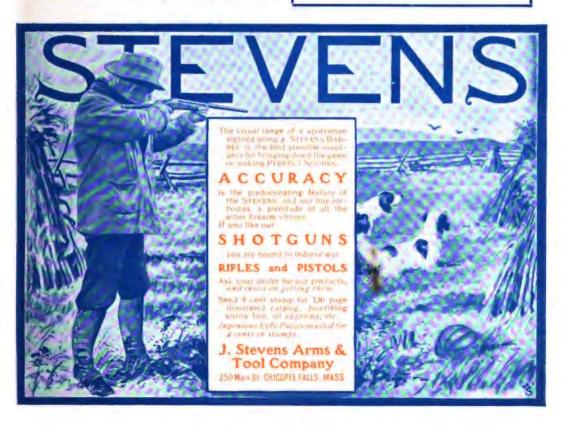
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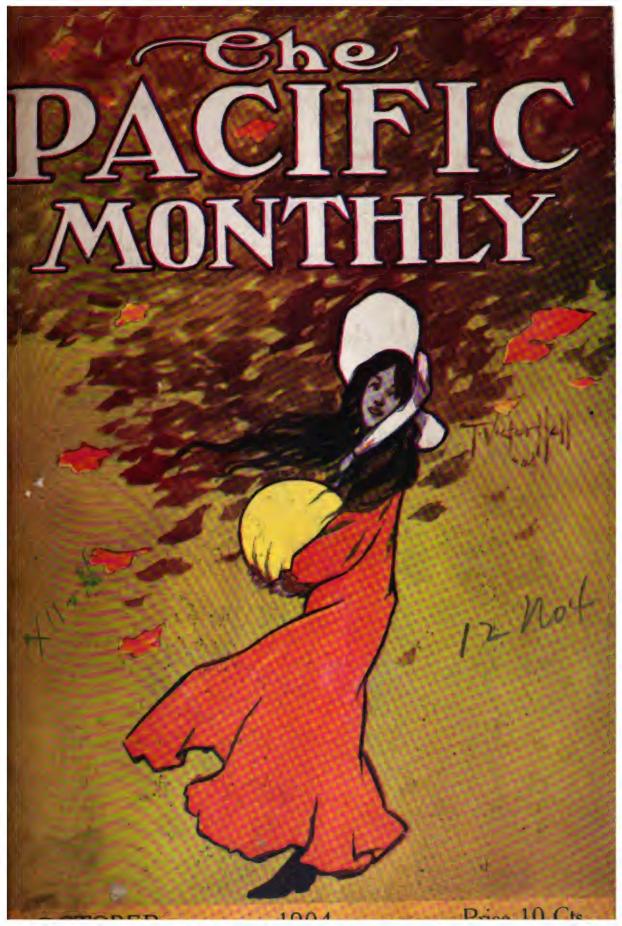
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THE TEPEES-UMATILIA RESERVATION.
Second in the series of Indian pictures begun in the September number.

Photo by Major Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton, Or.



Volume XII

OCTOBER, 1904

Number 4

PEOPLE—PLACES—THINGS

Woman Tennis Champion

T was by no mere chance that Miss May Sutton won the woman's lawn tennis championship of the United States. She earned her honors fairly by defeating the previous champion, Miss Elizabeth Moore, in straight sets, and her other records prove beyond a doubt that she is the best tennis player of her sex in the United States. She is a California girl, her home being in Pasadena, and she is but seventeen years old. It is a remarkable fact that Miss Sutton has never lost but one set in match play since she was twelve years old. She is one of five sisters, all tennis experts, and until her recent trip East, all her championship matches were fought out with members of her own family. With Miss Hall, also from Pasadena, Miss Sutton won the woman's doubles, and she is also the holder of the Western championship.

When Miss Sutton's youth, strength and ambition are considered, there is good probability that she will soon be the woman champion of the world.



Miss May Sutton, of Pasadena, California, winner of the woman's tennis championship for 1904.



Paul Morton, the newly appointed Secretary of the navy.

Courtesy of Sunset Magazine.

Paul Morton

It is not at all strange that President Roosevelt should choose to surround himself with men of his own type: young, clean-cut, vigorous men, whose ability has been proven; practical men of affairs; whose success in their chosen calling qualifies them for a larger undertaking. Such a man is Paul Morton, the new Secretary of the Navy.

Thirty years ago, a lad of sixteen, Paul Morton began work in the offices of the Burlington railroad, addressing envelopes. It was the old story: efficiency and industry rewarded by rapid advancement. At twenty-one, he was the assistant general freight agent of the same company. Before his appointment to the cabinet, he was second vice-president of the Santa Fe and Burlington systems—and one of the best known railroad men in the West.

Why should Paul Morton relinquish a congenial position, with a salary of \$25,000 a year, to take up a new line of work with an \$8,000 salary? To the initiated, the answer is not difficult. In the first place, Morton is a warm personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and would sacrifice much to serve him. In the second, it's in the blood, for J. Sterling Morton, the father, was Secretary of Agriculture under Cleveland. The son is



Tom DeLaney, Seattle's efficient chief of police, who has done much to rid the city of undesirable characters.

Photo by James and Bushnell.

proud of his father's record, and glad to follow the family precedent for public service.



Blockhouse at Fort Simcoe, built in 1850 by Major Garnet.



Mrs. M. H. de Young, of San Francisco, the only representative of the Pacific Coast on the Board of Lady Managers, the St. Louis Exposition.

He may be expected to perform the exacting duties of the new position with the same clear-headed efficiency, the same acute grasp of affairs, the same electric

energy which have contributed so greatly to his success in life. He believes in a greater navy and an improved consular service. And he doesn't know how to spell failure.

Seattle's Chief of Police

Through the honest policy of one man, there has been a complete revolution in police conditions in Seattle in the past few months. This improvement has been made in the face of the statement that, despite all efforts, Seattle could never be governed as anything but a wide-open town because it is a seaport. The reform has been accomplished by one man, whose only policy was to deal fairly with every one. This man is Tom DeLaney, Seattle's chief of police.

For eight years DeLaney was in the customs service and for nearly fourteen years chief of police at Port Townsend, which position gave him a peculiar insight into the crookedness of a coast town.

When DeLaney came into office, the city was full of crooks, criminals who were not allowed elsewhere, and those who protected them from the law. The police courts were corrupt, and in the department itself there existed petty jealousies so that it was practically disorganized. The policy of the new chief of police was, "I play no favorites," and his instructions



Cable ferry across the Weshkah River.



The three-million-dollar "Alaska" building, in Seattle, erected by men whose fortunes were made in the gold fields of Alaska. When completed, it will be one of the finest buildings on the Pacific Coast.



Victor H. Metcalf, of Oakland, California, who su reeds Cortelyou as the head of the Department of Labor and Commerce. Courtesy of Sunset Magazine.

to the department on coming into office, "Do your duty, and play no favorites."

DeLaney has made no radical changes in the department, removing only those who were convicted of crookedness. Soon after his accession to office a number of ward politicians who acted as "fixers," that is, squared matters between the department and crooks who lived and operated in the city, were arrested and prosecuted in the courts under the state vagrancy law, which provides that no man can live in the state, suspected of crookedness, regardless of the amount of money

nalia confiscated as evidence for the prosecution.

Countless similar cases illustrate the policy of the new chief. In his fight against crime he has had the backing of Mayor Ballinger and has gradually secured that of the rest of the city administration. The newspapers of Seattle have waged an important part in the war against crime, but, after all, it is to the innate honesty and courage of the man alone that the clean condition of the city is due.



The oldest house in America, located at St. Augustine, Florida. Built in 1564 by the monks of St. Francis.

he possesses. This led to the wholesale emigration of crooks from the city.

A good example of DeLaney's work is the case of the poolrooms. When the chief ordered them closed the proprietors notified the police that they would appeal their cases to a higher court and reopen next day as they had been accustomed to doing in similar circumstances heretofore. DeLaney sent back a message that they would again be closed and their parapher-

Victor H. Metcalf

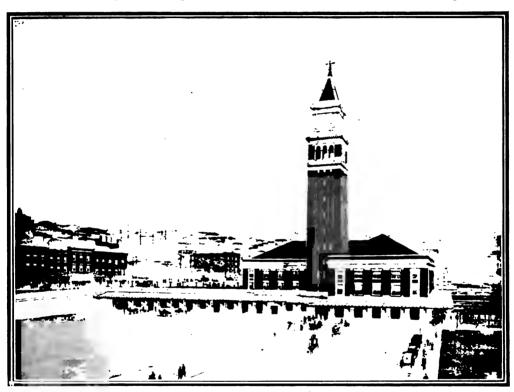
When George Bruce Cortelyou, first secretary of the newly created Department of Commerce and Labor, was chosen to manage President Roosevelt's campaign, Victor H. Metcalf was selected as his successor. The appointment was particularly gratifying to the people of the Pacific Coast states, for Mr. Metcalf is a Californian, and the only representative

of that section in the cabinet.

Previous to his entrance into public life, Mr. Metcalf practiced law in Oakland, California, whither he came, soon after graduating from the Yale law school. For more than twenty years he pursued the even tenor of his way, building up a remunerative practice, attending strictly to his business as an American citizen, and establishing an inviolate reputation for highest probity. Then he was elected to the fifty-sixth congress on the

and capital. Those who know him believe that he is competent, even for so trying a position.

The new member of the cabinet is of the open-air type, athletic, a sportsman, with a fondness for every kind of game. He is a crack shot, an excellent swimmer and his erect figure and firm bearing are evidence of his athletic proclivities. His home life, whether at Oakland or at "The Roost"—the hunting lodge— is ideal. He has two fine sons—one at Annapolis, one



Seattle's magnificent new railroad station. Being built by the Great Northern Railroad, but will be used as a union depot.

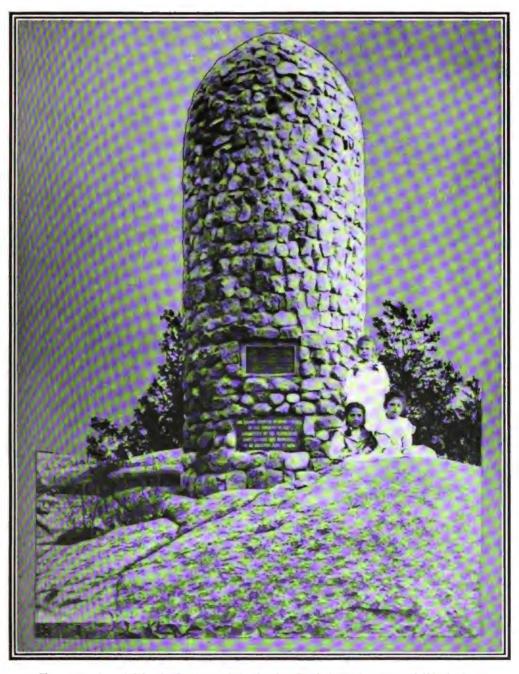
Republican ticket, and has served as a member of the House of Representatives ever since. As an energetic and efficient man, he has won his way in the house, and, in his second term, was appointed to the important committee on ways and means—a signal honor for so new a man.

In his new position, he has many perplexing problems to solve. Cortelyou has done little more than to organize the new department, and his successor must learn to handle the complicated machinery of his office. He must face the greatest question of modern times: that of the trusts, and the relations between labor

in business, and the grace and charm of his wife will not be eclipsed even in the brilliant light of Washington society.

Oldest House in America

It would be strange, indeed, if the oldest house in America was not a great curiosity. The landmark that is so recognized is located in St. Augustine, Florida, on a tiny, narrow thoroughfare near the center of the interesting old city. Its history tells that it was built in 1564 by the Monks of St. Francis. It is constructed of coquina, a combination of sea



The monument erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution to the memory of Abigail Adams, the mother and the wife of Presidents. The stones used in the cairn were brought from all parts of the world.

shells and mortar that is almost indestructible. This substance was quite plentiful in the vicinity of the early settlements about St. Augustine. It is of this material that the walls of the old city gate as well as the walls of Fort Marion are built, and these are in an excellent state of preservation. When Sir Francis Drake sacked and burned the town, this was the only house left standing in the path of destruction. As a remnant of the old regime, it is highly prized, especially ican woman crowns the summit of Penn's Hill near the City of Quincy, Mass. It is dedicated to Abigail Adams, wife and mother of a president, and bears a bronze tablet with the following inscription:

"From this spot, with her son, John Quincy Adams, then a boy of seven, by her side, Abigail Adams watched the smoke of burning Charlestown, while listening to the guns of Bunker Hill, Saturday, June 17, 1777. The Adams Chapter of Quincy, Mass., of the Society of



The "Tremont," one of the two largest freighters plying on the Pacific Ocean. She recently carried to the Orient the largest cargo ever borne by a Pacific Ocean steamship. The "Tremont" and the "Shawmut" will soon be surpassed in freight-carrying capacity by the new freighters which James Hill is building for the Oriental commerce.

as a cocoanut palm planted by the Monks still stands as a sentinel over the quaint old edifice.

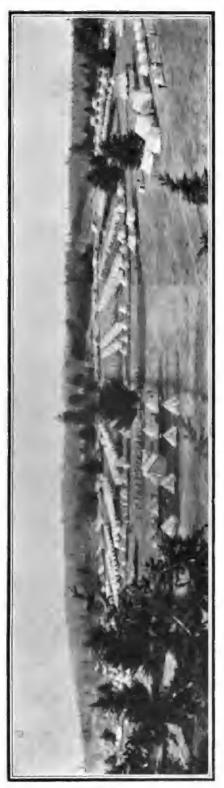
The Monument to Abigail Adams

While the American people have erected many monuments and statues to the memory of the great men who have helped to make the history of this country, they have been very dilatory in honoring their famous women in such fashion. One of the very few public monuments erected for the purpose of keeping green the memory of a noted Amer-

the Daughters of the Revolution, have caused this memorial to be erected June 17, 1876."

The monument is constructed in the form of a cairn, the material being stones of many sizes brought from all parts of the world. At the foot of the hill are two houses, one being the ancient dwelling where President Adams lived for years and the other the house where John Quincy Adams was born. Near by are the blue waters of the bay and the granite quarries of the famous and historic City of Quincy.

THE MILITARY MANEUVERS AT AMERICAN LAKE



An account of the recent "war games" in which the soldiers—regular and volunteer—of Oregon, Washington and Idaho took part

By General Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A. (Retired)

BRITISH peripatetic philosopher, who once honored The States with his presence, in giving the world the benefit of his observations, stated that Americans cared nothing for sports as recreations, but only cared for them when they involved a contest. He remarked further that they cared but little for political principles, only took the same kind of interest in an election as in a horse race.

As to the charges, we need only put in the plea in abatement, that they are no more true of us than of all other nationalities.

The interest now shown in military field maneuvers has its base in the universal interest taken in combative competition.

The military maneuvers at American Lake, in which the National Guardsmen of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and the regulars of the Department of Columbia bore a part, took the form of simulated warfare. Similar contests have been held in California, Ohio and other states, and on a large scale on the Bull Run battlefield, in Virginia.

The leading nations of Europe began to have military maneuvers of large bodies of troops fifty years ago, but it is only recently that the rules of Kriegspiel or of war games began to be applied to them in simulated campaigns. Originally the "Kriegspiel" was a classroom academic exercise. It was played on prepared maps with little blocks of wood, representing different divisions of infantry, cavalry or artillery. There were rules for the movements of these blocks. If not opposed, they could, in a given time, be moved a given distance over level or broken ground, or open or forest land. Under the rules, infantry and artillery fire was

al Corps, Twenty-sixth Battery, U. S. Field Artillery, one troop of U. S. Cavalry, Second ps, W. W. G. Independent Battery, Oregon Mational Guard, Troop of Oregon Estiery. Camp Stellacoom. At this camp were located the Tenth U. S. Infantry, I Regular Infantry, Washington National Guard, Co. A, B, Washington Cavalry, assumed to inflict a certain loss at different distances.

All this, of course, was a checkerboard strategy. Men of flesh and blood can not be moved around like chessmen. Heat, cold, storms, floods and innumerable natural obstructions render theoretical calculations of little value in actual warfare, and also in simulated warfare moral elements come in. There will be varying degrees of energy, endurance and of determination or discouragement. There will be different degrees of confi-

strength should occupy in close or open ground, and the time required for a deployment or change of front. A man of average intelligence can commit these statements to memory in a very short time, yet no one without practice can estimate the distances involved in the simplest field maneuver. Distances look so surprisingly different under differing conditions; whether, for instance, we estimate over land or water, over hills or plains, or by night or day, or in sunshing or fog. In estimating distances, the fire



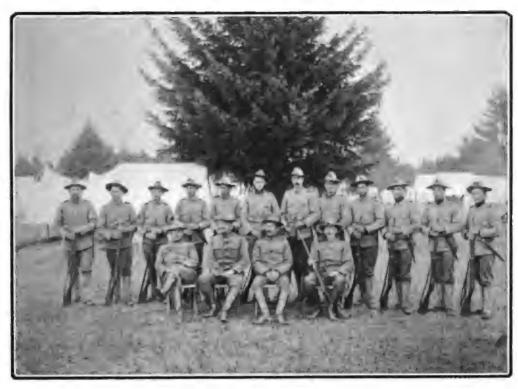
Capt. Hawthorne's battery in action. The Oregon battery was with Hawthorne in this engagement.

dence or mistrust in leaders. For these reasons it is evident that practical instruction is better than theory. Finally, in competitive maneuvers the natural desire to win adds greatly to the zeal and ambition of the contestants.

In civil life no one believes that business methods or mechanical excellence can be learned or acquired from books. Practice must supplement theory. This is just as true of the art military. Take an obvious example. Manuals of tactics state the space a brigade of a given

of an enemy is, of course, a very confusing factor. In calculating the time it may take to reach a given position, the condition of the roads or the character of the intervening country will have to be considered, and an absolute assurance can only be obtained by reconnoitering. What the enemy may do in the way of obstruction or opposition further complicates the problem. The object of field maneuvers is to make the problems given as nearly like those of actual warfare as possible.

Nothing seems simpler than marching



The champion shooting team—from the Second Washington Regulars—who won the contest between militia and regulars at American Lake, and were sent to Fort Riley, Kansas, to shoot for the National trophy. Officers seated are—from left to right—Capt. F. T. Leggett, Brig. Gen. James A. Drain, Capt. C. T. Dulin, First Lieut. J. M. Curry.



Company E-the sharpshooters of the Washington troops in the last engagement.



General Funston and staff. From left to right, the officers are: Brig. Gen. Frederick Funston, Maj. Robert R. Evans, Capt. Frank A. Grant, Maj. Rees, First Lieut. Burton J. Mitchell, First Lieut. Elwin C. Long, Maj. Rudolph G. Ebert.



Oregon battery on their way to the front.

a column along a road. Yet one officer will do it well and another poorly. One general will bring in his division after a long day's march fresh and full of fight. Another will bring it in hot, hungry, mad and discourged. All this comes from the fact that there are many things in campaigning which can not be learned out of books. Neither Army Regulations nor Manuals of Guard Duty give a commanding officer any suggestions as to selecting reliable men. Ten days' field service teaches a commander more about the char-

together in camps of instruction. This is particularly advantageous to the National Guardsmen, as it trains them in methods of mobilization and teaches them to provide for themselves in camp and on the march. Another most instructive feature of these field maneuvers is that it brings into co-operation all the branches of the service; the cavalry, artillery, the signal corps and engineers. No amount of drill in army and parade ground can give the object-lesson of combined maneuvers.



Gen. MacArthur and party reviewing the troops. MacArthur is the left one of the first two figures. At his right is Col. Foster, British attache.

acter and management of men than he can possibly learn in any other way. A study of history and text-books is not to be underrated; it is only urged that experience is a necessary supplement.

Since the enactment of what is known as the "Dick" law, it has been possible to give our state troops an up-to-date organization. With more liberal appropriations, they are now properly armed and equipped. Finally, the wise course has been adopted of bringing the state troops and the organizations of the regular army

As battles are now fought in extended order, it is indispensable to have wide fields for extended deployments. The Camp of Atascadero, in California, embraced an area of 22,000 acres. There were in this camp 5,000 men of all arms, and of these 2,100 were of the State Guard of California.

Where it is possible, maneuvers in semblance of warfare are carried on over miles of diversified country. This gives opportunity for ambuscades, strategems and surprises. That this may be carried out systematically and with as little friction as possible, a corps of umpires has to be organized. The officers detailed for this duty operate under a system of well-considered rules. They accompany each separate detachment of the contending forces, keeping in a book of printed forms records of every movement, the time they are firing or under fire, the kind of fire, the ammunition used, a statement of every location, the orders under which the command operated, and how they were carried out. It is upon the reports of

the maneuvers at American Lake by the Oregon and Washington regiments. In fact, the war veterans can be identified in all the regiments which take part in field exercises.

There can be no doubt that our citizen soldiers are benefited by the experience they gain in these camps of instruction. Nor will the taxpayers begrudge the expense. There is never much fault found with expenditures which go back directly to the people.

There may be some lovers of peace and



Reserves moving up to the front

these observers that the chief umpire makes his decisions and criticisms. Their reports are made upon the execution of such problems as the attack and defense of convoys and the attack and defense of outposts or of entrenched positions, contact of opposing forces and the like.

Since our Spanish War, and its corollary, the Philippine insurrection, our war maneuvers have been much more realistic. Our National Guard regiments, largely made up of veterans, deport themselves like trained soldiers. This was shown in concord who deprecate the effects of these warlike object-lessons in the nation. Napier asserts that Anglo-Saxons are warlike but not military. Americans are unmilitary, and can hardly be said to be warlike. We put up a stiff fight when we have to, yet certainly we are not of a belligerant disposition, and there is but little danger of our becoming so. The nation at large is well assured that the victories of peace are more renowned than those of war, and vastly more profitable.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF NANCY

The man and the maid—the separation—the secret of the rock pile—the reuniting

By Ina Wright Hanson

ONG, straight furrows, red as brick-dust, trailed across the side hill. At their end, but below, on comparatively level ground, was the olive orchard, each tree set symmetrically within its own circle of rock-bordered irrigating ditch.

Judson Barrows, resting a moment from his plowing, looked beyond the

orchard, and frowned.

"If it wasn't for that useless rock-pile!" "What in canopy is the he muttered. reason for an eighth of an acre of piled up stone, to say nothing of the ledge running clear across the ranch? A wicked waste, good neither for man nor beast!"

The young man's face was better to look upon when he smiled than when he frowned. The smile followed quickly, for, from behind the rocks-like the ruins of a giant's castle, white, and high, and in places moss-covered—from behind the rocks, and threading her way in and out among them, came Nancy, black-eyed, but with long hair the color of this strange Auburn soil; delicately slight, but beautifully curved-Nancy, charming combination of child and woman.

Halfway through the orchard, Judson met her, taking her outstretched hands, and smiling tenderly on her glowing eyes, and flaming cheeks.

"O Judson, guess! The most unlikely

thing in the world to happen!"

"I think my father must have struck it rich," he answered bitterly, "that's the most unlikely thing I can think of."

Two grievances had Judson: one, the eighth acre of rocky waste; the other, that his father spent his time with a mining pan on the American River, instead of helping him cultivate the soil, raise the mortgage, and educate a house full of vounger children. Two hopes, also, had Judson: one, to build an olive mill that, by the manufacture of oil, their income might be greater; the other. Nancy.

"Poor, patient old man!" said Nancy "No, it is not your father, but mine. He's come back, Judson! father! He's rich, too, and he's going to take me away with him to the city. Isn't it grand? Everything I have ever dreamed of come true. But best of all is my name, Jud. It was dreadful not to have any name but Nancy. Nancy Adair, that's it. Isn't it pretty?"

"I don't understand," said the young

man slowly, "your father-"

"Of course you don't, poor dear. will try to be sensible and explain. Fifteen years ago, a boy of twelve was standing at the Auburn Station, looking at the Overland train, when a man alighted. leading a little girl of four. The man went up to the boy, and asked him to look after the child till he came back. The man was my father, and he never came back till to-day; the boy was you, and the little girl-"

"The little girl was you, the sweetest child that ever brought sunshine to a house already filled with children," Judson interrupted, "well, he's left you all What's he come back for this time.

now?"

"He hated me because my birth caused my mother's death. He didn't want to see me ever; but now he's repented, and he's come back to care for me. He did wrong of course, but he's my father, Juddie."

"Of course he is," Judson growled.
"And he's rich," continued the girl, "rich! He says I am to be improved in every way, and when I get dressed up, I shall be a beauty. A beauty, Jud, think of it! A beauty with eyes like a Mexican's, and red hair!" Her laugh rang out merrily, but it brought no answering note from her companion.

"A beauty, shucks! As if you needed fine clothes to make you a beauty! You don't need any improvement. He'll spoil vou instead of improve you. Then he'll marry you to some—" wrath choked his utterance, and Nancy dug the toe of her little shoe into the red dirt.

"He says I am bound to make a fine marriage," she said hesitatingly, "but that's a long ways off. I wish you were glad about my good fortune. O yes, another thing he told me: that I could have a lot of money to spend as I like here. How much will it take for your olive mill, Jud?"

The young man drew himself up proudly. "Do you think I would take one cent of your money, child? Go out into the world and enjoy yourself if you can't be contented here. I thought you had always been happy here on the ranch. Haven't you, dear?"

The wistfulness of his voice and eyes choked her. "Yes, I was happy because I thought it was to be my life always; but now that I can go out into the world, and—be—improved, I think I want to go. I wish you wouldn't look so cross. I wish you were glad."

"Glad? Of course I am glad! O yes, I am raving glad!" He caught her suddenly in his arms. She shrank from his unwonted roughness, but his kiss was very tender.

"There, sweetheart, I have something which no man out there in the great, wide world where you are going, can take from me. Go, be happy and good as you are now," and Judson, grim-mouthed, and fierce-eyed, strode back to his horses.

"If he had asked me, I believe I should have stayed," she said, looking after him tearfully. Then her thoughts flew out into the great, wide world where she was to be improved, and her little feet, which Judson worshipped, took her swiftly back to her repentant father.

"It's tough," Judson muttered, loosening a strap here, and adjusting a buckle there, that his horses might be sure of comfort, "but I've no right to interfere. She's got her chance, and she shan't be tormented by me. Don't see much show for me now, but maybe, sometime—" and he resolutely resumed his plowing.

For five years Judson worked days to pay off the mortgage and to school the other children, and studied nights to keep pace with Nancy's improvement. For five years, he held doggedly to his purpose of not interfering with Nancy's chance; even when her letters came, he shut his eyes resolutely to the vein of sadness running through them.

She wrote enthusiastically of balls and dinners, of her beautiful dresses and her jewels; she wrote innocently of the fine people whom she had met, and Judson's frown grew black. Then, perhaps on the next page would be:

"I have tried to tell them how beautiful against the green is Auburn's red soil; but they can not understand how soil can be red, or being red, can be beautiful, so I have given up trying."

Or, "I fear I was not born to the purple. Yesterday I was so horribly homesick for a breath of pure mountain air, with the scent of daphne and sage and chaparral, that I cried. Papa went out and bought me more jewels. Poor papa, and poor, rich me!"

Or, "I dreamed of Auburn last night, and of the beautiful, white rock-pile which you hate and I love. Don't be cross at the dear, old, mossy things any more, Judson. Be glad that they are there for me to dream of."

It was this last letter of Nancy's which was troubling Judson as he walked briskly toward the orchard. He was wishing he had not put the dynamite in, and blown the rocks to pieces that morning. He was planning to use them for the foundation of his olive house, and was on his way then to survey the results of the explosion.

As he neared the pile, he exclaimed with astonishment. The tallest one still stood, as if defying the elements of destruction; but great pieces had been blown from it, and on the jagged sides of the giant rock, something caught the rays of the sun, and flashed them back.

The young man's face was white as he picked up a small piece. It was there, too, flecks of it all through the broken rock. Then the light died out of his eyes as he thought of what it might be—only "fools' gold," strewn abroad by the devil to make men curse God and die!

From the other side of the orchard, his father was coming. Grizzled and bent, his eyes on the ground, as if always searching for the precious substance, his miner's pan under his arm, the old man was starting on his daily trip to the river.

For perhaps the first time, Judson felt a great pity for this bent, old man, always disappointed, and never losing hope. He felt something of respect, too, for his father would know—one electrical moment, then the miner's shout rose to heaven.

"Gold-bearing quartz, as I'm a sinner! Why, boy, there's thousands of dollars in these busted rocks. Likely it goes clean through the hull ledge. Boy, we're rich! rich! rich!"

The old man fell upon the priceless fragments, sobbing like a child; but Judson stood with his face toward the west, and his strong, right hand inside his checkered shirt where lay Nancy's last letter.

Two hours after Judson Barrows reached San Francisco he was ringing the bell at Nancy's father's house. As Nancy was passing through the hall, she opened the door herself—Nancy, whose trailing gown was the color of his own olive trees, whose wealth of hair was the hue of his native soil, and whose great, black eyes glowed with joyful surprise—Nancy, a beauty, as she had said she was to be.

It was not Judson's way to lose time. "Nancy, I have come to take you home. Will you marry me?" he asked, as he followed her into the parlor.

A flippant answer was on her tongue, but his grave eyes silenced it.

"I have always loved you," he said

simply.

"You have taken plenty of time"—her voice was dangerously calm—"were you so sure of me that you thought I would wait for you years?"

"No, I was not sure at all—except—sometimes. Sometimes I felt as if you belonged to me, and I was certain to get my own. I was waiting to give you your chance. That day in the orchard, when you told me you were to be 'improved,' as you called it, I vowed I would not interfere."

"Then why have you come now, Judson?"

He hesitated. Should he tell her what had been hidden in the rocks she loved? No, he would hear her answer first. He could not buy even Nancy.

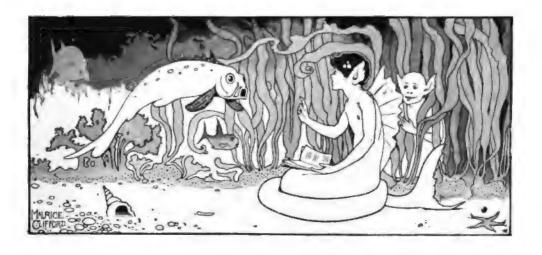
"Things have gone well at the ranch. I can care for you comfortably, and—

and—I love you."

The girl put her arms impulsively around his neck.

"O, Juddie! It was cruel of you to wait so long. If you hadn't come pretty soon, I think I should have gone to you. I never would have waited much longer."

She looked up joyously, but her black eyes shone through tears.



THE NEW YORK SUBWAY

The great underground railway just completed—an effort to solve the problem of rapid transit for the metropolis

By O. R. Garland

ITH the opening of the underground railroad, in the fall of this year. there will have been settled one of the most perplexing problems with which the great city of New York has ever contended.

In a metropolis, the question of transportation is always a pressing one, but the usual difficulties were more than increased by reason of the peculiar formation of New York City. Occupying as it does an entire island, the width of the city's limits confined, but not its length, its "business center" circumscribed by no definite limits, and with no particular

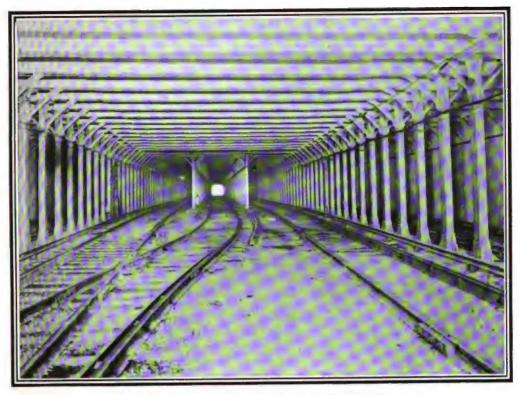
portion set aside for a residential section, it is small wonder that, since 1868, discouragement overthrew all plans.

London and Paris have had underground railways, but the combined length of all their tracks does not more than equal the distance between the Battery and Forty-second street in New York.

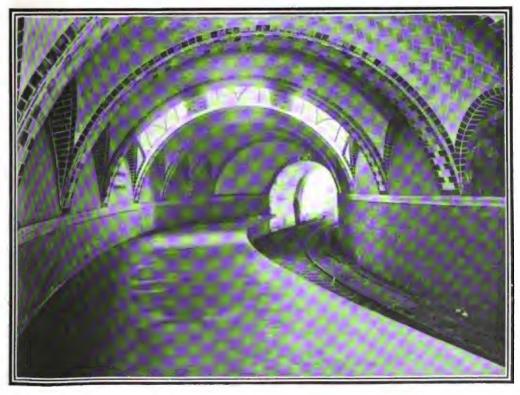
The title to the road is vested in the municipality of the City of New York, but in order to obviate the necessity of plunging the city in debt, the entire road has been leased for fifty years to the contractor, John B. McDonald. He also has an option for twenty-five years beyond



Subway station at Twenty-third street, the heart of New York's shopping district.



View of the subway, showing tracks for local and express trains.



Platform and track at City Hall station—New York's underground railway.

that, and then the city must purchase the equipment at an agreed price, or one settled upon by arbitration.

There were but two bids for the contract for the entire work, one for \$39,000,000, and Mr. McDonald's for \$35,000,000, which was the cost estimate of the chief engineer. The firm of August Belmont & Co. organized a corporation called "The Rapid Transit Subway Construction Company" which furnished Mr. McDonald with security and finances—Mr. McDonald's bond alone being \$4,000,000.

The subway is very close to the surface of the street, being for the most part only four or five feet below, and the excavation itself is about twenty-one feet in depth. This does away with the many steps to the stations—the great drawback to the elevated system.

Perhaps a few figures will help to show the immensity of the work. Over 500,000

cubic yards of rock has been tunneled, and 1,700,000 yards of earth excavated; 7,000 vault lights have been put in place, and 350,000 yards of track laid. All this has been done in four years, and by 12,000 men.

The motive power is electricity, the third-rail system, and the entire subway is lighted by electric lights. The ventilation is almost perfect and in summer the place is one of the coolest.

Part of the way the road is laid with four tracks, two for expresses and two for locals. The fare is five cents for the entire trip, but the company has the right to run a parlor car on each train and to charge extra fare for riding therein.

The time for local trains is fourteen miles an hour, and the express trains may go at the speed of thirty miles hourly, making the motto of the road an accomplished fact: "From the Battery to Harlem in Twenty Minutes!"



Open air stretch of track before entering tunnel.

GRAIN-GROWING IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Facts and figures on the great industry

By Rinaldo M. Hall

■ RAIN-GROWING in the Pacific Northwest is a surprise to the entire agricultural world. That vast region, comprising a large part of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, known as the Inland Empire, is peculiarly adapted to the raising of all small grains, especially wheat, and this cereal has made the section famous. It has carried the name of Walla Walla to the uttermost ends of the earth, and wherever wheat is bought and sold the name of this prosperous little city is known. Cables from Liverpool the world's market—carry the news everywhere that Walla Walla is making certain offerings. Pendleton, Palouse, Lewiston, Moscow, La Grande, The Dalles, Heppner, Union, Colfax and other Inland Empire cities are also big wheatbuying and shipping centers. Considerable wheat is annually raised in the Willamette Valley, but from the fact that it is the oldest part of the state, and more densely populated, the lands are more valuable for diversified farming.

In 1903 the estimate of the chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Agriculture was 14.4 per acre for the wheat yield of the entire For the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho the average was 21.2 bushels per acre, nearly 48 per cent higher than for the country as a whole. Then, again, Inland Empire wheat weighs so much that it is next to impossible to find any sufficiently light to grade as "No. 1," while in the wheat sections of the Middle West the farmer counts himself fortunate who can raise a crop that is good enough to get into the "No. 1" classification (58 pounds). Inland Empire wheat averages from 59 to $65\frac{1}{2}$ pounds per bushel. Minnesota a sack of wheat weighs on an average of about 115 pounds; in the Inland Empire, in 1903, it tipped the scales at about 130 pounds, and the price per

bushel in Oregon, Washington and Idaho was higher, 70 to 75 cents being received.

There has never been anything like a complete crop failure since the first settler arrived. Robert Jamieson. who has farmed near Weston, Umatilla County, for thirty-two years, does not remember when his wheat made less than forty bushels per acre, and it has often averaged sixty-five. Different sections use different varieties of wheat, the official reports showing that Little Club is most used where the rainfall is 20 inches or more; Red Chaff where the rainfall is 15 or 20 inches; and Bluestem, where it is less than 15 inches. Genesee. Grant, Red Russian, Canadian Hybrid and Sonora are also largely grown. The rainfall in Eastern Oregon, Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho is well distributed. Grain is sown in the autumn, about the time the rains begin; remains in the ground during the period of greatest precipitation (usually in the form of snow); matures and ripens with the decreasing rainfall of early spring and summer, and is harvested from July to December, the driest part of the year. With a rainfall of twenty inches, a yield of 40 bushels to the acre is an ordinary thing, while 50, 60 and 70 are often grown. Spring wheat, under favorable conditions, yields from 20 to 30 bushels per acre.

The cost of wheat production in the Inland Empire is relatively so much less and the yield so far ahead of many muchadvertised and boasted sections of the United States that actual returns from harvest fields are often discredited by those who have not visited the region. The yield in the Red River Valley, North Dakota, is from 5 to 35 bushels per acre; the cost of raising a 35-bushel bumper crop there is \$7.50 per acre, which means that the net profit from an acre of 60-cent wheat in the Red River Valley, yielding 35 bushels, is \$13.50. In the great Inland Empire the cost of raising an acre of

wheat, ready for market, is between \$5 and \$7. Assuming that it is \$7.50 per acre, and, according to Richard McGahey, of Walla Walla, authority on the subject, it never exceeds that amount, in the case of Samuel Drumheller, who from the uplands of Eastern Washington, raised 10,560 bushels from 160 acres, an average of

In Eastern Oregon and Northern Idaho, where the cost of production is practically the same and the yield equally as large, similar profits are made. Scores of authenticated yields are from 40 to 68 bushels per acre for the Inland Empire, and when it is known that the average wheat yield of the entire United States is



Two styles of the combined harvester and thresher, which in one operation, heads the grain, threshes, cleans and sacks it, as it moves through the field.

66 bushels per acre, at the market price, 65 cents per bushel, means a net profit of \$5,664, or \$35.40 per acre, nearly three times the profit of that from an acre in the Red River Valley. To Bruce Ferrell, in the same county, who threshed 23,250 bushels from 420 acres, an average of 56 bushels per acre, it means a net profit of \$11,962.50, or \$28.25 per acre.

only about 15 bushels per acre, the profit of wheat-raising in Oregon, Washington and Idaho is readily seen.

According to careful estimates, the total yield of wheat in the Inland Empire, 1903, was about 35,000,000 bushels, which, at 70 cents per bushel, represented a value of \$24,500,000. Of the 35,000,000 bushels, Oregon produced 12,000,000,

the yield of a few of the leading counties following: Umatilla, 2,750,000; Sherman, 2,250,000; Gilliam, 1,000,000; Morrow, 450,000; Wasco, 900,000; Union. The total production of Wash-850,000. ington was 22,100,000 bushels. The great belt of the eastern part of the state, largely tributary to and reached by the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, made a splendid showing. Whitman County producing 6,900,000 bushels, Lincoln, 6,700,000; Walla Walla, 2,200,000; Adams, 1,800,000; Douglas, 1,300,000; Spokane, 600,000. Idaho is credited with 5,000,000 bushels in 1903.

A visit to an Inland Empire wheat field during the harvest season is a surprise and a revelation to one not accustomed to the sight. The big combined harvester and thresher, drawn by a team of 20 to 30 horses, heads, threshes, cleans and sacks the grain as it moves through the field, dropping the filled and securely tied bags off, five on six in a pile, at regular intervals, every operation, except tying the sacks, being done automatically.

Oats, barley, flax and rye are also grown in large quantities and in a profitable manner. W. T. Pettijohn, of Moscow, Idaho, raised 12,600 bushels of white oats from 180 acres, an average of 70 bushels, and similar yields are reported from many sections of the grain belt. The barley output of Columbia County, Washington, alone last year was over 1,600,000 bushels, selling from 76 to 80 cents per bushel. H. K. Fisher, of Baker County, Oregon, reports a yield of 99 bushels per acre for barley. Thomas Filkerson, of Eastern Washington, threshed 102 bushels of barley from an acre of bottom land.

Fred Stine, of the same region, raised 4,425 bushels from 53 acres, an average of 83½ bushels per acre. R. H. Prather. Columbia, Washington, had 800 acres of barley, that averaged 60 bushels. L. R. Van Winkle, of Weston, Oregon, reports a barley yield of 85 bushels per acre.

That the flax industry of Oregon is an unqualified success and has come to stay was proved in 1903 by experiments by Eugene Bosse, a celebrated Belgian flax expert, who, in addition to about 130 acres which he put in on his own account in the Willamette Valley, raised 20 acres for the United States Department of Agricul-The flax, according to Mr. Bosse, will produce a much better grade of fiber than the best raised in Belgium or Ireland, and manufacture a finer quality of linen. Mr. Bosse declares that a great future is in store for Oregon as a result of the experiment, and that within a few years there will be an immense fiber factory somewhere in the Willamette Valley, turning out the finest fabrics, from the best cordage and binder twine to the most delicate laces. The fact that over three tons per acre, worth \$12.50 to \$15 per ton, can be raised, means a big profit to those engaged in the industry.

The rich lands of the Nez Perces reservation, Northern Idaho, are yielding large returns to flax growers. Over 50,000 acres of the famous Clearwater Valley are annually in flax, an average of 15 bushels per acre being received, making a total of 750,000 bushels, which, at \$1.20 a bushel, represents a value of \$900,000, and besides, thousands of acres of wheat are raised.

LOVE IS BEST

Though I must aye remember,
I shall not ever brood
On sordid-eyed November
That marred our April mood.

Though I must aye remember
The word that may not die,—
The fleck of cold night-ember
In our fresh, morning sky,—
That cloud shall never dull one slenderest
ray,
For Love lights us, twin-hearted, on our
way.
—Robert Haven Schauffler.

THE STRANGE LEGEND OF THE DOUBLE SHADOW

The Indians' interpretation of the dual shadow cast by Mt. Hood

By F. H. Saylor

TS perpetual snow mantle, its beauty of outline, and its glaciers, together with the incomparable scenic combination of lake, river, wooded hills and expanse of verdure skirting its base, have endeared Mount Hood to the hearts of those resident in sight of its uplifted head, and won the admiration of the traveler who occasionally beholds.

Like all of the sentinels of the Cascades, it has been the basis of tradition among the aborigines, and, possibly, has had more legends connected therewith than any of the others. It also stands unique among the mountains of the world from the fact that, at times, it casts a double shadow. To the white man this freak of nature presents a beautiful picture only. To him it is but an added charm thrown around the grand old mountain to lend increasing enjoyment while in contemplation of its grandeur. To the superstitious mind of the Indian the phenomenon displays a reflex of incident happening when mankind was in its years of youth, and from it he reads the future of his race. To him it has a meaning, and hopefully he awaits the dawn of the hour when promises spoken in the long dead past shall be fulfilled.

The Indian asserts that the incident connected with the first appearance of this double shadow brought about a remarkable change in the stature of his forefath-Antedating that occurrence they were as tall as the noble firs that kiss the clouds with their high-reaching tops. The tvee or chief among them was more of a giant than those over whom he ruled, his height towering above them so much that his warriors could walk under his outstretched arm without disturbing the plumes with which they adorned their hair. He was not only majestic in appearance, but was most pure of soul; ever solicitous for the welfare of his people.

and was a kind, impartial judge. Passing days brought a son to his household, and as the years of the boy's life increased he became the more like the source whence he sprang, was of commanding presence, his bravery unquestioned and his character without stain.

Few escape from the impulse for companionship with one of the opposite sex, which, when grown to fullness, marks the measure of their joy or brings acutest pain. To this rule the son was no excep-When Klose Tamanowis, the goddess of love, rose to greet the coming morn and sped through the vaulted blue on an errand from the stars, the sunlight paled before the radiance of her smile. Aflame with ecstatic bliss, the young man gazed. Attracted, she halted. From his lips fell the plea that no more, unloved, should she roam alone in space, but should come and be his bride, his queen. Already half-inclined, it took but little urging of a suit, so strange and born in haste, to win a heart already won. mutual consent came outstretched arms to clasp heart to heart, but lo! between them arose a shape of aspect dread, veiling from sight the ardent lover from his bride. 'Twas Cultus Tamanowis, the goddess of jealousy, who, in rage and hate, had interfered with love's young dream.

Not content with obscuring the lovely vision, her rancorous spite must be further vented. Seizing the golden tresses of the maiden, Cultus Tamanowis struck them from her head. As the fiend threw them here and there or stamped upon them, they were ground into the rocks or carried by the winds into opened crevises, there to lie, not forever, but until the miner of a race to come should find, extract and gloat over them. While the gold is capable of bringing pleasure to its possessor, it still retains the contaminating touch of her who murdered joy and love, and through this, those who covet

may find misery untold in its pursuit or

possession.

Transfixed the youthful chieftain stood; then his heart burst with grief. The father, bewailing his untimely end, wove a mantle pure and white around his form, renewing the robe each passing year as a symbol of his grief. Thus Mount Hood was formed, and a grander tomb no soul before or since has known.

people were told not to grieve, for in the future the dead would break away from bonds and live again, and all would resume their former size.

As Mt. Hood seems to rumble or to emit a cloud of smoke, the Indian hears the quickening of a soul whose rehabiliment will be to them a renewal of departed excellence, and admit them to the happy hunting grounds. Disappointed often.



A party ascending Mt. Hood, showing plainly the remarkable double shadow cast by the moutnain.

Cultus Tamanowis, her jealousy still unappeased, gathered great stones and hurled them toward the place of sepulcher to break its covering and expose to view the object she would see. In their fall to earth the great rocks struck the people, killing some and dwarfing others to their present size. Before further damage could be done, the sun god stopped the fiend in her devilish work, but too late to undo what she had done. The stricken

yet they stoically hope and wait.

To prove the story handed down for unnumbered years, they point to the double shadow, claiming that the brighter one is Klose Tamanowis in spirit form coming to greet her lord and lover when he again awakens, and that the darker one is the Cultus Tamanowis, the fiend, ever present, if possible, to intrude upon and blast the bloom and blossom of a happy hour.



HIPPY AND THE BOOM

A story of Seattle-a man, a mule and a side hill

By F. Roney Weir

HAD a dream about you last night, Kinzer, I did honest. I dreamed that you was goin to have a spurt of luck."

Henry Kinzer turned towards the speaker a gaunt face upon which was written unbelief, mingled with a superstitious curiosity to know the details of Pitt Wells' dream.

"I dreamed," continued Pitt Wells, "that you and me went down to play the bank together. I dreamed that you put ten dollars on the king to win—the last king in the pack, mind you, the others bein' losers—the last king—and you took the money. Then I dreamed that you went right on from bad to worse, winnin' money steady—always on the king. Now wasn't that kind of queer?"

Kinzer shook his head and kept on currying the flanks of his mule.

"That dream couldn't come true for I ain't got ten dollars just now."

"You can git ten dollars and another on top of it if you are a mind to sell your mule. And you might just as well sell him; one mule ain't no good to you nor to anybody else. Now here we are, you got a mule and I got a mule; neither one of us can work one mule to any advantage. You ain't got the money to buy my mule and you won't sell me yourn."

"How much will you take for your mule?" asked Kinzer, lovingly mopping off the long face and drooping ears of Hippy, who had been a faithful servant to a most unfortunate master.

"Well, I'll take forty dollars; or I'll give you ten, and that chunk of land up there on the hillside for your mule. It's a good, likely piece of property, and if the city ever should grow out there it might make you rich—why say, do you know what I paid for that chunk of land? I paid a thousand dollars for it. That was when the boom first began; and six months from the time I bought it I could have sold it for three thousand if I'd known enough to let go."

"And what could you git for it now?"
Pitt Wells cocked his battered felt hat
far to one side in order to scratch his
head, and his unclean moustache hid the
sarcastic expression of his mouth.

"Well, it's worth suthin' to raise potatoes on. It ought to be worth thirty dollars, and that's givin' you as much for your mule as I'm askin' you for mine."

Kinzer remembered how this man's lash was wont to sing above the backs of his straining team, how the only words he ever gave to them were oaths, and when he thought of Hippy's friendly, velvet nose fumbling his hand, and the knowing wink of the great ears at the sound of his step, he could not entertain the thought of making Pitt Wells his master.

"Come, now, what d'yeh say? You can't go on teamin' because you ain't got the price of another mule. One mule is about as much use to a man as the half of a pair of shears, and by gracious, mule fodder is hard to come by now days, if it is cheap."

But Kinzer only shook his head and kept on currying his mule, while Pitt Wells left the barn in a huff.

Before Hippy's toilet was complete the owner of the barn came in. "Well, Hank," he began, and Kinzer could see there was something disagreeable coming, "what you goin' to do, sell your mule or git another? I'd like to know because there's a teamster down here by the name of—well, I don't seem to remember his name—but he wants the barn. Of course if you're goin' to git another animal. I'll keep the stalls for you; but if you're only goin' to stable one mule here, why I s'pose you'll have to look out for another place so't I can have room for a pair."

Kinzer was angry. He knew to whom he might lay this affair. If Pitt Wells thought to force him into the sale of his mule, he should find that he was barking up the wrong tree. But that did not make

his dilemma any easier to face. facts remained that his good mule team, which had been so bravely carrying him through the hard times, had been ruined through the carelessness of another, and that with Hippy alone he could not hope to make a living. The town had gone hopelessly to pieces. There would be a job of hauling as long as the sawmill was building, and until after the skidroad was finished, but aside from this little riffle of industry, the place stagnated in unhealthy inactivity. Men poured out as they had poured in. Boarding houses and saloons echoed vacantly to the sighs of their proprietors; alders, vine maples, and great, spreading brakes were reclaiming corner lots which had been wrested from them only a short time since and sold for fabulous prices. Seattle was dead and buried, the public said, and had carried down to ruin with her hundreds of hopeful citizens who had pinned their faith to her fair skirts and believed in her great future.

All day Henry Kinzer wandered aimlessly about the town, a haunting sense of helplessness upon him. Unless he could secure another animal to replace the one he had lost, he must give up the job on the sawmill, and that seemed to him to be the only job in town. If only he had the means to buy Hippy a mate affairs might slip back into their old easy channel. Pitt Wells had enough so that he might lend a man the price of a mule and not feel it; but Pitt Wells was no philanthropist, and he was in need of another mule himself to take the place of the one he had lost through overwork and lack of care. Kinzer's heart was hot with resentment as he thought about it. and he vowed that rather than sell Hippy to that man he would take him up the hillside, tie him to a young alder and cut his throat from ear to ear. If it had not been for Pitt Wells' dream, he might have carried out this rather melodramatic programme. He was capable of it. But all day he fumbled the dollar and a quarter in his pocket and thought about that dream. Suppose it should come true. Suppose he should go down to Lancy's and put a dollar on the king to win, just as Pitt Wells had dreamed that he did. and suppose—well, he would not do it. He was not such a fool as to gamble away

his last dollar. If there really was anything in dreams, some one—not himself, of course—but some one would win on the fourth king that night.

He gave Hippy his supper and got his own—and went to Lancy's just to look on awhile to see if the last king won, as Pitt Wells had dreamed it did. Pitt Wells was there; Pitt Wells was always at Lancy's—and John Dibbs was there, and Albert Hughes—all the boys in fact, and Albert Hughes put his money on the king to lose, and won the stake.

"D'ye see that?" whispered Pitt Wells in Kinzer's ear, "D'ye see the king lose? Now you keep your eye pealed to see him lose three times runnin' an' win on the fourth."

There was an adjustment of the ivory tallies to show the king the loser, and Kinzer fingered his dollar nervously.

"If you put ten on the last king you make ten," declared Pitt Wells solemnl...

"Why don't you bet yourself?" demanded Kinzer with some heat.

"Because if I'd bet I'd lose, but you wouldn't."

"But I haven't got the ten."

"You can git it." Pitt Wells pulled out a dirty bill and held it towards Kinzer.

"Will you lend it?" questioned Kinzer excitedly, reaching for the bill, the fire of the gambler's desire in his face.

"No, I don't do business that way; but I'll give you ten dollars and the real estate I spoke of for your mule."

The dealer pushed another ivory disk into place to indicate that the third king had been a loser.

Kinzer's fingers closed over the bill. "The mule is mine, then," said Pitt Wells. Kinzer did not reply, but pushed his way towards the case and put his money on the king. Hippy had changed hands, and immediately the fourth and last king was swept into the losing pile.

Kinzer turned to face Pitt Wells, but that gentleman had left the place.

The next day Kinzer went down to the camp where Pitt Wells was hauling. As he came in sight, a gray ear twinkled knowingly, and a mulish face was turned towards him in hope, but a lash curled and cracked on Hippy's flank, and the hard face of Pitt Wells, leering above his

load, was, in the eyes of Hank Kinzer, like the face of the master of Hell.

"I want the deed to that land, and I want it quick," Kinzer demanded.

He had presumed that Pitt Wells would make difficulties in handing over the deed, but in this he was mistaken. He came down from his load at once. Hippy was looking over the shoulder of his mateinto the eyes of his former master.

"That mule is too fat to work well," commented Pitt Wells, "but I'll soon take that off him."

In his heart Henry Kinzer swore, "so help me, I'll pay you for that, you devil, if it costs me my life."

Pitt Wells made over the deed, and even furnished an abstract for the land. He was only too glad to be rid of the property, for the taxes were again due, and a tax levied upon land valued at three thousand dollars, and payable when it has shrunk to thirty dollars, is, to say the least, discouraging.

When the deal was completed, Kinzer did the only thing which was left for him, rolled his blankets together and traveled into the country. And the first night he crept into a barn to sleep, and heard the champing and grinding of equine jaws, and being alone, and a fool, he shed salt tears into the hay in thinking of Hippy, the mule, and the quivering gray flanks under the merciless lash of Pitt Wells.

During the following months it was hard to get a living, for the depression which paralyzed the cities reached a gaunt hand towards the farming communities as well, but not with quite so disastrous an effect, for nature was lavish and apples hung sweet and juicy on the trees and potatoes swelled in the sandy soil. There were mountain streams, cold as ice, where speckled trout flashed recklessly, and a man with a hook and a box of matches might dine like a millionaire, with salmon berries and spicy wild blackberries for With a couch of fir boughs at night and a good, thick, logger's blanket for covering, it was not such bad entertainment. What little work he found to do was hard, uncertain, and commanded but small pay. Sometimes it was in the mills, again in the camps, and, hardest of all, in the mines.

One day while tramping, by reason of

the pity in a girl's heart, he found steady employment on an Oregon farm, and accepted it gladly, with its homely duties, its domesticity, and its peace.

And it was here that he picked up a month-old newspaper which seemed to be all headlines, and the words Klondike and Alaska alternated with every other word in the sheet. It was the first he had heard of the great change. After this the news of the strike and what it had done for Seattle, and what it was likely to do for the whole Northwest began to sift in upon him from all quarters. He had worked hard since he left Seattle. He often wondered if Pitt Weils' las' i had driven Hippy with more cruelty than the lash of circumstance had driven him.

He was thinking this as he asked for his employer's mail at the postoffice in the little one-horse town near which he worked.

"I'd like to own that block in Seattle just now," he heard a man say over his shoulder.

He turned slowly. "What block?" he questioned, with a premonition of what was to come, and the man handed him a Seattle paper with an advertisement asking the address of the owner of block number 418, Belmore's addition.

"I own that block," he murmured, and the man laughed, thinking it a joke.

"Yes, I bet you do. I bet the owner of that block is round here feedin' hogs for ten dollars a month and his board. Why, do you know what they want to do with that block? I seen it in the papers, myself. As soon as they can find the owner and buy the block, they're a goin' to build a scenic hotel on it worth half a million. A company of Eastern capitalists has been advertisin' for the owner of that block for three months. They say there is the finest view in the world to be had from that spot of ground. I seen it in the papers."

That night found Henry Kinzer a passenger on a train bound for Seattle, and a few hours later he trod the old familiar streets where he had met such complete failure; and the first face he recognized was the face of Pitt Wells, a bit redder, eves considerably inflamed, and moustache more polluted and untidy than before.

Pitt Wells fell upon the neck of his friend and fairly blubbered his joy.

"Back at last, Hank, and none too soon to suit me; none too soon. We've been advertisin' for ye. Our land, you know—they want to build the big hotel on it."

"What land?" queried Kinzer coldly, as he cleared himself from the demonstrative embrace of his acquaintance.

"Why the block up on the hillside that you bought a share in for a damned old gray mule, you rascal! I tell 'em that I own an interest in the block yet, but they won't believe me. They say the land stands in your name. 'Why,' says I, 'of course the land stands in his name; why shouldn't it? says I. 'He's the best friend I've got, but I own a share, and a big share in it just the same. Why,' says I, 'all I ever got out of that land was a sway-backed old mule—a balky old reprobate that I couldn't do nothin' with, and,' says I, 'I paid a thousand dollars cash in the edge of the boom for that block, and was offered three thousand dollars for it when the boom was on, and,' says I, 'you'll find out when Hank Kinzer gits here whether he recognizes my claim or not."

"Where is the mule?" asked Kinzer.
"Lord! Who knows? I don't. I sold him to a garbage-cart man. Say now, old boy, you wouldn't be mean enough to shake old friends, would you?"

"No, you bet I wouldn't."

"That's what I told the boys. I says, 'you wait till Hank gits here. There'll be the biggest time you ever saw.' Why, say, Hank," he drew near and his voice sunk to an awed whisper, "they'll give sixty thousand dollars for that danged old side hill. What do you think of that?"

Kinzer's heart leaped within him. One night, down in Oregon, when he traveled a country road without a cent in his pocket, a girl looked shyly at him over a gate. With his hat in his hand, he had told her frankly that he was moneyless and hungry, and asked her for an apple. invited him in and gave him his supper and was undoubtedly instrumental in making him one of the family, for her father had hired him and he had lived for two months under the same roof with her. Now, as Pitt Wells whispered the price which had been offered for block 418, a vision arose before him of that girl clad in shining silk, standing against a background of apple boughs, with her arm about the neck of a gray mule. He smiled into the eager, covetous, bleary eyes of Pitt Wells, whose hopes arose, ignorant as he was of the vision which caused the smile.

"But won't we have a hell-of-a-time when we git our money, eh, Hank?"

The smile on Kinzer's face faded into a cold, hard stare. Pitt Wells faltered, "Eh, Hank? You'll do the fair thing by the friend who brought you this good luck, won't you, Hank?"

"You bet I will."

Pitt Wells beamed again. "What'll you do, Hank?"

"I'll give him a feed that will make his eyes bulge out of his gray old head."

"That's like you, Hank, and clothes?"
"He shall have silver-plated clothes with gold bobbers on the bridle."

"And drink?"

"He shall stand with his feet in a brook."

"And money?"

"He shall have a padded stall."

"God bless you, Hank, you are a true friend. And how much of the money? It wouldn't be mor'n fair that you hand over a part of the money—right out and out, you know, Hank, to do with as I please. This treating and housing and clothing is all right, but one likes to handle a little ready of their own, of course."

"Not in this case. The friend who helped me to my good luck don't care to handle money."

"But, Hank, I do care to handle money."

"Oh, you? I wasn't talking about you. You never helped me to anything except a piece of land with some thousand dollars back taxes due on it that you couldn't pay."

"Well, you couldn't pay 'em either."

"They are all paid now, you bet."

"Who paid 'em?"

"A man in Oregon that I've been working for. I am ready to give a perfect title to the land."

"Hank, he—he ain't the friend you referred to is he?"

"No."

"I thought not. I thought you wouldn't forgit me."

"You!"

"Yes, me. I am in hard luck. I've

been fooled out of every cent I owned. But I am the one who was the cause of all your good fortune."

"Not much!"

"Who was then?"

"Hippy, the mule. Pitt Wells, I wouldn't give you a mouthful if you were starving. When I remember how you dreamed your dream to git me to play the bank at faro, and fooled me out of my mule—"

"Fooled you out of your mule," gasped Pitt Wells. "I gave you over sixty thousand dollars for your mule. Do you call that foolin' you out of your mule?"

"When I think of how you lashed the poor thing just because you knew it made me cringe, I could give you something with a good stomach. I could give you a hiding that would tone you up for a month. Git out of my sight, you—beast."

A week later, as Pitt Wells stood in Lancy's door (Lancy had waxed great since the boom) he mournfully called attention to a passing object. It was a gray mule, battle-scarred, and showing signs of rough usage, being led in the direction of the freight depot by a man from the boarding stables.

"There goes a mule, gentlemen, that I once bought from a friend of mine and gave him for it sixty thousand and ten dollars. That friend bought him back last Tuesday for eighteen dollars and sixty-two cents, a clear profit, as I figure it out, of fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-one dollars and thirtyeight cents. He is goin' to take him on to an apple ranch down in Oregon, where he can sleep in a padded stall, wear a silver-plated harness, and stand all day with his front feet in a mountain brook and his hind legs in clover that reaches to his knees. And yet, gentlemen, when I asked that friend of mine for the price of a drink this morning, he told me to go and dream that I'd had a drink. What d'ye think of that, gentlemen? d'ye think of that?"

MEMORY'S LANE

I know a lane where the brier rose
Leans o'er the old stone wall;
And the scented blooms from an apple tree,
Like tinted sea-shells, fall.

There's a turnstile, too, 'twixt the winding lane,

And the meadow with blossoms white, Sweet stars that the Queen Moon spilled from her boat

On the sleeping world, one night.

Here cornflowers open their pretty blue eyes, And poppies flirt with the sun, While all of the grasses are glittering with gems,

That fairies from dewdrops have spun.

Ah, yes! There's a brook, it ripples and smiles
Past banks where the fringed gentian peeps,
But the song that it sings to the violet, I
ween,

She safe in her little heart keeps.

Ay, this is the lane that memory paints, Where my flower of love once grew; For down by the stile I met a maid With eyes, like the cornflowers, blue.

Her cheeks were flushed with the pink of the rose,

Her lips were the poppy's red; And sunbeams were playing at hide and seek, With the curls on her golden head.

Lightly she tripped through the meadow sweet.

And the breeze softly kissed her brow.

Then she laughed, and her laugh was the song of the brook,

Methinks I can hear it now.

But alas! for the passing of summer dreams, We met, and we parted for aye; Now lonely I walk here in Memory's lane, While she rides on the world's highway!

THE LUCK OF SUCKER CREEK

The true story of a discovery of gold that puts fiction to the blush

By Dennis H. Stovall



A prospector with his outfit bound for the new Eldorado.

HIS is a tale of gold, and it concerns the meteoric rise of a family from penury to riches in one day. It tells the realization of a dream that falls to the lot of few.

If the details of the Briggs' strike were not true, the story of it would befit the most glittering pages of fiction. It could then be published without preface. As it is, an explanatory note is necessary to assure you that "this is a really true tale, dearest beloved, it is really," as Mr. Kipling would say.

Each year the golden-winged goddess takes new flight and bids the restless fortune-hunter hie to other fields. The Eldorados, Bonanzas and Golcondas of the great mineral Northwest are as changeable and as shifting as the men who find them. One year it is the ice-glittering peaks of Alaska; another year and it is the remote mountains of Buffalo Hump; still another year and the scene shifts to the bleak and burning desert of Tonapah; and yet another and the golden-winged goddess leads the never-halting line up

the narrow trails of the Siskiyous, through the old-time camps of Southern Oregon, and on, on, up, up, to the snow-covered summit. Here on the great divide between two great states—America's pioneer mining states—and within a few miles of where she led the same line over half a century ago, the goddess pauses in her flight.

This Eldorado of the Siskiyous is sixty miles from the railroad. The most convenient way of reaching it is by Grants Pass. From there you follow the old stage road to Holland, forty miles. It is fully eighteen miles from Holland to the head of Thompson Creek, the location of the new camp. And it is a continual climb all the way from Grants Pass—a climb from an elevation of 960 feet to an elevation of 5,500. As Holland is only 1,700 feet, the main portion of the climb is on those last eighteen miles of trail.

From Holland the trail leads to Mountain Ranch, and then comes a steep climb over the divide into Sucker Creek. Up Sucker Creek, some ten miles, is Benson's Ranch, which is becoming a convenient

stopping place since the rush into the district began. From Benson's the trail follows Fehley Gulch over the Siskiyou divide. Mounting the crest one looks out over an endless array of ranges, jutted with snow-capped peaks and crags. You are up above the timber line here, and the mountains are covered only with scrub pine, or matted with a growth of snow brush. At your feet Thompson Creek rises, and only a half mile away the Briggs' claim is located. And here, too, but a few hundred yards from the base of Tenant Peak, is the site of Goldenview City.

For a number of years, David Briggs and his family of three boys, two

ing to do with the story. That which concerns us most is the discovery the boy made when he clambered down the steep mountainside at the head of Thompson Creek. His boot struck a big stone that was particularly heavy and gave off a sound like lead. He picked it up and broke off a fragment. The broken fragment glittered bright and yellow. Then the boy knew that the big stone was full of gold. He tossed it into his hunting bag and went home. The family was at supper.

"Any luck, son?" asked the father.
"Nope," the boy replied, hiding the truth. "No luck, dad. No luck at anything anymore. I'm tired of it, tired



Part of the Briggs family in camp on Thompson Creek. The young man at the left is Ray Briggs, discoverer of the mine.

daughters and the mother have lived remote in the mountains of Southern Oregon. The family has worked and toiled honestly, zealously, gaining a livelihood by days of perseverance and drudgery, at ranching and sluice-mining.

Ray Briggs, one of the boys, was the hunter of the family, and to him fell the lot of supplying meat. One early morning of June, this year, Ray shouldered his rifle and went out after game. He struck a buck trail and followed the signs up Sucker Creek from his father's ranch. Hour after hour he trailed, and was led over the divide to the head of Thompson. Here he came upon the game and fired. Whether or not he got the buck has noth-

of the ranch, tired of the mine. I guess I'll quit buckin' boulders—quit the whole job."

The old man was astonished at this open declaration of mutiny from a son that had always been cheerful and faithful. After a long silence he recovered and said: "Well, son, I guess you'll either buck boulders or move on."

"Nope, I won't buck boulders or move on, either—not when I can pick up rock like this," and he laid the big stone on the table.

The family went wild with joy. Supper was forgotten. The mortar and the dolly were brought out, and the big stone gave up over \$700.00.



In the upper right-hand corner is Ray Briggs, the young man whose luck it was to discover the gold mine.

Below is "old man" Briggs, standing in the "glory hole," with a chunk of the precious rock in his hand.

So was discovered the famous Briggs' mine, the glory-hole that is being talked about from sea to sea, the glory-hole that brought the golden-winged goddess into the Siskivous, leading swarms of men up every gulch and stream.

The family removed from the ranch and made camp at the discovery. And here they will remain till the north wind brings its blinding gusts of snow, and the great Siskiyous are wrapped in the thick

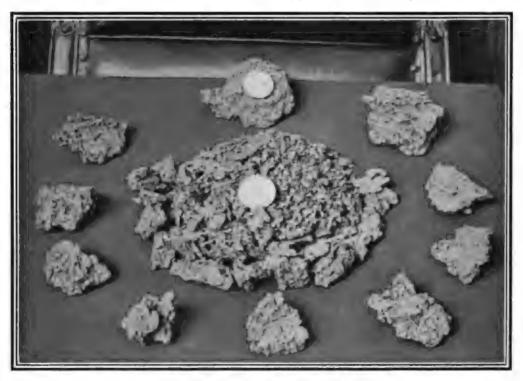
white cloak of winter.

All the Briggs family have done in actual mining on the claim could be done by one man in a day. Yet they have taken out a fortune. Over \$15,000 worth of minutes' time dig out fifty dollars worth of gold. Still it is not a pocket-bears no resemblance to a pocket, save in its remarkable richness. There is a hanging wall and a foot wall, and each one well defined, one of granite, the other of porphyrv.

There is an inch of almost solid gold on the hanging wall. This is much oxidized, and can be removed in chunks the size of a man's hand. The remaining eleven inches of the ledge consists of ore that sparkles with gold, of ore that will

vield \$10,000.00 a ton.

The mountainside, at the point of the Briggs' find, is very steep, and the contact



The first \$5000 brought in from the Briggs' mine. The silver dollar shows comparative size of the nuggets.

gold was mortared by hand, to say naught of the quantity of rich ore on the dump, and that sacked and cached for shipment. About their camp are tin cans, fruit jars and pails filled with gold.

The property is now under bond to Eastern parties for a consideration of \$115,000.00.

The Briggs' find, in its general makeup, occupies a unique place among all the rich finds of the mineralized West. Here you can take your jack-knife and in five of porphyry and granite follows the hill for a long distance; in fact, has been traced for 2,400 feet. The strike therefore, is but a rich pay shoot on the vein. A large number of the claims located in the district follow this contact. Many of these run southward into California, and well down on Indian Creek. Others have been located over the divide northward in Dead Horse Gulch and Upper Sucker. Then from the strike southward, following Thompson, scores of location notices are posted. Several good strikes have been made in the district besides the original discovery, though none of such remarkable richness.

Thus once again the tide of the goldhunting world ebbs toward the Southern Oregon country. The story of the "Sucker Creek strike" is being told from ocean to ocean. The rush is on to the new Eldorado, and only the deep snows of winter can drive the tireless prospectors out. Hundreds of claims have been located in the new district, and, of course, a town-"Goldenview City" it is site surveyed. called, and while it is yet but a city of tents and camp-fires, its promoters can show you where the big brick hotel will be located, and where the department store and post office ultimately will stand. Also there will be a saloon or two, for high altitude snakes are bad up there, and some provision must be made for snake bite.

A striking proof that the new Eldorado has sprung a genuine sensation is the appearance of the man looking for a "lost mine."

"Nearly fifty years ago," said one of them, "two men worked rich placer dig-They were gin's up in that country. located in a little basin, and the ground was lousy with gold. They built a stone reservoir and brought water down to sluice off the ground. After they had been at work for some time, and had many pounds of nuggets and dust sacked, a band of Injuns swept down on 'em and in a mighty little while the two miners were sent over the Long Trail. The Injuns buried the gold under a big oak tree near the diggin's and went away, satisfied. Long years afterward, when the red man was obliged

to throw off his war paint and feathers, and live in peace on the reservation, one of the duskies who had taken part in the murderous assault upon the two lonely miners, told of the deed. Nearly every year since then parties of men have gone up Sucker Creek looking for the lost mine. They are looking for the stone reservoir and the oak tree, the oak tree with the pile of gold beneath it."

"Now," continued the seeker for lost treasure, after he had bitten off a fresh chew from his plug, "I know precisely where that stone reservoir is. I have been there. Yes, sir; I've been in it! I took a drink of water from it. But that was before the old Injun gave the story away, and I knew nothing of its association with a lost mine. That was some eighteen years ago that I'm telling you about now. I was up in that country looking for stray cattle, that is, cattle that didn't particularly belong to anybody. On a very warm day I grew thirsty and crawled down into a little basin, thickly overgrown with willows, where I could hear water trickling, to get a drink. When I raised up I happened to notice that I was in what appeared to be an old and dilapidated cistern. Through the moss and fern I detected a well-placed stone wall. I found the gate through which the water had been discharged from the flume into the cistern and still another where it had flowed from the cistern into the sluice. Then I knew it was not a cistern at all, but a reservoir, a stone reservoir that some miner had used. I believe I am the only man who knows where that stone reservoir is, and I am going to find it again."

And perhaps he may; but, after all—perhaps.



THE ARCHBISHOP'S MANTLE

The lover's ruse—the confession—the flight

By Lorena M. Page

WO strokes—mellow, but distinct—floated upon the nocturnal air from a distant steeple.

"At two o'clock and all hours may the love of Jesus kindle in my heart," came the angelic mingling of

voices from the convent.

As the chant died away, the man muffled in the great, gray cloak raised his head and gazed with burning eyes, not upon the shrine before which he was kneeling, but toward the house of God where an approaching footfall was becoming plainly audible.

From a passageway, marked by a spot of black deeper than the surrounding obscurity, came a figure, tall, narrow, and erect, with a patch of white across

brow and breast.

The man before the shrine dropped his head as if resuming his devotions. His lips moved in an inaudible petition.

Around the prioress who approached him a garden of ignored flowers sent their sweetness on the moist, night air; behind her was cloistered a company of virgins, whose souls, like the perfume of the flowers, mounted straight to heaven.

But there was one in that pure host whose thoughts at times were of the earth alone, and it was this sinful one that vexed the mind of the prioress now.

The peace of Eden, smiling in the garden at the threshold of the sacred place, did not extend to-night to the erring novice within — like a fallen angel, she had prayed and wept until exhausted. She was lying now flat on her face against the cold stone pavement of a bare, candlelighted room, with arms outstretched in the form of a cross. Near her a suppliant counted her beads before the Holy Sacra-The sisters relieved one another at the stroke of the hour day and night, year in and year out, in ceaseless adoration before this altar. The one now counting her beads was the fifth to kneel there since the penitent had fallen prostrate, so more than four hours had passed and still the living cross did not move.

Mother Conception came down the grass walk of the garden, her black serge robe brushing the dew from the verdure, her chin resting upon her white guimpe, her eyes upon the ground. She passed the shrine without seeing the man, although the hem of her coarse garment swept against him.

He shifted his position with some noise, agitated the pine bough beside him, and upset a flower-pot against a stone.

This sudden movement in the dark, at her very feet, startled the prioress more than she would have cared to own. Then the calm, acquired by years of discipline, returned, and her eyelids resumed their customary droop; but in that one brief, backward glance, she had recognized the archbishop's mantle.

"Father Bernardine," she said, pausing, and the man thought he had never heard

so adorable a voice—save one.

"Yes, Mother," came in muffled tones from the lips covered by a tightly-closed hand filled with the gathered folds of the gray robe.

"You did not get away as early as usual." She had lowered her veil, and her tones might well have been those of a disembodied soul speaking across the walls of a tomb.

"I am here, Mother," he murmured,

vaguely, still upon his knees.

"I have come from the sacred altar of the Holy Sacrament where one of the young novices, who is to take the black veil to-morrow, is doing penance," observed the mother. "Truly she needs great discipline, for her thoughts are anchored to the earth, and, my heart being sorely tried concerning her, I came into the garden, scarcely noting whither my steps led."

"Perchance I may be of assistance, reverend Mother." He rose to his feet in the deep shadow of the pine tree which grew beside the shrine. "Her name is—?"

"Repentance-Sister Repentance."

"Repentance?" he questioned, vaguely.

"The one known to the world as Rose Chapin—surely you have not forgotten—"

"Ah, yes. Rose—Sister Repentance. No, I have not forgotten." His strong hand grasped the small bough which brushed his shoulder and the scent of crushed pine-needles mingled with the perfume of the flowers.

"Will you come with me, most Holy Bishop? She needs your sternest counsel

and command."

"No-not in there. Send her to me here-and-I will see what can be done."

For the archbishop of the diocese, to speak was to be obeyed, and the prioress

quitted him without a protest.

He waited. And, in the meantime, he sniffed the acrid scent of the tassels gripped in his hand, and laughed a wild, internal, soundless laugh; he felt smothered by the throbbing arteries in his throat; his heart seemed to leap and toss like a bounding cork on a raging torrent. He threw himself again before the shrine.

"May the powers be mine to liberate this soul! May I break the fetters, oh,

God!" he breathed.

The slight figure that came from the gloom of the passage was clothed in white garments, and had the appearance of a spirit. The immensity of night was facing her. Her heart was a prey of terror, for a darkness full of unseen and formidable traps, into which it was alarming to penetrate and in which it was fearful to remain, was about her. Her tender young limbs were bruised and stiff from contact with the hard, cold floor, and her movements were slow and full of hesitation. Though her tread was as soft as that of a frightened fawn upon the moss by a spring at midnight, the man in the great mantle heard it. But he remained kneeling before the shrine.

"Mother Conception sent me, Father; what do you wish?" she questioned. How sweet, and gentle, and hesitating the

voice!

"What is your offense?" he asked,

gruffly, without raising his head.

"I have been obedient, Father; I have kept my vow of poverty, chastity, and seclusion; but, Father, my thoughts are beyond my command." She paused and with a gesture he ordered her to continue.

"I have seen no one beside the mothers and sisters, yourself, and the old gardener who minds the gate, for more than four years now, and-yet-I see another in all my waking hours, and I dream of him at night. This is my sin. I have fasted, and my soul has been filled with the love I bear him. I have risen from my first sleep to read my breviary, and his eyes have gazed into mine from between the I have chanted my matins, and my heart has sung 'I love him.' I have slept upon straw in serge sheets, and prayed that the lap of comfort might be his. I have scourged myself, and asked that the hardships of the world might pass by him. I have observed the rule of silence, and begged that the music of the universe might cheer his path. Once a week I have confessed all these sins in public. I have made reparation—and---Do with me as you see fit." still I sin.

She stood with hands crossed meekly upon her breast, her eyes gazing at the one star just showing above the wall.

"Kneel beside me here." The tones were so harsh and strange that she hesitated, wondering and afraid.

"Here in the shadow," he insisted.

She knelt in the place designated. "Why did you enter here in the first

place?" he questioned, sternly.

"Oh, Reverend Father, more for the love of him than—chastise me if you will, I must speak the truth—than for the love of God, and thinking to forget this love, even as the one who prompted it forgot me."

"Forget you? Speak on; conceal noth-

ing."

"To-morrow I am to become the bride of living death, but it does not matter—now, for another became the bride of Alex Martel."

A queer sound came from the sweeping. gray mantle; she did not heed it, but went on—

"I shall wear my handsomest dress—white for the last time. I shall be crowned with roses—the last I am to touch in life or death. They will brush my hair—before it is shorn. While I lie upon the stones they will throw a great, black veil over me, and sing the office of—"

"Stop! for the love of God!" the man

interrupted in a choking voice. "They lied to you! Alex Martel never married; he has been trying to reach you ever since you came here. His brother Alfred married and they told you—"

"How should you know?" She clutched a fold of the archbishop's mantle, forgetful of the dignity due so holy a gar-

ment.

He raised his eyes cautiously, and gave a sweeping glance around him, then lifted his hood and put his face close to hers, at the same time holding out his arms.

"Alex," she gasped, and broke into sobbing so low that it was scarcely audible above the sighing of the night wind

through the pine.

He did not speak, but his lips pressed hers; his strong embrace held her; her arms were around his neck; her face against his breast. They felt neither the chill that precedes the dawn, the cold earth beneath them, nor the dew upon their garments. They took no thought of the grim wall surrounding them, nor the convent frowning down upon its first love scene. The murmur of the pine was a celestial melody.

"I have come for you, Rose. Will you go?" were his first words.

They rose to their feet now, and the gray mantle, still fastened at his throat and caught over one arm, covered her as his arm was thrown about her.

"Oh, Alex, I must go—I am not good enough to stay in this abode of saints. 1 am too worldly—I—"

Her lagging speech was smothered with a kiss.

They cautiously quitted the shadow of the tree on the side nearest to the iron-bound gate in the wall. They hurried over the flower beds; they glided through the dark; they gained the massive gate. A great key, taken from a fold in the gray mantle, unfastened the padlock. The ponderous, iron-bound, nail-studded weight swung open on noiseless hinges. A dim light was shining in the porter's lodge beside the wall, but there was no other sign of life about the place.

The girl gave one last glance back at

the rugged profile of the convent, outlined before the first faint streaks of dawn, then, scarcely breathing, she passed the gate-keeper's lighted window.

"There is nothing to fear in there," he told her, drawing her back gently.

A man in a black robe sat well down in a chair before a fireplace, where only a few coals remained bright among the dull ashes upon the hearth. The broken fragments of a goblet lay at his feet. The old gardener was beside the table, his arms folded upon it, his head upon them. An empty bottle and glass were within his reach. A lamp with a wick flickering in its last glimmer sat near.

"The archbishop! The gardener!"

gasped the girl. "Oh, come!"

"There is no danger to be feared from that quarter," he reassured her. "They will sleep for hours."

She looked at him with wondering eves.

"The gardener could not resist a bottle from a generous traveler," he laughed.

"And the archbishop?" she questioned.

"Did not resist a treat from the gardener—and more than forty winks was in every swallow. I borrowed the mantle while they were winking."

"How pure the air is, Alex!" she said a moment later, with a little break in her voice.

"Yes, love, and the morn will soon be breaking; we must mount and away." He pointed to the horizon which was growing white.

A big, black horse waited in a thicket. It was the act of a moment to wrap the archbishop's mantle about her slender form and to swing her tenderly to the pommel of the saddle.

Then he was up behind her and they were off.

The muffled feet of the horse beat a dull retreat through the waking day.

A little lover, in the form of a warbling bird, greeted them as they flew past.

The prioress waited in her bare, cold cell for the return of the novice.

The archbishop and the gardener slept on.

THE PLAYHOUSE

The opening of the season 1904—new stars—foreign celebrities—news of the stage

theatrical season has developed into something very much like the fall display of fashions: a view of the latest and most successful London and Paris models. The "star" system, as it prevails in this country, was quite unknown to the British public until Mr. Charles Frohman gave it a glimpse of his methods. In London, the managers of theatres and the producers of plays are themselves actors—a state of affairs tending toward the maintenance of a higher standard in regard to plays and a more thoroughly artistic presentation of them.



Madame Rejane as Nora in "A Doll's House."

Rejane will tour America this winter.

An actor manager will see possibilities in plays which would never occur to the commercial producer, and it not infrequently happens that the role which in this country is given to a "star" is not the one chosen by the London actor who



Winsome Edna May in "The School Girl,"

cares more to create a certain character in an absolutely finished manner than to play "a fat part."

Take "The Little Minister" as an example. In London the character of Gavin Dishart was the principal one, but when the comedy was played in this country and given to a "star"—Miss Adams—the whole play was made to revolve around her.

Here is Mr. J. E. Dodson's explanation of our way, and he should know since he is an English actor who has played a very great deal in this country.

"You Americans can create a demand for anything—no matter what—simply by setting aside enough money to advertise it on a large scale. Your average citizen does not take time to think, and can hardly spare the time to read, hence the size of type is a great factor in getting



Edith Wynne Mathison, Sir Henry Irving's leading woman.

the attention of the American public.

"Take a theatrical poster—
PAMELA PARQUET
(Letters four feet high)

in

"The Front Row"
(Letters two feet high)

by

Thomas Augustus (Letters one foot high)

and the strap-hanger, who reads as the elevated train runs, never gets beyond

that first line, and consequently is heard to say, 'I must see Parquet in—what's that play she's doing?'"

This is next to the last season for Sir Henry Irving, who is to retire in 1906 after fifty years of stage life. His strange gutteral tones will sound even more muffled by contrast with the unusually clear speaking voice of his new leading woman, Edith Wynne Mathison.

Miss Mathison is Welsh, and her glorious voice with its remarkable range is

an inheritance. Her aunt was known as "the Nightingale," while her mother was called "the Linnet of Wales." Miss Mathison's husband is C. Rann Kennedy, who is himself a good actor, a Shakesperean scholar of renown, a collector of rare books, and a writer whose verse often appears in our American magazines.

Sir Henry Irving would have been a great man in any walk in life. He has all a great man's preoccupation and disdain. At one of the London performances, Nansen occupied a box and the fact was quickly communicated behind

scenes, and the chance to pass on an interesting bit of news was furnished to the actors. First one after another took occasion to say, "Do you know who is in the box on the left, Sir Henry?"—and without wating for a reply, "Nansen." Finally after a half dozen had come to him with this same item of information, one volunteered the additional remark, "Great man, Mr. Nansen!" In a crisp dry tone came Mr. Irving's rejoinder: "Yes, remarkable ability to stand the cold."



Signor Novelli, the eminent Italian tragedian, coming to America this winter.



Pretty Paula Edwards, who will appear in the name part of "Winsome Winnie" the coming season.

The two new "stars," which are new in that name only, to make their appearance this winter, are Francis Wilson and Mrs. Gilbert. Mr. Wilson is to play in dramatic comedy. It has been his desire for many years to leave musical comedy, but that queer face and those queerer legs proved too great an asset in that particular field.

Mrs. Gilbert is our oldest actress now playing roles, and she has never been starred before. Her play has been written especially for her by Clyde Fitch and will be called "Grandma."

It will seem strange not to see Weber and Fields together, as their partnership

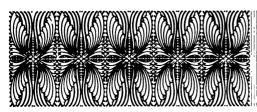
has lasted from youth to middle age, from real poverty to comparative wealth, from the days when as boys they worked during the day in a factory and did "a turn" on the variety stage at night, to the present time when they are Broadway theatre owners.

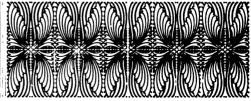
Mr. Weber will keep the old musichall and will have a company headed by Anna Held and supported by Aubrey Bouccicault, Marie Dressler and others, among them being the dancer, Bonnie Maginn, whose greatest popularity came during the old Weber-Fieldian days.

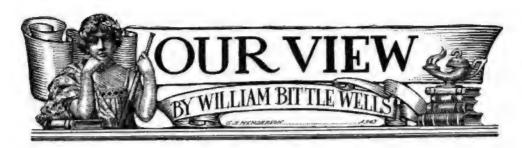
Mr. Fields has a new theatre bearing his name, Marie Cahill for leading woman, and Bessie Clayton, whose whirlwind dancing has never been equaled.



Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams in "The Girl From Kays."







It has been well said—Honesty is not the best policy; it is the only policy.

The man who had predicted during the first McKinley-Bryan campaign that the "financial interest" would be supporting the Democrat nominee eight years later would have been laughed to scorn. Such is life and politics.

Visitors at the St. Louis Fair who are so fortunate as to live on the Pacific Coast are beginning to think that the Lewis and Clark Exposition to be held at Portland next year will eclipse the St. Louis Fair in point of genuine interest. If Portland can secure the cream of the exhibits at St. Louis, and all indications point to success in this particular, the Lewis and Clark Exposition will not only have many unique features of the West, but will be a credit to the country at large.

Optimism is not always an unalloyed virtue. It can be made a stumbling block in the road of life, although it is worth 'a thousand pounds a year to look on the bright side of things.' Action must go hand in hand with optimism. The realities of life must not be obscured if there is to be any genuine progress. We must look at things as they are, not as we would like to have them. But optimism coupled with enthusiasm and action presents an irresistible force—a force that has always conquered adversity and untoward circumstances. It is no one thing, however, that creates success. Singleness of purpose is an essential. Tenacity, earnestness, self-belief, enthusiasm, honesty and an indomitable spirit are equally as important. But they are all null and void without optimism.

The year 1905 promises to be of extraordinary importance to the growth and development of the Pacific Coast. The Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition at Portland beginning next June will alone be of incalculable benefit to the entire West, but, apart from this great undertaking which is practically assured a gratifying success, there is a spirit in the air of enterprise that presages the beginning of great things. Yet even now we are in the midst of a world movement that is making the Pacific the center of the world's activities and promising the most alluring and brilliant future for the lands bordering this side of the Pacific. A great, magnificent, splendid future is in store for us, and although we may not realize it we have already passed over the threshold. The writing is on the wall so clearly and unmistakably that even a dullard may interpretate the signs aright. A splendid, greater, grander nation is in the making and its greatest, grandest part will be the Pacific Coast.

The world does not stand still; progress is inevitable—progress not only in science, art, literature, but, most important, in the great social problems with which humanity has always been struggling. We have made wonderful strides in science, but there will be a greater than Edison. In literature there will be a greater than Shakespeare. In art there will be a greater than Raphael or Michel Angelo or Phidias. There will be a greater than Gladstone or Lincoln or Napoleon or Alexander the Great or Franklin or Cromwell or Caesar or Justinian or Luther or Calvin or Wesley. We have not reached the limit. The world does not go backward. Progress is inevitable.



A world-wide survey of important events in all departments of human activity

During the past month, all other interests have paled before the The Leading momentous events in the far East. Tremendous battles have been Event waged; mighty issues have been decided; tens of thousands of lives have been sacrificed. Both of Russia's fleets have been shattered; her ships are maimed and dispersed, until their fighting value is nil. Beleaquered Port Arthur is invested on every side; the Japanese assaults have been of unparalleled ferocity, and the cannonading the heaviest known to history. The fall of the city seems inevitable. On the Yalu, the Japanese success is even more astounding. In almost every engagement they have been victorious, and the Russians, resisting stubbornly and retreating without rout, have still met defeat at every point. There is still no talk of surrender, and it is probable that the "minions of the Czar" will need even more severe a lesson before they admit their inferiority; but to the world their ultimate defeat seems inevitable. The Japanese have proved themselves complete masters of the military art. Their fanatical courage is resistless; the strategy of their generals is of the highest order; no obstacle seems to daunt their enthusiasm. Heretofore the outcome of the war was veiled in uncertainty, but now even the most conservative critics are expressing their conviction of the complete success of the Japanese cause.

Two of the greatest battles The War of modern times—one on sea, the other on land—is the record of the past month in the Eastern war. addition to this, one of the greatest sieges in all history is being conducted. the tenth of August, the Russian squadron, finding the harbor of Port Arthur no longer tenable because of the near approach of the Japanese siege guns, endeavored to escape and to join the Vladivostok squadron. The ever watchful Togo was prepared, and a running fight ensued in which the Russian squadron was completely routed. The Japanese attack was focussed upon the flagship Czarevitch. which was rendered almost a total wreck. Admiral Wittsoeft was killed, as well as the captain and other officers of the ves-Five of the battleships with one cruiser put back into the harbor, while the rest of the vessels were dispersed, after receiving terrific injuries from the heavy Japanese fire. Four days later, Admiral Kamimura encountered the Vladivostok

fleet and won a complete victory. crack cruiser Rurik was sunk, and the other vessels forced to flee. This leaves Japan virtually in control of the sea, with both of Russia's fleets crippled and ineffective, and hardly a factor in the struggle. Immediately after the first naval engagement, the Japanese land forces began a general assault upon Port Arthur. With a desperate determination and with an appalling loss of life, attack after attack was made on the Russian strongholds. The cannonading was incessant, and one after another the environing fortifications were abandoned, until only the inmost lines of defenses remained in the possession of the Terms of surrender were offered to General Stoessel, but were refused with torrential profanity. Then, suddenly, the scene of greatest activity shifted to the north, where the great hosts of Kuroki and Kuropatkin confronted one The Japanese began a steady another. advance northward that seemed irresistible. The Russian defense was determined, but point after point was evacuated, until at Liao-Yang a stand was made. was fought the greatest battle of the war. For days the outcome was uncertain. The fighting was tremendous, and the life sacrifice terrific. Finally came the news that Liao-Yang had been abandoned, the Russian flanks had been turned, and Kuropatkin in full retreat toward Mukden. The battle then resolved itself into a pursuit race, with Mukden as the objective point. Here, it is thought, the Russians will make their final stand. The Japanese are straining every nerve to head off the retreat. Although they have been invariably victorious, they will count the campaign a failure if Kuropatkin escapes.



According to Napoleon, an army fights on its stomach. In that case, Port Arthur must be nearly all in.

-From the Tacoma Ledger.

For some reason or other, the Politics great political contest has so far failed to arouse the customary public in-Perhaps it is merely overshadowed by the greater game being played in the far East. The important events of the past month were the several notifications of the respective candidates, and their carefully prepared replies, intended, no doubt, for use as political timber in the campaign. Roosevelt's speech of acceptance was-like the Republican platform—a review of the administration, with an obvious willingness to abide by the record made, and with confident assurances that the work begun would be carried to a consummation. Judge Parker's reply was, like the man, conservative, judicial. He emphasizes the delimitations of the three branches of the government,

with evident reference to Roosevelt's impatience of constitutional restraints. The tariff is attacked, but it is frankly admitted the Republican majority in the senate will make it impossible to modify the tariff laws during the next four years. The trusts are "viewed with concern," but Judge Parker asserts that the present laws, if enforced, are sufficient to curb the evil. Filipino self-government is urged, and all forms of imperialism are opposed. In conclusion, the Judge stated that he would not accept a renomination. He has already resigned his position on the bench. Mr. H. G. Davis' reply was notable for the bold stand in favor of the gold standard. In notifying Mr. Fairbanks, a point was made of the extreme age of the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, as providing an unsuitable occupant for the presidential chair, in case anything should happen to the President. Interest centers in the gubernatorial contest in New York, this year, more than ever, the pivotal state. Feeling the necessity of nominating a man capable of attracting the greatest possible number of votes, the Republican leaders have used their utmost powers to persuade Elihu Root to accept the candidacy—so far without success. David B. Hill, representing the up-state Democratic faction, and Chas. Murphy, Tammany's leader, are still at Their reconciliation is indispensable to Democratic success in the state. Other states are nominating their governors, the party newspapers are printing perfervid editorials, and the cry of the spellbinder is abroad in the land. These are the signs of the times.

Anarchy and mob rule Deportation hold full sway in Coloin Colorado rado. The latest act in open defiance of law was the forcible deportation of ten prominent citizens of Cripple Creek, who had been actively identified with the Western Federation—the union organization. Among the deported men were an ex-Attorney General of the state, two other lawyers, and others of wealth and position. They were marched about three miles out of town, with an escort of 3,000 non-union sympathizers. They were then told to leave the country, and were threatened with a bullet or a rope if they ventured back. On returning to the town, the disorderly element of the crowd broke away from the control of the leaders—among whom were leading business men—and wrecked the union store. The military has been withdrawn, and the authorities are powerless. For the present, the Citizens' Alliance and the Mineowners' Association control the situation.

The Butchers The situation at Chicago and the other strike centers Strike has not greatly altered during the last month. Neither side shows any signs of yielding, although it is the general impression that the strikers are losing ground. The effort to arbitrate the matter through Mayor Harrison's intercession came to naught, by reason of the packers' refusal to make any concessions. They claim that eighty per cent of the usual amount of work has been done, and that their financial loss is slight, as they are enabled to close out the supplies that have accumulated in their warehouses. A point was gained by the strikers when they compelled the city authorities to issue an order that the strikers could no longer house the strike breakers in the yards, as a violation of the municipal sanitary regulations. Several severe riots have occurred, and lives have been sacrificed. Meanwhile, the price of meat soars, and the independent meat packers are the only ones who are not suffering from the great struggle.

The annual encamp-Grand Army ment of the Grand Encampment Army of the Republic was held this year at Boston, and was characterized by much enthusiasm. There are now 246,261 members of the G. A. R. -10,000 less than last year—but of these only 16,000 were able to participate in the Gen. Wilmon W. Blackmar procession. was chosen commander-in-chief, vice Gen. John C. Black, and Denver was selected as the next convention city. Resolutions were adopted against disfranchisement on color lines, and congress was urged to pass a law affirming the order of the pension bureau that veterans 62 years of age should be entitled to pensions without regarding their actual inability to labor.

On August 12, at the very time A Child when the Russian battleships is Born were going down to defeat before the Japanese fleet, the Czarina gave birth to a male child. The boy weighed eleven pounds and is healthy and sound. He is named Alexis Nikolarevitch, and, if he comes to the throne, will be Alexis II. By this event—so long the object of prayers and wishes in the Czar's kingdom -great joy has been brought to the royal family and to the Russian people; but to those of other races, it would seem that the heir was born under an ill-fated star to a life of much burden and sorrow. christening was attended with much pomp and ceremony, and the Czarevitch has already been made honorary colonel of the Finland Guards.



Why not hitch a Kansas cyclone to a couple of Kansas corn shocks and supply the Japs with Kansas corn.

—From the Tacoma Ledger.

Labor Trouble in New York In spite of the arbitration agreement of 1903, another contest is on between the builders of New York and the union workmen. Several strikes were ordered by the unions in defiance of the treaty, and in retaliation a lock-out was finally declared by the Employers' Association, and notice was given that the places of the strikers would be filled by

nonunion men, providing they did not return by a certain date. It is asserted by the association that the present difficulty arises from a desire on the part of so-called labor leaders to revive the old system of grafting, made impossible by the arbitration agreement. At least, it is manifest that the unions have acted in bad faith, ignoring the terms of the treaty to which they had subscribed.

The "naval demonstration" made Turkey by the U.S. European squad-Yields ron before Smyrna, Turkey, had the desired effect, and the Sultan has agreed to all of Minister Leishman's de-The principal point at issue was the treatment of American schools in Turkey, which for years have been unsatisfactory. Our schools were not included in the "favored nation" class, and were subject to unfavorable discrimination. Our minister undertook to secure for our schools the privileges enjoyed by those of other nations, but the Sublime Porte evaded his demands by dilatory tactics. Finally, after repeated postponements, Rear Admiral Jewell was ordered to take his vessels to Smyrna to bring the Porte to immediate action. The arrival of the fleet was anticipated, and Mr. Leishman was given assurance that there should no longer be any discrimination against American schools.

The "Subway Tavern" Bishop Potter is a saloon recently and the Saloon opened in New York City, the purpose of which is to provide at a minimum cost pure food and pure liquors, under the best moral conditions. The house is under the auspices of certain reform workers, who believe that it is impossible to entirely eradicate the drink habit, and that it is best to minimize the evils that attend it. Bishop Potter delivered the opening address, in which he said that the keynote had been struck by this attack on the liquor situation. His action has aroused a storm of criticism from the Anti-Saloon League, W. C. T. U., and similar organizations, and many denunciations of his position have been published.

The President on Lynching

A short time ago, President Roosevelt was importuned to commute to life imprisonment the death penalty imposed

upon a negro for criminal assault on a little girl. The reason for the plea was the alleged weakmindedness of the criminal. After an investigation, the President denied the application, accompanying his decision with a statement which may be accepted as an expression of his attitude toward lynching. He says that the crime in question is one to which "we largely owe the existence of that spirit of lawlessness which takes form in lynching." It is essential that its punishment should be swift and certain. He expresses regret that we do not have special provision for more summary dealing with this type of cases, but condemns lynching because "it seeks to avenge one infamous crime by the commission of another of equal infamv."

The year 1904 Railroad Accident maintaining its record in Colorado for terrible disasters by the worst railroad accident that has ever occurred in America. Over a hundred lives were lost, and it was only by a seeming miracle that the rest of the passengers were spared. Exceptionally heavy rains had flooded a small canvon, spanned by a wooden bridge, on which were the tracks of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. When the "World's Fair Flyer" attempted to cross the bridge the middle span gave way, and the engine, baggage, smoking and chair cars were precipitated into the raging torrent, 35 feet deep. Of all the passengers in this part of the train, only three escaped. Pullmans were left on the track, their occupants being unaware of the appalling fate from which they were so marvelously spared.

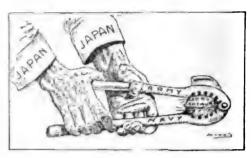
Former Premier Wal-Waldeckdeck - Rousseau. whose Rousseau Dead death occurred at Corbeil, France, August 10, was undoubtedly his country's foremost statesman. His public career is a long and honorable one, embracing many prominent offices. became premier in 1899, when the Dreyfus case was the center of public interest, and took a daring stand in pardoning Dreyfus after his second conviction, and securing a proclamation of general amnesty to all concerned. He was also the author of the law against the religious associations. Ill-health necessitated

resignation in 1902. His death, which resulted from an operation rendered necessary by his serious condition, is mourned by the whole French people, and the funeral was the occasion of national sorrow.

The The Lake Erie & Western Sunday Railroad has announced that Excursion it will handle no more Sunday excursions. The abolishment of Sunday excursions on the Vanderbilt lines is also under serious consideration. This movement is not alone a concession to moral sentiment, but is based also on humane and economic grounds. The danger of accident on Sunday excursions is always far greater than on the regular trains. Employees are worn out by the extra duties, and the organization of the road is disrupted.

The problem of color pho-Color tography is one that has in-Photography terested the scientist-photographers for some years, and several solutions were reached. In each case, however, the method was too difficult and complicated to be extensively practiced. Now two European experimentors have produced a paper upon which may be printed color photographs from any ordinary negative. The paper is given ten chemical coatings, separated by layers of gelatine. and each one graduated to a wave length, producing a certain color shade. printing, the paper is washed in water of a required temperature, which dissolves the gelatine, leaving the color-print in all

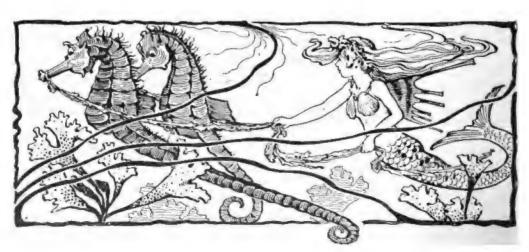
its naturalness. This paper is on sale in Europe, and, without doubt, will soon be procurable in America.



"A hard nut to crack."

—From the Spokesman-Review.

M. Lebaudy, the Parisian Airship News aeronaut, made a successful ascent in his dirigible balloon recently. He covered a distance of 121 miles in 15 minutes, sailing at a height of 250 feet from Holland, the inventor of the the earth. submarine boat, has turned his attention to aeronautics, and is devising a craft to navigate the air. He is working on the aeroplane principle, without the aid of a balloon attachment. The airship race at St. Louis was not an unqualified success. But two vessels started, both operated by Americans. One descended but a few miles from St. Louis, while the other, of which G. E. Tomlinson was the aeronaut, got as far as St. Charles, Mo., 200 miles from the starting point. Under the conditions of the contest, the \$5000 prize will go to him, unless some other aspirant succeeds in reaching a point nearer Washington monument before November 1.





Morality, if it be the truth, pays—the universe is founded on it. Its violation makes misery; its observance makes success.

Bigotry

BEHOLD how each one is to himself the universe! Behold the perversity of the human mind! Each demands freedom for himself—to think as pleases him, to speak as pleases him, to act as pleases him; but when another wishes to do the same, behold!—chains, fire, clubs, and shouts of "License," "Infidel," "Rebel!" "You must think, speak, and act as pleases me."

War

AR is cruelty; war is waste; war is stupidity. There is no question which could not be better settled without war, if rulers would settle it. Even in republics it is rulers who make war, always it is the people who are killed.

Morality

CHRIST said, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Confucius said, "Do not unto others that which you would not have them do to you."

Gautama said, "If thine enemy come to thy house, give him food. Even the

tree refuses not its shade to the axman at its root."

Mohammed said, "Resolve if people do good to you, you will do good to them, and if they oppress you, oppress them not again."

Socrates said, "A wrong can not be right, so though one has done you wrong,

yet if you truly love the right you will not do wrong to him."

Every enlightened age, every civilized people has had its wise teacher seeing and teaching the Golden Rule; yet of the countless millions, how many have made it the rule of conduct? How many have clearly seen that it is the greatest success of all?

Samuel Jones, Mayor of Toledo—"Golden Rule Jones"—is dead. No man's influence dies. The waves of example keep widening ever. I take from the "Public" an extract from an article by Graham Taylor in the Chicago Daily News. As we read it, let us imagine the funeral of Russell Sage or any "successful" man, or our own funeral, and ask, "What is Success?"

"Within the Memorial hall, which had so often re-echoed his ringing voice, the people took their last look at the face they loved. They had outlined in flowers the aisle through which they were to pass by their dead. And were flowers ever more the symbol of hearts grown together? For they were sent there by all the city departments, by 'Syrian-American citizens,' Polish, German, Hungarians, and other nationalities; by the University club and the Bartenders' union; by the United Catholic societies and the Spiritualist association; by the horseshoers, cloakmakers, and many other labor unions; by the Western Oil Men's Association, accompanied by

sixty-two names of his business associates and competitors; by his own employees, who gave a great floral golden rule with the words: 'We knew him.'

"Between 5:30 a. m. and 9 p. m. for two days, fifty people a minute passed up that aisle, until fully fifty-five thousand men, women and children of every

description silently, reverently and affectionately parted from their friend.

"Then his fellow-workmen took up his body to carry it home. Such a procession as followed it has seldom been led by the living or the dead. There were not only the labor unions, but the mothers, wives and children of the men; policemen, firemen, mail carriers, and officials of the Toledo, Cleveland and other city governments; six hundred newsboys and their band, playing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee'; musical, benevolent and fraternal societies, and unorganized groups of citizens, women and children followed in their train. No military company nor any implement of war or strife was seen. To the music of the 'Golden Rule' shop band they marched in strange silence through silent throngs.

"At the end of the long march to the distant cemetery thousands more were in waiting by the open grave. When friends were leaving it and it was being filled, a German singing society spontaneously broke out in a farewell song, and a broken

voice in the tongue of the fatherland was heard saying good-by."

I would rather be buried with such love than win from "Glory" a bronze statue.

And by his "Golden Rule" policy Samuel Jones became a "practical success," which means always to the modern mind a money success. It is the only rule upon which a safe and just society can ever be founded. It is the ultimate perfection of society.

As Henry George wrote, "That we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals—but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy—if we would secure the blessings of abundance and peace."

The Chicago Strike

I T is said that the packers will win and 250,000 men will lose their jobs. The newspapers report that the Pullman company under the Parry system of a union of employers, will have a sympathetic "lock-out." I also read that one of the packers said, "we can get plenty of unskilled labor for fifteen cents an hour. The unions are flying in the face of the law of supply and demand in trying to compel us to pay eighteen and one half cents an hour."

The law of supply and demand, like all great natural forces, is irresistible. The solution of the trouble is not to be found in unions, but in reforms in those economic conditions which bring an army of starving unskilled laborers knocking at the gates of capital. That reform must be greater economic freedom; less meddling with natural laws by legislature laws; no special privileges in tariffs, in money, in land. It will take generations to effect these changes, but in radical reforms—less law granting special privileges, and more freedom lie the remedy—not in unions. Unions, as fraternities, as places for interchange of views and forming acquaintances, as clubs for social purposes or for political and economic discussion, are good. They fill the place of the medieval guilds. But unions, as they repress individuality, dictate iron-clad rules and restrict human freedom and ambition, are bad.

As is true of everything else which exists, there was a cause which forced unions into existence. That cause was the oppression of labor by capital. Unions are such an evil in the tyranny they exercise and in their check to individual freedom, that there must be some very strong cause which continues their existence in spite of their evils. Nothing with evil in it continues to exist unless there is a powerful reason for its existence. That reason to-day is the same reason which gave rise to unions.

It is the self-defense of the laboring man against the special privileges which

make a few wealthy and powerful. It is the laboring man's battle for life; only, he does not see the root of the evil and continually attacks the result. He is engaged in the task of baling out the sea. He opposes capital on the one hand and the starving army of the unemployed on the other, but fails to attack the causes alike of excessive and tyrannous capital, and of the clamorous army of those who have no choice but to take any wages or starve.

As the army increases—as the supply of labor more and more exceeds the demand, the more desperate and the more useless will be the struggle of the unions, until out of desperation will be born a truer remedy: more freedom for all, less legal privilege to a few.

Divorce Again

SO many communications have been received by this magazine and myself, concerning the article on divorce in the August number, that some further discussion has been requested by the editors. All of the comments were in a kindly tone, but most of them disagreed with me, and some expressed regret that I was an advocate of such views.

I have felt for a long time that it matters little what comes to any man of praise or blame. Any one man's career is soon over, and the only questions the future will ask are, "Was he honest?" "Did he aid the truth?" Only time can tell whether a man has aided the truth; but as discussion is fatal to error and favorable to truth, I believe any agitation—even hostile agitation—of a question of morals is better than stagnation. All men should unite in saying, "Let the truth prevail."

In the first place, I have to suggest here, as I have had occasion to do in other discussions, that, merely because a man advocates freedom, he is not to be understood as desiring to abolish, even if he could, all decency, all loyalty, all unselfishness. The men who opposed human slavery in this country, by the same curious perversion of ideas, were supposed to be opposed to all law and order and rights of civilized society. The word "freedom" to the slaveholders of the South meant "License," "Anarchy" and such other false-logic, bugaboo words.

Now, in every state of society—and whether divorce be free or not—fidelity, loyalty, steadfastness, tenderness, unselfishness, have been and will be more valued than fickleness, disloyalty and selfishness. No one can, even if he would, ever make the worthy unworthy, or the base of higher value than the noble.

The question is, Shall men and women regulate their own marriage relations by their own sense of right, decency, loyalty and fitness, or shall the law undertake to judge for them and keep together those who would be asunder? If the law must keep cat and dog chained together for the good of the state, then Plato's "Republic" offers the only logical plan—which is that the law must determine beforehand who may marry, and see to it that cat and dog are not chained together. It is recognized that the marrying is solely the affair of the mating couple—even the breaking of the engagement is solely the affair of one party (except the action for damages for the breach of contract). But as soon as the couple is wed, then, whether they have children or not, or whether they possess property or not, the state says they must stay together, even though both be tugging at their chains.

It is not enough that they wish to separate. One must commit adultery, or be a drunkard, or commit some other brutality. When one does this, then the other, in spite of children, in spite of property rights, may have a divorce, and all this nonsense about public policy requiring people to live together who wish to be apart falls to the ground.

The fact is, this vacant theory which is chattered by parrots about the state having a vital interest in the home and family is borrowed from the canon law. The church, of course, did have an interest in keeping up the home, because marriage was a sacrament of the church, and must not be trifled with, and, of course, the state—that is, human society—has an interest in its units or families being decent and prosperous. But I ask sound argument and sound logic and sound norals to

prove to me that the state or any one else has any interest in perpetuating a family hell upon earth or in keeping together a couple either one of which intensely abhors the union. The result of the forced union is neglect of children, demoralization of the home atmosphere, and often adultery.

The state has no greater interest in a family than the family itself, and has no greater interest in children than have the parents; and when the useless interference of the law is removed, society will find that the real bond is either love or that sense of duty and high morals which is the only true law, or lastly, a fear of the opinion of society. Instead of morals being worse with free divorce, they will be better, and conduct now excused or extenuated will no longer be tolerated.

The logical conclusion is that what begins with the parties alone, and the Toundation of which is the will of the parties, should end with the parties alone, and when that foundation has fallen.

The needless injury done by the law may be illustrated by a very common case. When the man or woman has been guilty of such an offense that the law permits a divorce, and the couple themselves recognize that there must be a divorce, and are willing for the sake of their children to separate quietly, they can not do so, but the law actually compels them to come into court and blazon abroad the mistakes and unhappiness which belong peculiarly and privately to themselves. The brutality of the law is illustrated by another case, not uncommon. When one of the married pair goes to the other and frankly and honestly admits that time and circumstances have produced a change, that he or she loves another, the law does not permit them to separate quietly; it does not permit them to separate at all; but if the one who has changed commits adultery, then guilt receives from the law the freedom denied to innocence. Such a chain upon human freedom can only be productive of deception and immorality.

There was in some of the communications a certain shocked sense that marriage should be called mating, sexual mating. Undoubtedly marriage is of two elements: sexual affinity, or love, and congeniality, or friendship. With youth, the mere blind instinct called love is apt to sway, and hence so many matrimonial mistakes. Unless calm friendship, esteem, fellowship exists, the marriage can not be of life-long happiness. But to deny the great part which sex plays in marriage is to be blind to nature. We may refine it as much as we please, and the falsely modest may ignore it as much as they please, yet sex, and sexual love, will continue to make marriages until the end, as it has made mating from the beginning.

I do not mean that the mere sexual mating is before the eyes of young couples, but I mean the force is there, just as the force of gravity controls us, though we are unconscious of it.

In conclusion, as marriage is a mating, freely made by the parties alone. founded upon a desire to live together, neither society, state, children, nor anybody else is benefited by compelling people to live together who have ceased to desire it. If one repels a marriage association so earnestly that his or her moral nature and sense of right fail to make the union tolerable, it is better he or she should be bid to depart in peace. When one hates, where both should love, it is better to let them adjust their mistake as freely as they were permitted to make it. When this day arrives—as it will—then the woman (usually the injured party) or her relatives will, before the marriage, be sure that she is not to be the toy of a year, and by contract will secure her and her children's property rights. In short, freedom and self-help will hereafter, as always, make for truer happiness and truer justice.

With the utmost respect for those who believe marriage to be God-ordained, and all its phases fixed by divine decree, I recognize that with these no discussion of this question is possible; for, as the Godhead is omniscient, there can be no question of its edicts. But the history of religions—Christian, Buddhist, and Mohammedan—and the practical departure to-day of the law from religion in this respect, show that the divine edicts will not be accepted by society as unchangeable. Therefore a general discussion is, I think, pertinent and useful.



A review of current books and an opinion of their merits

A reading of Dolph Wyllarde's "The Rat-trap" leaves the Reader halting between two opinions: the first, a lively appreciation of a remarkable story, intelligently conceived and brilliantly executed; the second, a decided inclination to disagree with the author in his reasoning. The writer, we take it, who deals with great life questions, must be guided by great life principles. Of these, "the wages of sin is death," "happiness can not result from evil," are the foremost. Exceptions there may be, but literature as governed by the canons of art-must abide by the fundamental principles. Surely, to unite a man and woman in a great love, when a deed of dishonor stands forever between them, is to The defy the essential articles of Rat-trap right and wrong. But putting aside all casuistic quibbles, we gladly give Mr. Wyllarde credit for an extremely entertaining and powerful novel. locale, Key Island, an isolated British dependency, is not a prepossessing one, and the handful of English men and women marooned there are not to be envied. But this very isolation gives the story a dramatic insularity which is made singularly effective.

Most daring is the author. He never stays his hand, whether it be in laying bare the quivering tissues of a woman's heart, or in exposing the inmost purposes of a man's mind. In fact, audacity of plan and treatment is the first characteristic of the whole book. The author snaps his fingers at conventions, and the result, though it arouse antagonism, is forceful and most impressive.

(John Lane, New York.)

If you're looking for two or three hours of solid fun, just clamber into the Bishop's carriage, and take a ride with Nance Olden. A merry chase she'll lead you, to be sure—the madcap!—with her artful tongue and her deceitful wit. But you'll enjoy yourself, never fear, and you'll find a new and piquant flavor in this breezy, racy story—jaded old novel reader though you be.

Nance Olden is an Oliver Twist in petticoats—a Trilby and a Becky Sharp rolled into one. She is more than that, for she hails from New York, and is distinctly a product of "th' Avenoo." Whether she is real or not depends largely upon the credulity of the reader; but, at least she is the most enlivening figure that has pranced across



Miriam Michelson, author of "In the Bishop's Carriage."

In the Bishop's fiction. Her verve is Carriage untiring; her wit, unfailing; her courage, dauntless. And her badness is only skin-deep—just an ugly vesicle acquired through bad associates and environment, which speedily cracks off, chrysalis-like, leaving the soul more pure and sweet because of its unlovely disguise.

The newspaper training of the author, Miriam Michelson, has brought her into familiar contact with the people of the streets and the theatres, and she speaks intimately of the life of the under-world and the stage.

So here's to you, Nance Olden, child-thief, incomparable mimic. You're the cocktail on the literary sideboard. *Prosit!* (The Bobbs-Merril Co., Indianapolis.)

If you care for the historical novel of the old school—that is, the school the vogue of which was at its zenith four or five years ago—you will like "The Bright Face of Danger."

It is the kind of a book that resembles closely a hundred others of the same family, and is no better than they—and certainly no worse. Moreover, any of the reviews written for the rest might be equally adapted to this one.

The author, R. N. Stephens, is an expert at his craft, and he works in the most pliable material. Hot-blooded youth, a ready sword, a desperate villain, a lovely lady in distress, a duel, a flight, a few love passages and a lived-happily-everafter: these are the essential components,

The Bright to be arranged according to the whim or purpose of the author.

Recognizing its sole purpose—to amuse —Mr. Stephens' book is quite satisfactory. Its swift movement, its deeds of prowess, its intrigues and mysteries, its high-flown sentiment make it a good sample of the novel of "dering-do." The hero is no less a hero than his many predecessors, and he handles his sword in true knightly fashion. As a lover, too, he is adequate, and conducts his amour in gallant style. As for villainy, never was there such a pair of red-handed rascals as the "Count" and

the "Red Captain." If you weren't quite certain that, as a thorough-going historical romance, it *must* result happily, you would tremble for the outcome.

(L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

In the preface to his latest collection of animal stories, entitled "The Watchers of the Trails," Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is at some pains to set forth that his tales are "avowedly fiction." At the same time, he explains that "the material of which they are molded consists of facts." In other words, the stories, while not necessarily actual occurrences, are consistent with the truth. And as to the ascription of human motives and mental processes to the beasts and birds, for which Mr. Roberts and Mr. Seton were gently taken to task by Mr. Burroughs, he affirms his right to infer such motives, as underlying the actions of the animals as he has observed them.

Without entering further into the controversy, the author is at least immune from criticisms of sensationalism. The successfully avoids the sen-Watchers of timental and melodramatic the Trails pitfalls, into which some of his compeers have stumbled. His stories are marked by a broad sincerity, an anxious regard for the truth-and this without sacrificing one least degree of interest. for it is safe to say that no more readable animal stories have ever been gathered into one volume. Mr. Roberts covers the whole scope of the animal kingdom; and whether he is writing of bird or beast, fish or insect, he is equally at home. It is noteworthy that the most successful tales are those which transcribe simply an incident from the life of some "furtive creature" of the forest's fringe, the hedgerow, marsh or pool, rather than the more extensive stories. These bits of animal biography, as interpreted in the glowing colors and intimate understanding of the author, are singularly appealing, and possess a true dramatic quality. Sad they are, too, for nature is full of tragedy.

The volume is exquisitely gotten up and its many full-page illustrations and end-page decorations, by C. L. Bull, add much to its value.

(L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)



A Leaf from the Cynic's Notebook-

A woman may not be able to throw a baseball or sharpen a pencil, but she can pack more things into a trunk than a man could get into a freight car.

When a girl's hair is coming down, her skirt sags and things are loose at the back, she imagines that she's gotten up in "studied disorder."

The first thing some women will do when they reach heaven is to locate the best pier glasses.

A girl knows more in five minutes about the art of kissing than a man could learn in five years—but she's mighty careful not to let the man know that she knows.

A fussy woman makes you think of a hen, but for a fussy man nature provides no parallel.



On the Contrary

The Man was admiring the Girl's figure as she strode around the golf links.

What splendid proportions, thought he, what rounded outlines.

Later he saw her in bathing, and stood aghast.

Where were the generous curves, the graceful contours?

Instead, angles and flat straight lines. And yet they say that figures can't lie, he thought, sorrowfully.

The Weaker Sex-

One of those frail, fragile, Dresden china creatures called girls will:

Dance from 8 p. m. to 5 a. m. with exposed arms and neck, constricting stays and crippling French heels, and suffer no ill effects.

Gambol for hours at a time in the coldest water, while the men stay in from seven to twelve minutes, and then break for their heaviest sweaters and V. O. P.

Consume such inordinate quantities of chocolates, sundas, bon-bons, ice cream sodas, etc., etc., as would ruin the digestion of a glass-eater.

And perform other equally wonderful feats of strength, endurance and resistance.

Yet they call them "the weaker sex."



Legal term illustrated: "Filing his Suit."

The Idea

Jones took the night train from St. Paul to Chicago. Being restless, and unaccustomed to riding in a sleeper, he tossed about a great deal, and each time his head came into violent contact with the top or sides of his berth.

A friend greeted him at the station. "Well, Jones, I'm glad to see you. How are you, anyway—but what under the sun has happened to your head?

"O, nothing much," was the grim reply. "Those are only berth-marks."

Gladys: I had the loveliest time at the beach! Just think: I was there less than two weeks and had sixteen proposals!

Mayme: Why you wrote me there were only two eligible men in the place!

Gladys: Well? That's seven for one and nine for the other.

Mrs. Book Worm: Why, B. W., how yellow you look! I believe you have an attack of the jaundice.

Mr. Book Worm: No, it must be the effect of that yellow journal I ate yesterday.

The Lover's Dilemma (Triolet)

When her eyes confess
And her lips deny,
How's a lover to guess—
When her eyes confess
Does she mean no or yes?
Love-torured am I
When her eyes confess
And her lips deny.

—G. Т.

An Object Lesson-

For a solid half hour Johnny Jones had worried his father with a series of such questions as could suggest themselves to no mind but that of a wide-awake seven-year-old. They ranged on a wide variety of subjects, and finally ended up with the Eastern unpleasantness. "Pa, where's the 'seat of war'?"

The worm turned.

"That's the place where I'll make it mighty warm for you, if you don't quit asking me fool questions."

Charley: I notice that Mae has taken to riding astride.

Evelyn: Well, she has the right.

Charley: I didn't see anything the matter with her left.



First Chorus Girl: What did Dotty say when the manager fired her because she couldn't dance?

Second C. G.: She said she didn't care—she had no kick coming.



Devoted to the energy, enthusiasm, growth, progress and development of the great Northwest

Ignorance—

People don't know about the Pacific Coast—its resources, its possibilities, its incomparable advantages. If they did, there would be such an influx of homeseekers that the railroad facilities would be taxed to the uttermost to handle them. But, they don't know.

To the average inhabitant of the East or of the Middle West, the Pacific Coast—that wonderful section between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean—is an

unknown land, mythical, distant, unreal.

Many there are, of course, who have read of the beneficent conditions which have combined to create this wonderland, and have marveled thereat, but have not been convinced. A few have passed through on a touring trip, and have been moved to wonder and delight.

But they don't know.

The fact is, the majority of people who live on the Pacific Coast are themselves unaware of the future in store for this region. Only a few of wide-compassing vision have fully measured the resources of this country. Still fewer—those of prophetic souls—have read the signs of future greatness.

As surely as the sun rises and sets, so surely does the course of empire move westward; so surely is the star of progress moving toward the Pacific Coast, as the

scene of the next great act in the advance of human development.

"The man on the Pacific Coast to-day is facing the front of the world."

The Larger Future of the Northwest-

In the Chicago Record-Herald there appeared recently an article by the railroad editor, setting forth the wonderful opportunities of the Northwest, especially as based upon irrigation. The writer has visited this section and has thoroughly familiarized himself with the situation. As a result he presents a glowing picture of the present prosperity and the future greatness of their favored region. In his opening paragraph he strikes this keynote of enthusiasm:

"The Pacific Northwest, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, is on the eve of big opportunity. There are many reasons for believing that the lands of the picturesque Columbia and the Willamette are shortly to see a development which will rival anything in history. For more than three

years the people of the far Northwest have been engaged in a campaign of education unique in character, national in scope, intense in purpose and which will culminate in the Lewis and Clark Exposition to be held in Portland in 1905.

"Back of this campaign is the enthusiasm of several millions of people with an unbounded faith in a territory, which, they will tell you, is richer in resources, climate and scenery than any other territory of equal area on the globe. The enthusiasm of the people of the Pacific Northwest is characteristic. There is nothing like it in the United States. They want population, and population they are rapidly acquiring. When people tell you in sober earnest that if the Pilgrim Fathers had landed upon the Pacific Coast instead of Plymouth Rock the East would

to-day be a desert, you may be sure there is something doing in the way of active development. The kind of enthusiasm which permeates the Northwest is illustrated by the recent organization of the Oregon Development League with head-quarters in Portland. Every business man worthy of the name is a member, and they pay a man a salary of \$6,000.00 annually just to tell the people about the resources of their state."

In speaking of the large part immigration is to play in the coming development of the Northwest, the writer says that "ir-



A bucket tramway, used to convey wheat and other produce from the high ground to the Columbia River.

rigation has become the slogan of this campaign for population. The people of Oregon and the Northwest, alive to the possibilities that lie in irrigation, are making a determined effort to secure the 1905 convention of the National Irrigation Association. If this convention can be induced to meet in Portland during the Lewis and Clark Exposition it is felt that irrigation, and consequently immigration, will receive a tremendous impetus.

"Irrigation has already become one of the main factors in the development of the Pacific Northwest. Probably nowhere are the possibilities of irrigation greater, and nowhere are there to be found better examples of the irrigation methods of the present and what can be accomplished by them. Even now more than 1.800,000 acres of land are under irrigation and partly settled, which added in 1903 through products of the soil a total of \$10,729,000 to the Pacific Northwest. Nearly 5,400,000 acres still remain which are transformable into a garden. It is, therefore, estimated that irrigation will eventually add fully \$338,000,000 annually to the wealth of this favored country. These estimates are not fanciful, but are rather under drawn. They are based upon an average producing value of \$50.00 per acre, which is conservative. Thousands of acres of land already under irrigation bring returns from \$100.00 to \$300.00 per acre. In the State of Washington more than 2,000,000 acres are susceptible of irrigation and 150,000 acres are now under irrigation, and are rapidly colonizing. In Oregon 2,775,000 acres are capable of irrigation, and 225,000 acres are now under irrigation. In Idaho 620,000 acres can be irrigated, and about 713,595 acres are now under irrigation.

"It is stated that 600,000,000 acres of Western land are susceptible of irrigation, but that the water available will not irrigate more than 60,000,000. Of this amount the works planned and being planned by the government do not cover more than 20,000,000 acres, leaving 40,000,000 acres to be developed by private enterprise."

The Northwest and the Tourist-

The tourist is beginning to appreciate the beauties of the Pacific Coast. years California has been most popularand justly so-with the seeker after health and recreation. But even California, charming as it is, with its perpetual sunshine, its orange groves and poppies, presents no such scenic grandeur as the states that lie to the north of it. Indeed, in no other section of the world is to be found such a wide variety of picturesque features. may be seen mountains as grand, as aweinspiring as any in the Alps or the Pyrences. Neither the Rhine nor the Hudson, nor any other river, can rival the marvelous beauty of the gorge of the

A few Eastern Oregon "mortgage lifters."

Columbia. Nowhere in the world can be found such magnificent forests as are here to be seen. Niagara may boast greater volume, but in height and in number, and in the savage beauty of their setting, the waterfalls of the Northwest are peerless.

Then there is the coast of the Pacific, with its sandy beaches, its driftwood, its sheltered coves and jutting headlands. There is Puget Sound, an inland sea of surpassing beauty, dotted with myriad, gem-like isles that rival in lovliness those of the St. Lawrence. There are the many mountain lakes and streams, the canyons, the glaciers, the countless beautiful and impressive views that charm the eye and inspire the soul.

Moreover, there are other things of exceptional interest to the tourist. There are thriving cities, beautiful in their location, their streets, buildings, parks and natural environments. There are great harbors at which ships from all over the world are at anchor. There are great industries carried on on a scale unparalleled elsewhere. Here the great forces of development are in visible operation. And to all these attractions are added climatic conditions that approach the ideal.

Surely, with all these enticements, the tourist can not ignore the appeal of this wonder-country to the lover of the beautiful, the unusual, the picturesque.

The Wheat Yield-

The figures of the official estimate of the wheat yield for Oregon, Washington and Idaho are most gratifying. show that the crop, while not a recordbreaker, by any means, is an excellent one. There is a large increase in acreage, and the average yield is satisfactory. Washington leads with 11,426,061 bushels of winter wheat, with an average of 26.3 bushels per acre. The acreage has grown from 373,989 acres to 434,451 acres, and the total increase is at the rate of 52.1 per In Oregon the yield is 7,828,034 bushels, an increase of 870,423 bushels over last year. Idaho's harvest will be 4,058,878 bushels, nearly double that of The sum total for the three states is 23,312,973 bushels, which with the prevailing high prices, will represent

quite a bundle of money for the farmers of the Pacific Northwest.

Diversified Fisheries-

A prominent Washington newspaper calls attention to the possibilities of diversified fishing in our streams and on our coast.

"There is money to be made in the fishing business," it says. "It is an industry that has been worked in the Northwest on but one or two lines, and these have been overworked. Excessive salmon fishing has depleted the supply. Rivers need restocking if the salmon industry is to be saved to posterity. The means of maintaining a perpetual supply must be provided by legislation.

"But there are other lines of fishing that can be developed while we are remedying the errors we have made by excesses in the one direction. We can develop a future resource in shellfish and varieties of other fish heretofore permitted to live and die in countless millions without consideration.

"A few years ago the shrimp consumed on Puget Sound came wholly from California waters. And all the time the waters of Puget Sound teemed with a superior We buy canned lobster though it has been demonstrated that the Puget Sound crab packed in tins is a positive luxury. Canned clams find a ready market even here at home. We send East for oysters, though the Eastern varieties can be produced here in greatest perfection. Shad are abundant, and with rock cod, salmon, salmon trout, smelt, sea bass and many other varieties, can be shipped in cold storage to responsive markets all over the continent. There are small varieties of smelt that resemble sardines in flavor, and herring, too, are abundant. there is the anchovy. These delicate little fish swarm in nearly all Pacific Coast They are, perhaps, our most valuable fish, yet no steps have been taken to make use of them.

"Diversified fishing, like diversified farming, is of greater benefit to communities. It means a larger army of the employed, a more extended season of activity, a greater amount of capital invested, a larger and more valuable product and more general commercial relations with other markets."



Nearing the End.

Methuselah was in his nine hundred and sixty-eighth year. It was a long, dry summer that year, too, and Abelgad the Beehemite, and Obadad the Dinnymite, were fret-

ting over the drought.
"Yes," quavered Methuselah, fidgeting with his stout cane, "it is pretty warm; but

Here Abelgad and Obadad winked know-

ingly at each other.

"But I," Methuselah continued, "can't say that I recollect any year that ever has given us such a long, dry spell."

Then Obadad and Abelgad walked softly away, saving one to another that the old man was showing his first signs of breaking down. Judge.

A Different Viewpoint.

For the seventeenth time the stout visitor had groped patiently under the couch, on which he was sitting, for a rubber ball be-longing to his hostess' little son. Each time it was returned to him the delighted youngster squealed with delight.

"How little," sad the mother, "it takes

to amuse a child."

"Well, I don't know about that," returned the visitor, who was crimson from exertion and decidedly limp as to collar. "It seems to me that it takes a great deal."-Woman's Home Companion.

Significant.

Margaret's father and mother, whose home was in New York City, had arranged to take a long-talked-of trip to Chicago. before they were to start on their Western expedition, Margaret's mamma told the little girl that she must go to bed early, as she would have to be up by daylight the next morning.

Margaret very obediently consented to prepare for ted. When her dress had been taken off and her nightie put on, she knelt to say her prayers. She closed her petition as fol-

lows:

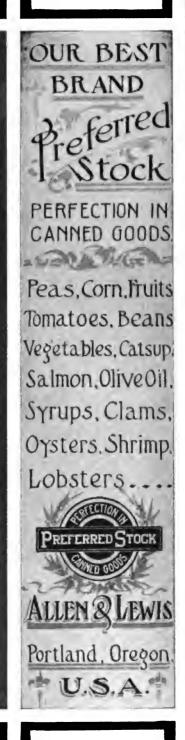
"Good-by, God! Good-by, angels! by! Good-by! I'm going to Chicago to-morrow!''-Woman's Home Companion.

Meekly-Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst.

Doctor-But the climate there may disa-

gree with your wife.

Meekly-It wouldn't dare .- Philadelphia Press.



How to Spell Cat.

Brown-"I had a letter from Smith this morning, and I bet you a cookie you don't guess in half a dozen guesses how the ignorant beggar spelled cat."

Jones—"I bet I do."

Brown-"All right, then; fire away."

Jones-"C-a-t-t. Brown-"No."

Jones-"C-a-t-t-e."

Brown_"No."

Jones-"K-a-t."

Brown_"No."

Jones-"K-a-t-t."

Brown_"No."

Jones-"K-a-t-t-e."

Brown-"No."

Jones-"C-a-g-h-t."

Brown_"No."

Jones-"Well, how did he spell it?" Brown-"C-a-t."

Jones (angrily)-"But you said he was an ignorant beggar."

Brown-"So I did; but it is not likely that he would be so ignorant as not to be able to spell cat."—March Woman's Home Companion.

"Tis a great ambition Oi hov," said Cas-

"To work so ye'll hov lots o' money, Oi suppose," said Casey.

"No; to how lots o' money so Oi won't hov to work."-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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Obituary.

(From the Weekly Trego Truckpatch.)

The old man Gunn
Of Jayhawker's run,
Who had the mon,
Died to day at one.
A neighbor's son
Shot Gunn
With a shot gun.
He leaves one.
Son.
Now every one
Asks every one,
'Shall we call this son,
This Gunn's son,
This son of a Gunn,
The heir Gunn''-Judge.

Robert B. Mantell tells of a clergyman who went fishing. He was perched in a precarious position when he got a bite, and in his excitement fell into the stream.

He yelled lustily for help, and a farmer

came along and pulled him out.

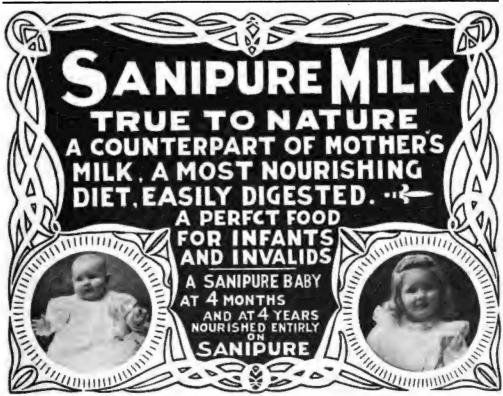
"How did you come to fall in!" inquired

his rescurer.

"I didn't come to fall in," replied the dripping preacher, "I came to fish."—New York Telegram.

Wise Brothers, Dentists. Failing Building, Third and Washington Sts. Portland, Oregon.





He Helped Himself.

"Well, Bobby, how do you like church?" asked his father, as they walked homeward from the sanctuary, to which Bobby had just paid his first visit.

"It's fine!" ejaculated the young man.

"How much did you get, father?"
"How much did I get? Why, what do you mean? How much what?" asked the astonished parent at this evident irreverence.

"Why, don't you remember when the funny old man passed the money around? I only got ten cents."-Lippincott's Magazine.

Got a Bite.

In a certain town in the north of Ireland there is a fishing-tackle shop, the sign whereof is a brazen trout dangling at the end of a fishing rod of massive proportions. Late one night a townsman who had been dining "not wisely but too well" happened to see this fish. He looked at it, then went cautiously to the door and knocked gently.
"Who's there?" demanded the shopkeeper

from an upper window.

"Sh-h! Don't make a noise, but come down as quietly as you can," was the reply. Thinking something serious was the matter, the man arose and stole downstairs.

"Now, what's the matter?" he inquired.

"Pull your line in quick; you have got a bite," roared the tipsy one as he erratically turned a corner.-London Tit-Bits.

Both Very Old.

When off duty, Professor Richards, of Yale, enjoys a joke, and his pupils often come to him when they have heard a new one. He adds to the fun sometimes with a witticism of his own. Such was the case when one of the students perpetrated the following antiquity: "Professor, would you like a good recipe for catching rabbits?"

"Why, yes," replied the professor. "What

is it?"

"Well, you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip," answered the youth, giggling in ecstasy. Quick as a flash came the reply: "Oh, a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural.''-Christan Endeavor World.

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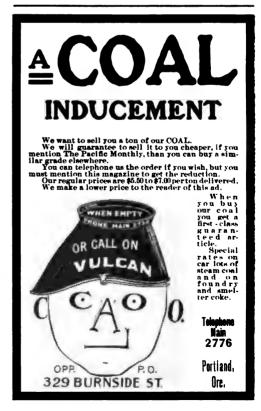
After forcing him to agree that all the rest shall have time to publish their articles on "How to succeed" before he writes his article, the papers are signed .- Judge.



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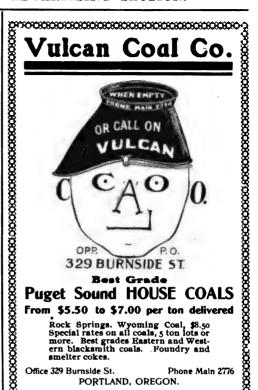
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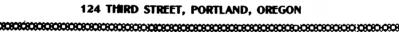
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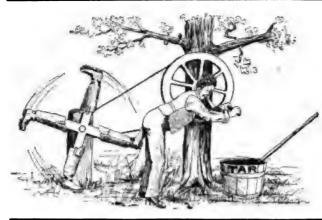
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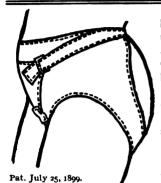
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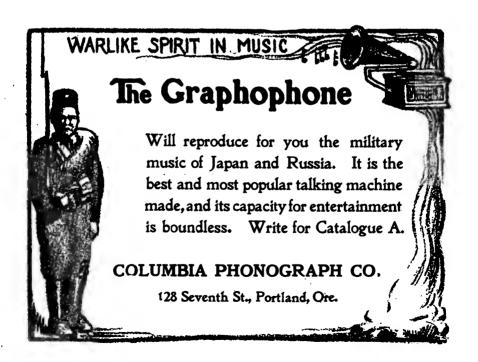
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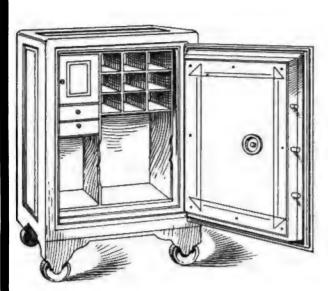
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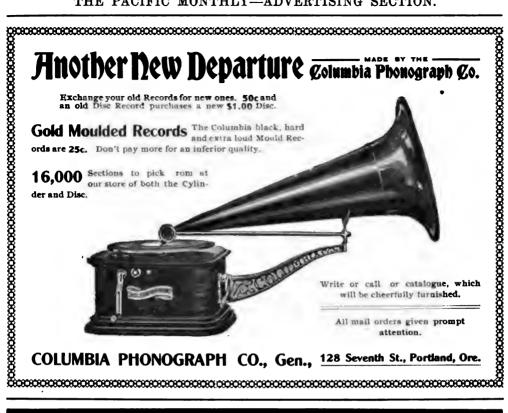
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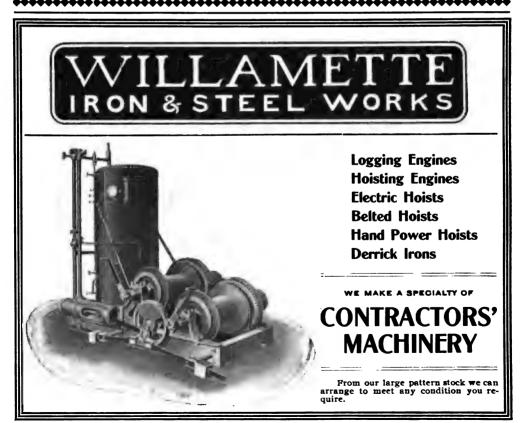
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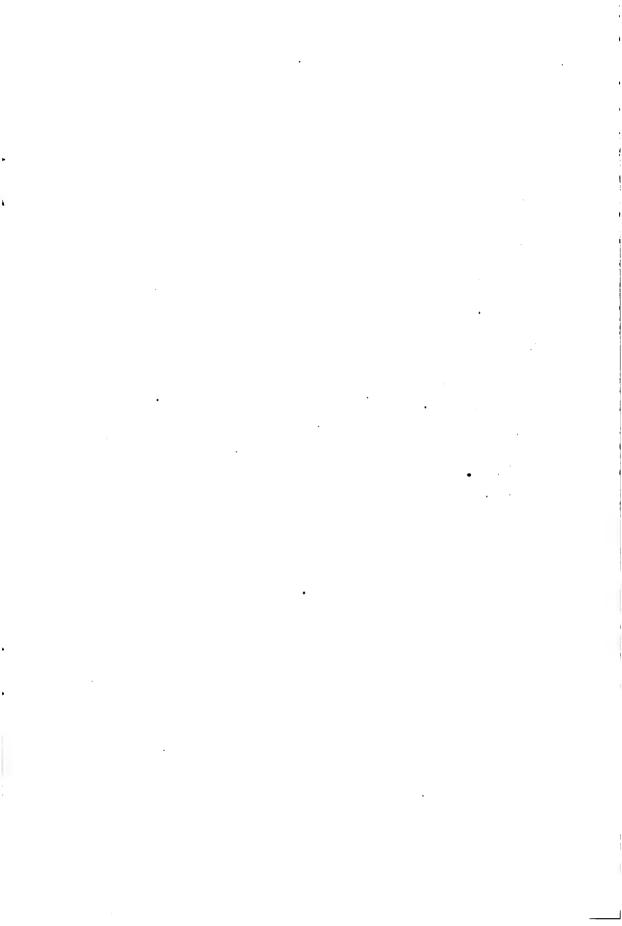
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Volume XII

NOVEMBER, 1904

Number 5

PEOPLE—PLACES—THINGS

Greatest Ship Elevator in the World

SHIP elevator is a decided novelty in this country, and the first one of the kind to be built on the American continent has recently been

completed and put in service at Peter-

borough, Ont. It is technically known as a Hydraulic Lift Lock. and it per-forms with one movement the functions of five ordinary locks which wender be required to overcome the fall of 65 feet in canal level at this point. As a work of e n g i neering initiative and skill it is unsurpassed by anything accomplished in recent years, and Canadians feel a just pride in their achievement.

The Peterborough Lift Lock is the outstanding feature of the Trent Waterway, now in course of construction by the Canadian Government. But little is known in the United States regarding this



PUZZIE PICTURE.

A scene in Siberia. A year's subscription to The Pacific Monthly will be given to the one sending the first correct guess as to what this picture represents.



A section of track on the Great Morthern Railway near Seattle that has taken as high as \$300,000 a year to keep in condition. The difficulty is being overcome by the use of hydraulic mining system.

scheme for connecting Lake Huron with Lake Ontario by a navigable waterway that will afford a short cut for grain from the Northwest to tide-water, and probably few outside of Canada are aware of this dangerous rival to the Erie Canal that is now almost finished and will be in full operation long before the enlarged Erie Canal will be in position to meet its new and unlooked-for competition.

At Midland, Ont., the northern terminus of the Trent Waterway (it would be a misnomer to call it Canal) there is a splendid harbor. Between this point and the town of Trenton, on Lake Ontario, there lie a dozen or more large bodies of navigable water, known as the Kawartha Lakes, joined continuously by rivers also navigable to a great extent; so that of the 200 miles covered by this route but 20 miles required canalization. As stated above, all but three miles have been finished, but these unfinished portions are at either end. The waterway in its present uncompleted condition is an internal stretch of first-class navigation, hermetically sealed at either end; useless from a national point of view, but affording some 250 miles of direct and lateral inland navigation for local use. It is believed



View from the top of the great Peterborough elevator.

that in two years time the entire project will be finished. In view of the small cost, it is surprising that the scheme was not consummated long ago. Up to the present time there have been expended less than five million dollars, and it is estimated that another five millions will be sufficient to finish the work.

Peterborough's Lift Lock is a Cyclopean structure of concrete and steel. It is the largest of its kind in the world. England, France and Belgium each have a small lock worked on the lift or "elevator" were 120,000 yards of excavation required for the pit, and the sub-structure, containing 26,000 cubic yards of concrete, is said to be the largest monolithic mass ever put together.

There are two steel basins or chambers working up and down between guiding towers 125 feet high from the bottom of the pit, which is 27 feet below the level of the water in the lower reaches. Over the central tower is the lockmaster's cabin, from which the operation is controlled. The basins measure 140 by 33 feet, and



The Peterborough ship elevator, the largest elevator of the kind in the world. Located at Peterborough, Ontario, Canada.

principle, but the largest of these is not more than half the size of that at Peterborough, which is designed to accommodate 800-ton barges having a capacity of 25,000 bushels of grain. Indeed, the whole waterway has been planned for this class of barge, there being a depth of 8 feet of water on the sills of all the locks. Work was begun in 1897 and completed in July of 1904. Some idea of its magnitude may be obtained when it is stated that there

weigh about 400 tons each. When filled with water to a depth of 8 feet, they weigh 1700 tons. They are supported by heavy steel trusses, of the double cantilever style, upon rams nearly 8 feet in diameter and weighing 120 tons each. These rams have a 65-foot stroke and work in two steel water-tight presses, one under each chamber. The foundations for the presses are on solid rock in wells 70 feet deep. The two presses are connected by



Sinrock Mary, the Reindeer Queen.

a pipe 12 inches in diameter, and this connection enables the two chambers to work practically automatically; that is, when the valve connecting the two presses is opened the upper chamber, which has been loaded down with 8 inches of extra water, giving it an increased weight of about 100 tons, will descend and force the other

chamber up to the higher level. This operation may, of course, be carried on without regard to whether there are boats in the chambers or otherwise, since it is a well-known scientific fact that any body floating in water always displaces its own weight. A chamber, therefore, containing one or half a dozen boats may be raised

by the weight of the other chamber with the extra 8 inches of water.

The total length of time required to make a lockage is about 12 minutes from the time that the gates are lowered at the bottom to allow the boat to enter until it leaves the chamber above. In making the actual ascent about three minutes are required.

Sinrock Mary, the Reindeer Queen

Charity and science have been combined by the officials of the United States government in Alaska in an effort to prevent the starvation of the Alaska Esquimo tribes by supplying them with herds of reindeer from across the seas. This work has now been going on for ten years, and there are upwards of 50,000 of those most useful domestic animals domiciled among the needy tribes of the far north.

The reindeer is a delicate animal, and when the work of introducing them was begun it was found that the natives were not only ignorant of its habits and the care necessary for it, but were exceedingly averse to adopting it in the place of the dog, it being practically impossible to raise the two together. In order to prepare the



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Japanese returning to Japan to enlist.

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CLARK EXPOSITIOM.

The accompany in g illustration shows the progress
that is being made on the Lowis and Clark Exposition to be held in Forthelland, Oregon, in 1906, beginning June 1 and ending June 1 and ending June 1 and ending sented are the Forence of Exhibit. Libert Aria and States Buildings. In point of genume in the strong and value it is doubtful in any of the great expositions will it any of the efforts that Porthelland will make will ank of the efforts that covered more ground, the efforts that covered more ground, the strong and the St. Jonis Exposition will be exceptional. The cream of the exhibits at Forthell be exhibits at pointing an interest which the great apposition will be strong from a particular and the build build build in surface and direk Centennal and American Pacific Exposition

Pating Lab "Lewis and American Pacific Exposition Pacific Paci



natives for the care of the animals and at the same time to bring about their adoption, the government, after delivering the first herd on the Seward peninsula, offered to give a number of the animals to any native who would apprentice himself to the keeper of the herd for a period of months and master the work of caring for them.

The first native to offer himself for this work was Sinrock Charley, and with him he brought his wife, Sinrock Mary. Side by side they herded reindeer under the direction of the herders brought with the tribe from Iceland, and soon they became proficient in reindeer lore. At the end of their apprenticeship they were presented with a herd of the animals to become their own property.

With their own animals they were equally careful and frugal, and the herd increased rapidly until now it numbers nearly one thousand. Some four years ago Charley, the husband, died, and since that time his wife has assumed the work herself and, with the assistance of hired herders, has kept her herd in the best of condition, until it is now by far the largest owned by any native in the territory.

Mary's home is at Sinrock, about 30 miles from Nome. For several years, in fact ever since the discovery of gold at Nome, she has made much money each winter by hiring out her reindeer to packers and prospectors for use in transporting goods and supplies from place to place during the long winter season.

Washington's Junior Senator

The achievements of Levi Ankeny, the junior United States Senator from Washington, afford a striking example of the opportunities which the Oregon country holds out to the young man of intelligence and untiring energy. Born in obscurity, left an orphan at an early age to be brought up by an adopted father, given but scanty educational advantages, thrown on his own resources in his early manhood, Senator Ankeny has risen through the sheer force of indomitable perseverance and strength of character to the position of one of the leading citizens of his state.

Senator Ankeny was born in St. Joseph, Mo., August 1st, sixty years ago. With



Senator Levi Ankeny, of Washington.

Captain Ankeny, his adopted father, he crossed the plains to Portland in 1850, and for a few years spent a portion of his time in the Portland public schools. While in his teens, he engaged in the transportation business with his adopted father, and later engaged in the mercantile business in Lewiston, Idaho. Still later he moved to Walla Walla, where he engaged in the banking business. The passing years have brought him a large measure of financial success. He has from time to time invested heavily in farm lands, mortgages, live stock and mining properties. He has also expanded his banking business and capital until he is now the president of seven banks in Washington and Idaho. He is variously estimated to be worth from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000, all of which he has accumulated by his own efforts in the three states of the Pacific Northwest.

Senator Ankeny was married in 1867 to Miss Jennie Nesmith, the daughter of the late United States Senator James W. Nesmith of Oregon, and they have a family of grown children.



A CHARACTER.
ISTIC BUILDING
AT THE LEWIS
AND CLARK EXPOSITION.

The Forestry
Building at the
Lawvis and Clark
Exposition is sure
to attract great
attention. It is
being constructed
of huge logs of the
famous "Oregon
fit," a tree which
exists only in the
Pacific Northwest.
It will be the
largest log building
in the world, and
will contain the
largest log building
in the world, and
will contain the
largest logs ever
put into a building. From many
standpoints it will
be a remarkable
structure. characteristic of the
great exposition it
will honor and of
one of the marvelous resources of
Oregon and Washington. The baresition will have
many unique features, builgrobbly





MAKING DECENCY PAY

A Story of the Reformation of Coney Island

By Jules Eckhart Goodman

HE Coney Island of a few years ago will be remembered as a jumble of old dilapidated shacks, thrown together in haste and negligence; dirty little shops, smelling of sausage and sauerkraut; low-class saloons of every variety; vulgar dance halls, reeking with the odors of stale beer and sweating humanity; a mass of "fake" shows, with boisterous "spielers"; a perfect bedlam of fakirs and tricksters, the very quintessence of the crass and vulgar. It so happened that among the crowds that thronged the place there were some clear-headed business men, who felt the possibilities of

the resort, and saw how miserably they were being abused. A city of over three millions within less than an hour's ride! A great pleasure-loving community simply waiting to be amused! Here was opportunity fairly thrown at one's head. There was just one drawback—the place had a bad name. Before anything could be done, that had to be rectified. The only way to do this was to introduce forms of amusement which would appeal essentially to the clean-minded, to the great middle class. Thus decency became the watchword, and with as much doubt as delight was the progress of the work watched.



Open air circus of "Dreamland" at Coney Island.

The beginning was made early last year by Messrs. Dundy and Thompson, with their truly remarkable "Luna Park." Early this spring, Providence, in the shape of a fire of rather goodly size, stepped in and aided in the good work by sweeping away a considerable portion of the old place. And, finally, this summer came "Dreamland." The result is that where once was a disreputable, ramshackle mass of "resorts," there is now a sort of congress of amusements, of good character and real beauty. Canals have been dug, picturesque buildings erected, little gardens laid out and tiny villages constructed. Over it all have been spread thousands upon thousands, nay, millions, of electric lights.

Such has been the metamorphosis of Coney Island, which stands forth as one of the best examples in the country of the

commercial value of decency.

Travel is the principle upon which most of the side shows are based. You may go anywhere from a trip to the moon to twenty thousand leagues under the sea.

The great white world is an open book and you can chat with Esquimaux at the North Pole; or, if your taste lay otherwhere, you may glide through the canals of Venice to the tinkling of guitars. Perhaps you would care to coast through Switzerland, or go upon an excursion down into a mine, or through the sewers of Paris, or down tropical rivers—it may all be done for a nominal sum. And be it said that in almost every case the jaunt is well worth the money paid. Some of the illusions are quite wonderful and must have cost thousands to produce. Indeed, it has been said that over five millions went into the producing of Luna Park and Dreamland alone.

But to return to our jaunts. There are delightful Japanese tea gardens, where you can get genuine rice cakes and tea, served by the daintiest Japanese maidens. The Midgets, among whom is Mrs. General Tom Thumb, have a village of their own. Or, if all this be too tame for you and you prefer history, you may witness again, with convincing realism, the Gal-



The Fall of Pompeii Building. Clerks on the way to their duties. Coney Island.



The tower in "Dreamland" at night. Coney Island.

General view of the new Coney Island, looking down the Chutes.

veston flood, or the Johnstown flood, or the fall of Pompeii, or the eruption of Mount Pelee, or the great Baltimore fire. Under the caption of "War Is Hell," you may see reproduced upon actual water and with toy boats large enough to hold a man such historic scenes as the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, the blowing up of the Maine in Havana harbor, and recent battles in the Japanese-Russian war. Perhaps the greatest side show of them all, or at least one of the greatest, is a very clever representation of the recent Durbar at Delhi. Here, for fifteen cents, you see a performance which is

gines come, and the firemen begin their work. There are heroic rescues of men and women, there are thrilling escapes, and, above all, it is so real that you feel the excitement. The exhibition must require several hundred people, and its properties include two street cars, two or three cabs, delivery wagons and an immense amount of paraphernalia.

One of the most remarkable things about Coney is the different kinds of locomotion that it contains. There are boards in the sidewalks that jolt you when you step on them. There are wobbly bridges. There are Ferris wheels and merry-go-



The Animal Pavilion, Coney Island.

really quite remarkable, requiring several hundred men to produce, and which is thoroughly enjoyable. Allied to this in point of interest at least, is an exhibition of firemen at work. A street scene, so realistic and convincing that you feel you are part of it, is shown. For nearly ten minutes you watch the passing of life and general daily activity. Then suddenly in a paint shop there is an explosion, followed by a sheet of flames, and the next minute the whole block is a mass of fire. The alarm is turned in, the en-

rounds and elevators by the dozen. There is one combination of an elevator and merry-go-round that is unique, and another aerial merry-go-round with baskets that swing out to an angle of thirty-five degrees, giving you the sensation of flying. There are scenic railways of divers sorts, and miniature railways with vest-pocket editions of engines. There are chutes and slides and jolly-go-rounds and helter-skelters. There are steeple chases and boats with the motion of the sea. There are slides and jams and jars and

jerks. After you have gone the rounds, you know exactly where every joint and muscle of your body is situated.

And then the dance halls, with their highly polished floors, where Bill swings Maggie in a polka to a waltz movement, and tries to waltz a two-step! And the noise of the "spielers" and the venders of peanuts and popcorn and souvenirs! You can have Jenny's name embroidered on a handkerchief, or you can be aristocratic and present her with a filigree, silverwire butterfly made to order. You can buy candy in the semblance of sausage and potatoes, or have your "photo taken in one minute" in a thousand different ways. You can sit and watch out-of-door vaudeville shows free of charge-excellent vaudeville at that-or you can go to several good animal shows, including Bostock's. If you are fond of speculation there are those who will guess your weight, or read your hand, or tell your fortune or your name. You can test your lung power and your muscle power by contrivances of many kinds and great novelty.

At the same time you can simply sit and watch the crowds. The streets are full of color. Arabs, Chinese, Esquimaux, Turks, Japanese and Lilliputians amble their way through the throng. Here and there is a camel or an elephant, with perhaps a caged tiger upon his back. Above all, there are everywhere dozens on dozens of brass bands, and the music thereof is wierd. Not since the days of the Tower of Babel has there been such a conglomeration of sounds as is to be heard at Coney Island to-day.

And so Coney Island is fast coming into its own. It has not yet reached its climax, and every year will see an improvement. So far as respectability goes, it has made wondrous strides. But two years is a very short time, and that so much has been accomplished speaks volumes for the men who have done it. No one can afford now to come to New York in the summer and not go to Coney. It is one of "the sights"—one of the big sights.



The Chutes, Coney Island.

THE BETTER WAY

By Edna A. Needles

T WAS thoughtful of the folks not to come down to see us off," remarked Carleton.

"Thoughtful of me, you mean, not to let them," laughed Dorothy, taking off her gloves and leaning comfortably back against the ugly plush upholstery of the Pullman car. "After all, why should they want to see us off

"Before," he returned, looking at her little bare hand with its bright new ring, "you came away for the day. Now—"

now, any more than the other times?"

"Now, I feel as if I should never come

back," she said dreamily.

The engine snorted, gave a convulsive jerk or two, and the train began moving out from the station.

"Thank Heaven, we're off!" ejaculated Carleton. "Just in the nick of time, too," he added, with a backward glance out of the window. "See! There's Dr. Sargent come down to felicitate us."

They caught a glimpse of a tall woman in black, waving frantically at the train as if to compel it to stop, then were whirled out into the open country, away from the smoke of the town—where the fields were green and there seemed no black in the blue of the sky.

"She didn't look precisely congratulatory, either," mused Carleton aloud.

Dorothy gave a nervous little laugh. "That wasn't what she was after! She came to take back something she had given me."

"What! The spoons?"

"Of course not."

"What then?"

"I'm afraid if I tell you, Henry, you'll make me give it up. Promise me you'll not."

"Have I ever made you do anything against your will?" he asked reproachfully.

"No-o-but--"

"Well, then?"

"But promise, Henry, promise!"

"Very, well, I promise." He smiled quizzically at the intensity of her tone.

"Henry," she began suddenly, "did I

ever tell you that I am horribly frightened every time I step on a train?"

"Frightened!" he returned, incredulously, "you who have been all over

Europe!"

"Yes, I know," she replied, impatiently. "They say it is only inexperienced travelers who are nervous. But that's a mistake. It seems to me the more one travels the more one sees the danger of it. I have been in two terrible accidents. Once, half the train I was on went through an open bridge, and those of us who were saved had to stand by and know that down under the muddy waters scores of poor creatures were struggling—dying. As we stood there, one man—think, Henry, only one—floated to the top, gasped, and went down again."

"Poor darling!" said Carleton, tenderly. "What pictures to carry with

you!"

"But the other accident was yet more frightful; there was a collision, and the trains took fire. Men and women were burnt under our very eyes. Those of us who were unhurt did all we could for the others—but it was so little! There was one poor woman pinned down under the seats—all but the upper part of her body. She had a little darling baby in her arms. I started to take him away, for the flames had almost reached her, but she said:

"'It's no use, he's dead. Leave him to

me.' Oh, it was awful! awful!"

Carleton put his hand over hers for a second.

"There," she went on, after a momentary pause, "I'll not tell you any more. I'll try not to think of it. But ever since then I have had the feeling that I should be in one more wreck, and that the third time I should not escape. Of course I know that it is a nervous fancy, but it scares me as much as if it were a real presentiment."

"Why did you never tell me before?" he asked. "I never dreamed when we were going off on those little picnics of ours that you were suffering an agony of

fear."

"I wasn't," she returned quickly. "We never went far, and, anyway, I felt happy and safe in your love. I began to think I should never be afraid again. It wasn't until yesterday, when I was trying on my wedding gown, that the old terror came back. Then the thought of the length of our wedding journey came over me, and of all that might happen before it was ended. I knew it was a childish, unreasonable terror, and I tried to think of some reasonable way of overcoming it. The thing I dread most is not death itself, if it be quick and easy, but a long martyrdom, such as that poor woman suffered.

"The thought came to me suddenly that if I had a little vial of poison to carry with me—something that would be instantaneous in its effects—then I could

travel without fear."

"I went to Dr. Sargent at once, and coaxed, and coaxed, and coaxed, until at last she let me have it. And now I feel as safe!"

"She'd have done better to give you a nerve tonic," said Carleton warmly.

"That's what she said," laughed Dorothy; "but I wouldn't have it. The idea! Do I look as if I needed medicine?"

Carleton looked at her with frankly adoring eyes. "You beautiful girl!" he breathed, noting as if for the first time the clean brightness of her hair and eyes, and the pure soft red of her lips and cheek.

"I am glad you think me beautiful," she said, wistfully. "Of course I know I am only ordinarily pretty, but your thinking these other things shows me how much

you care for me."

"'Je vous aine, je vous adore; que voulez vous encore?'" he quoted, lightly. "But I'd rather love vou than adore vou. To-day, in your white gown and veil, and with that rapt look on your face, you were too lovely—I was afraid of you. I like you better as you are now—so human that you would kiss me if we were alone. Wouldn't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes," she whispered, and though her color deepened, her brown eyes were raised

unfalteringly to his.

"Tell me about the place where we are going," she asked, after a little pause.

"Up in the Sierras there is a little lake half covered over with yellow water-lilies. On it is a boat, and on the shore beside it a one-room cabin. All about is the forest with its delicate undergrowth of flowers and ferns, and in the distance are blue, snow-topped mountains. And the air—"

"Oh, I know the air must be deliciously cool and pure," interrupted Dorothy. "I wish—oh, how I wish we were there!"

"To-morrow at this time, we shall be," replied Carleton. "It looks to me, how-ever, as if we were a little behind time," he added, with a glance at his watch. "I believe I'll go back and see the conductor. We don't want to miss connections."

"Don't be long," she said; "and, oh, Henry, before you go, put up the window

for me."

He did as she wished, and went away smiling at a certain babyish wisp of hair which the breeze from the window had blown down around her eyes.

Five minutes later came the crash. Carleton was standing in the aisle of the end car, preparatory to going forward. He was thrown violently against the door.

"Oh, God," he groaned, "save Dorothy!"

Recovering his footing, he wrenched open the door and sprang off the train.

"Telescoped!" said a man beside him, but he did not answer.

Ahead, he saw two broken engines and a heap of splintered cars, and from the wreck came such sounds as turned him faint.

Somewhere in the din a little child was sobbing. "Mamma, mamma," it called, with recurrent pauses, as if to hear a reassuring voice. Carleton felt, dully, the certainty that the mother's voice would never again hush that helpless cry.

It seemed to him, as it always does at such times, that ages passed before he reached the car he sought. It was standing, and, outwardly, not badly injured; but from within came groans and shrieks that set Carleton to muttering, "God. God," as the child had cried, "Mamma." The same spirit of utter helplessness animated both.

As he reached the open window, the forward car burst into flames, and as he looked down into Dorothy's white face, they heard with terrible distinctness the words, "Shoot me, you cowards!" And at intervals, like a bullet, came the agonized cry, "Cowards! Cowards!" It came from a fireman wedged in against the boiler.

"Dorothy!"

She looked up at him from the vise in which she was caught. The accident had come just as she had turned to look out of the open window, and all but her face and breast were held fast.

Carleton began trying to tear apart the

unyielding timber.

"I'll save you, darling," he muttered between set teeth.

"Don't, Henry," she entreated. "You can't do anything."

"I'll get help, I'll—" he was starting away; but she called faintly, "Henry!"

"Don't leave me," she said. "There is so little time, and I have so much to say, I want you to know why I love you. It is because you are good. Oh, of course, I suppose I should have loved you anyway—but it seems to me I couldn't have cared so much—I couldn't have been so happy—and so proud of you!"

"God won't separate us always, I know. Wherever he takes me he will bring you. It is a little as if I were going to Europe—

without you."

"Help will come," he uttered, in an

agonized voice.

"It will come too late," she replied sadly. "Don't you hear the flames? Just before they reach me you must give me the poison, Henry."

"It is in my breast," she continued, a faint flush creeping into her face. "Please

take it out."

He put forth his hand, then drew it back.

"Oh, I can't, I can't," he groaned, his face drawn and white.

"My poor boy!" she sighed, an infinite tenderness breathing from her voice and eyes. "Oh, how hard, how much harder for you, than for me!" Then, after a pause, "Now, dear, you must!" He fumbled at the fastening of her gown.

"I think you'll have to take off my ribbon," she directed, then laughed at his clumsiness.

He thrust his hand into the lace of her corsage. As he untied the narrow ribbon with awkward, trembling fingers, there came into the minds of both pure thoughts of the future which was never to be—a vision of the little children they had hoped for, as real at that moment as if they had lived.

Dorothy sobbed and Carelton's features worked convulsively. "We're losing so much!" she murmured, brokenly, through her tears.

At that moment the nearness of death was forgotten—but not for long. The flames which had been licking up everything in their path—solid unresisting woodwork and frail shrinking flesh—now burst upon them.

Carleton broke the cord that held what he sought, and made as if to press the vial to her lips, but she motioned him away.

"After you have given it to me," she said, "don't wait but a moment—only long enough to see I'm safe—then go help the others—there are so many, it would be wrong to stay. Now!"

Again he held the vial to her lips, and this time she drained it. The poison acted very quickly.

Life fluttered a moment and was gone.

The line, "In some brighter land, bid me good-morrow," flashed through Carleton's mind, almost as if she had spoken it, but then he remembered how long it would be before he should see her again, and, groaning, he turned away to help the "others" whose suffering she had escaped.





THE HERMITAGE

The Grand Old Southern Home of President Jackson

BOUT seven miles from Nashville, Tennessee, is a grand old Southern estate, once the home of General Jackson, seventh President of the United States, and where he spent over forty years of his life. In 1799 General Jackson and his young wife moved to this plantation, naming it "The Hermitage." Their home was in a double log cabin, and was surrounded by numerous cabins for their negroes. In 1816 a modest brick house was built, and five years later, rebuilt into the mansion as it stands to-day. It was at

that time the finest house in the county. There was also a well-kept garden, and the plantation had the reputation of being the best cultivated one in Western Tennessee.

Some years ago the State of Tennessee purchased the Hermitage from Andrew Jackson, the adopted son of General Jackson. The state then gave the place into the care and keeping of a society of patriotic women, organized in 1889 and constituting themselves "The Ladies' Hermitage Association," whose object it has been "to restore and save from decay and



Front View of The Hermitage.



President Jackson, from a painting by Earle.

ruin the abode of him whose deeds and fame have given prestige to America, and shed glory upon its history." The estate consists of the mansion, a negro cabin, the tomb, and twenty-five acres of ground.

The mansion is a fine specimen of colonial architecture, with its broad porches, great pillars, and large hospitable rooms. Leading to it from the road is an avenue bordered with trees forming a lofty and graceful arch overhead.

The tomb is of white marble and was built at the time of Mrs. Jackson's death in 1828. The inscription on her tomb is a tribute of praise to her beauty of person, character and life. General Jackson was buried under this same marble dome, with the simple inscription, "Born March 15, 1767. Died June 8, 1845."

When the Ladies' Hermitage Association undertook the care of the estate, they found it in a condition of extreme dilapidation. But through their efforts, the grounds have once more taken on their former beauty and neatness, and flowers are again blooming in the old-fashioned garden. Much has been done in the way of gathering relics, and many beautiful things belonging to, and used by, General



The bedroom of The Hermitage, reproduced at the World's Fair.

Jackson have been restored to the Hermitage. The fine old mahogany pieces, the carpets, curtains and various other things are restoring the mansion to the same visible conditions as when the charming Rachel Jackson was mistress of it.

There are several portraits of General Jackson in the Hermitage and two of Mrs. Jackson, by Earle, one of which always hung in her husband's bedroom.

The association will reproduce this bedroom at the World's Fair at St. Louis, using genuine Jackson furniture from the

Hermitage.

There still remains a fine collection of relics which the association hope some day to purchase from Colonel Jackson, son of the adopted son. The collection includes personal articles of clothing and jewelry, the fine library of several hundred volumes, gifts from a host of admiring friends, and many other things, all of which will add to the historic interest of the place.



Mrs. Jackson, from a painting by Earle.



The Jackson carriage.

THE PICK OF THE LITTER

By Egbert Field

OZE was cross.

There was nothing unusual about that, however, because Boze was a bulldog, and had an innate tendency to be cross;

but on this particular day, as he sauntered down Dock street, his ill humor was due to a sore foot, which caused him to limp considerably. Sometimes the big brindle would pause and lift his foot aloft, and then during the few moments respite from the pain he would meditate, with as much pleasure as a bulldog is capable of experiencing, on what happened to the other dog. And even though there was some satisfaction in the fact that his antagonist was "out of commission," it was, however, a source of regret to him that he allowed a smaller dog to get a leg hold.

Boze had a contempt for fighting dogs, anyway, that is, trained fighters, and while he had clearly demonstrated that strength and grit could overpower science, still it had cost him a sore foot to prove his point. The brindle also consoled himself that had he not lost most of his teeth (due to old age), the fight would not have lasted long enough to be interesting. The old dog was also thinking of other days; days when he was little and lived with his mother and numerous little brothers and sisters in a big dog-house, and he remembered hearing his master say there was only one puppy in the litter that looked like its father, and that he hoped the puppy would make a great fighter, and

remembered being sold and taken out to a big ranch where there were lots of cattle and horses, and he heard it said that he was to be a watch dog, whatever that meant.

During his first year on the ranch he made it his business to chase away any

Boze knew he was being talked about. He

also heard people use big words like "pedi-

gree" and "Royal Kennels," and more talk

Then he

that he did not understand.

made it his business to chase away any stray steer or horse that wandered too near the house, and he became very expert in nipping the animals on the heel without getting kicked.

The next trick he learned was to throw a steer by catching it by the nose and running under it, causing the animal to turn in the air and light on its back. He hurt one or two steers badly, and then he was punished and he learned that such rough treatment would be allowed only

in cases of emergency.

But dreams, and particularly day dreams, are liable to sudden termination. and Boze suddenly heard shouting and saw people running, and drivers were hurrying up side streets as if something terrible was going to happen. The dog forgot all about his former home; his foot did not hurt now, and Boze also ran; not with the crowd, who were trying to get away from the trouble, but directly to the water front, from which the people seemed to be coming. There he found the dock in possession of a big red steer, that had broken away from the longshoremen who were loading a cattle ship. By this time every person who could do so had found a place of safety, although a few longshoremen were pretending to surround the steer, taking care, however, to keep at a safe distance.

Boze had just made up his mind to take a hand in the affair, when the steer happened to look his way, and, with lowered head and a wild bellow of rage, he charged

the bulldog.

The yell of an enraged steer may well strike terror to the heart of man or beast. but if Boze felt any fear it was not manifest. The dog stood perfectly still until the steer was within a few feet of him, and as the steer made a final lunge, expecting to lift the dog on his horns, the brindle flattened himself on the dock; but only for a moment, for as the steer's horns grazed the dogs back, Boze leaped into the air and fastened on the steer's Then with a quick movement he went between the front legs of the animal. and the steer was thrown through the air. coming down on his back, only to find the dog still holding so tightly that he was unable to get up.

Boze knew that the men would come and tie the steer, now that the danger was over, and when he was told to let go he did so. But when some one said "Nice doggy" and tried to pat him on the head, he growled and then heard the man call

him a "dirty brute."

Then he realized his foot was hurting again, and the old dog went limping down the street, wondering why his master ever moved to town.

AMERICA'S GREATEST IRRIGATION ENTERPRISE

An account of the largest system of irrigation in the United States, which is to reclaim in Idaho a section one-fourth as large as the State of Rhode Island.

By E. G. Adams



NLY in the last half of the last decade has there come to be anything like a broad grasp of the industrial possibilities of Oregon, Washington

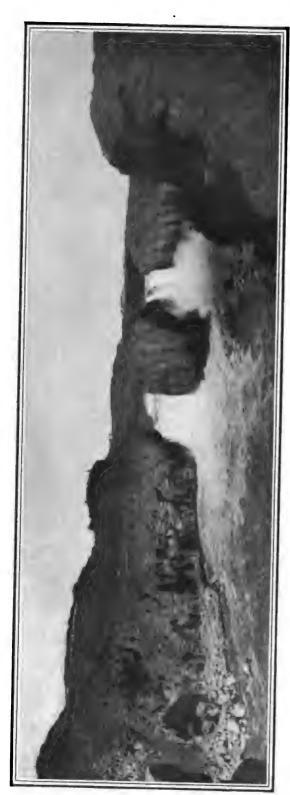
and Idaho—the states which form the great right shoulder of Uncle Sam's heritage. Now, however, no particular

foresight is required to foretell the industrial supremacy of the land drained by the mighty Columbia basin. Of the means which are to bring about this supremacy, irrigation is, perhaps, the most important.

The whole Pacific Northwest is the scene of almost unparalleled irrigation projects. Southern Idaho, particularly along the old Snake River, is alive with activity in reclamation, both by government and private initiative. To reach one of the great enterprises which is to revolutionize this section, and which may almost be termed one of the wonders of



"A canyon of wondrous beauty about thirty miles below Shoshone Falls, Idaho. The beetling, basaltic palisades rise a thousand feet from the blue waters below the canyon's rim, tinted and shaded with the colors of Vulcan's workship."



the world, the Oregon Short Line takes you to Shoshone, or Kimama, from which point a stage ride of twenty-five miles is necessary. A corporation, known as the Twin Falls Land and Water Power Company, taking its title from the falls of rare beauty situated near this promised land, is now bringing to completion an enormous dam, whereby, if occasion should demand, the great Snake River at the lower stages of water can be diverted into two great parallel The larger of these, on canals. the south side of the river, is 80 feet wide at the bottom and 124 feet at the top, and deep enough to carry ten feet of water.

The story of this great project, whereby 273,000 acres of land are to blossom with Nature's richest verdure, begins, as usual, with the pluck and faith of one man-Mr. I. B. Perrine. Something over twenty years ago Mr. Perrine discovered an oasis in this deserta canyon of wondrous beauty about thirty miles below the noted Shoshone Falls-and there he made The beetling, basaltic his home. palisades rise a thousand feet from the blue waters below to the canvon's rim, tinted and shaded with the colors of Vulcan's workshop. Over the edge of this canyon Mr. Perrine let down by ropes the wagon, lumber and tools with which he began his conquest of Nature's barren ruggedness.

By faith he saw that the Snake would some day yield a marvelous water power and that its waters could be made to flow out over four hundred square miles of desert sage. For nine successive times he filed a water right, covering a period of over thirteen years, before he found capital to put his plan into action. Mr. P. L. Kimberly of Salt Lake was the man convinced.

The point chosen for this dam is about twenty-three miles above Shoshone Falls, where the river has cut only about fifty feet below the level of the surrounding coun-

THE PROPERTY AND THE PARTY OF T



One side of the wing wall with ten of the gate frames erected in readiness for the waste gates.



The four gates in the north half of the tunnel, the middle pier, and one of the gates south of the pier are here shown.

try. Here it is choked in its course by two basaltic islands, affording an ideal spot to stop this giant of the plains. The two dams at the right, as shown in the illustration, are now completed, work having been begun in April, 1903. They are 60 and 70 feet in height, and 150 feet broad at the base, with a 20-foot roadway across the top. The construction consists of loose rock, faced with 150 feet of Running from bank to bank, earth. through the middle, a wood core of double plank, starting from below bed-rock, serves to check the seepage of water, causing the rock crevices to fill with earth and make the dam water-tight. The great thickness of these dams, supported, as they are, by the two islands, makes them, beyond all possible question impregnable, even if the great government reservoirs, which are to be built in the mountain valleys above, should give way. The total length of the three dams is over onefifth of a mile. To empty the main channel of its terrific rush of water while the last dam was building, the island to the right was pierced a little below the bed of the right channel by four huge canals ten feet square and eighty feet long. Massive steel gates regulate the flow at will. The cost of these subway canals and the electric power plant constructed some distance below by which power was secured to operate the electric drills, shovels, derricks, cable ways, hoists, pumps, and electric lights, has been over \$100,000.00, and yet this great outlay has gone for no permanent part of the finished work, which will require about two millions and a half.

The surplus water, not needed for the great canals, is not to flow over the rim of the dams but over the top of the two islands, of which the intensely hard rock will wear away but slightly in a lifetime.



The outlet ends of all of the eight compartments of the tunnel are here shown, completed. The coffer dam in front will be removed when the tunnel is put into service.



The most northerly compartment of the tunnel is here shown, looking up stream from the lower end. This is the shortest of the eight.



The dam as it will appear when completed.

To carry over this water, an open weir of four hundred feet in width is located on the left island, which will ordinarily keep the water level above the dam. In case of any high flood from any cause, a further escape is provided by a system of ninetynine waste gates, 1500 feet long, surmounting the right island. The stability of the whole structure is thus settled beyond question. Except for the first four of the twenty-six miles of the canal now completed, no heavy rock cuts have been

necessary; yet the moving of such a vast quantity of earth required a small army of men and horses. With the completion of the last dam the rock cutting in the canal will be finished, and the work on the weir and spillways brought to an end. When all is ready, the old Snake, probably eons older than Niagara—and this marvel of our continent is more than a quarter of a million years old—will choke and become dry below the great dam which has filled her mouth two whole days ere the



A corn field in an irrigated district in Idaho.



A group of railroad officials standing at the rear of their private train at Park City, Utah. Mr. Kruttschnitt is the figure to the right; next to him is Mr. Filer, then Mr. Schumacher, traffic manager. Oregon Short Line; Mr. J. C. Stubba, traffic director, Southern Pacific system, is the next; Mr. Monroe, of the Union Pacific, located at Omaha, is next, and Mr. Buckingham, superintendent of the Oregon Short Line, with headquarters at Salt Lake City, is the last figure to the left.

canyon above is filled to the brim. The hungry old miner waits impatiently for this day of days, for in the pockets of the canyon below he believes the yellow dust can be found in heaps.

When the canyon above is full the canal gates will be thrown open, and down its new channel will flow a river of no mean proportions for twenty-six miles, when it will divide, one part taking a high line, the other a low line course until they reach the river below. These main canals, together with the laterals and ditches, if placed in line, would reach from Portland to San Francisco and back.

As soon as the water is turned into the canal, the Oregon Short Line will begin building a road through the length of the land, out over which the ranchers may



Showing the electric engine passing the canal headgates site, drawing a train of earth cars.

send his products as far east as New York, or to Portland on the west.

This great project, under the Carey Act, whereby Uncle Sam has given to those states which contain arid lands a million acres, provided they will reclaim them, is a poor man's opportunity, and differs in this respect from the irrigating projects now being undertaken by the government. The man who wishes to secure a homestead under the government plan must live upon his land continuously from



I. B. Perrine.

date of filing. He is given no assurance of getting a patent to more than 40 acres of the 160 he files upon, and this only after "a period of five and probably ten years." What his water right will cost he will not know until Uncle Sam has built reservoirs, constructed canals and opened ditches and then figures out each man's share. As he has no title, he can not borrow money to tide him over a time of financial stress. Only the well-to-do farmer can hope to win when the odds are thus against him.

Not so in the case of the propositions under the Carey Act, for on payment of



A newly devised revolving rake for gathering up sagebrush into windrows after it has been out with the "grubber."

25 cents to the state and \$3.00 to the water company at the outset he has the use of his land till the end of the second year, and thereafter he pays a vearly sum which in ten years amounts to \$22.00 an acre, at which time he gets his patent and title to a perpetual water right. This he may secure sooner if he makes payment in full and improves one-eighth of his land. Under the Carey Act the settler has credit at the corner grocery; under the government plan he has no credit, for he owns nothing until the government pleases to grant him title. He can not sell or mortgage, for he has no title to deliver. Under the former plan as soon as the water company has sold one-half of the land which it is possible to irrigate, then the settlers may take possession of and control the water system. Thus it is read-



A lateral, showing levees built up from borrow pits on both sides. This practice has been wisely discontinued, as it leaves the land in bad shape. It is preferable to cut the laterals deeper into the ground, use a little more grade, and put in check gates for diverting water to the land.

ily seen that a man of push having a little capital can easily get a splendid homestead in Idaho, and if he takes advantage of his opportunities, the time will not be far distant when he will become a farmer king, independent and happy, his lands having risen in value to \$100.00 an acre, with the certainty of going much higher, as they have in neighboring localities.

The clearing off of the sagebrush, the plowing and seeding of his land the farmer can do himself; or, if he prefers, can hire it done at about \$5.00 an acre. Fences, ditches and his home and necessary buildings will cost from \$500.00 to \$1000.00 more, so that with a strong pair of hands and about \$1000.00 capital our ldaho settler can see his way clear to secure eighty acres of land (and this is a big ranch in the irrigated districts).



The main canal a short distance from the intake.

with a comfortable homestead. of work at good wages can be had while the work of construction of canals and laterals is being completed in the lower portions of the great tract, and this will tide him over till his alfalfa crop vields six tons an acre during its second year's growth. For this he will find ready sale to stockmen at not less than \$6.00 a ton in the stack. No pencil is needed to discover that the net returns from an acre is several times greater than the farmer of the Middle West gets from his acre of corn or wheat. A small orchard of large fruits and a garden of small fruits, such as cantaloupes and strawberries, will yield the income of a section of land in Dakota wheat, even if the producer goes as far east



as the Mississippi River for his market. Already the land which can be watered from the twenty-six miles of canal nearing completion - 30,000 acres On October 20. — is sold. the 30,000 in addition to acres mentioned above, 100,-000 acres were thrown open for settlement. As the work progresses similar tracts will be thrown open, until the whole great area, one-fourth as large as the State of Rhode Island, will be sold and become the home of a people living under conditions of communal interests and advantages not surpassed in any country. Every modern convenience, from the telephone to the electric heated house and automobile, will find place here.

When one stops to reflect that within a few miles of this tract there is now running to waste over a half million horse power at Shoshone, Twin and Augur Falls, and that at no distant day these unharnessed giants will be set to work in the rich mines to the north and south and in the turning of spindles and the flying of shuttles, he gets a vision of industrial growth that can not but arouse enthusiasm. deed, the possibilities of this country, when its many irrigation projects are under way and its enormous horse power has been utilized, appal the im-This is especially agination. true when one realizes the full meaning of the unsurpassed climate, the freedom from blizzards and cyclones, the marvelous productivity of the soil and the great wealth of gold, coal and lead. It is a country to arouse the greatest enthusiasm and a most important factor in the upbuilding of the greater and grander America.

OSPOWAH'S GOOD MEDICINE

By Benjamin Franklin Napheys

T WAS a hot day in Archulita. The sun beat down out of a cloudless sky, just as it had for the past two months. There were few signs of life in the adobe village. Three small, half-naked Mexican boys lay curled up in the shade of the National Coal Mining Company's office, and a melancholy cur or two lolled near them and snapped at the flies.

The office itself looked as forlorn and heat-distressed as the landscape in general. Inside, two women were seated near a baby carriage. One was a young Mexican, the other the wife of the resident manager of the company. The only other occupant of the office was the manager himself, Mr. Alfred Winslow. He and his wife were new to this region of brown plains, alkali dust and scorching winds; and the little town, with its population of Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds and whites, bored them exceedingly. The wife, however, found some pleasure in visiting her husband's office, where she could watch the picturesque inhabitants.

The baby awoke, and its nurse took it over to the window. This interested the three little Mexicans outside, and they came up for a closer inspection.

"Talk to them, Mercedes," said Mrs. Winslow. "Ask them where they have been to-day."

Mercedes complied. "They say, have been to see Senor Sharp put man in caloboso."

"They've seen what?"

"She means Marshal Sharp," put in Winslow. "He arrested somebody this morning and brought him to town."

"Oh," said his wife, "go on, ask them more about it, Mercedes."

The nurse questioned the boys again, and translated their reply. "Some ranchero, they say; not know name, they say; not know why, they say."

"Dear!—I wish they did," sighed Mrs. Winslow. "Anything new would be a blessing this hot day."

"Well, here comes some one who can tell you," said her husband, as a tall, blue-

shirted man entered. "Hello, Strouthers; hot, isn't it? Who's the man that Sharp brought in this morning?"

"Good afternoon, everybody," said Strouthers. "Yes, it's hot; but cheer up! It'll be a good deal hotter before long. I've half a mind to go over an' use my influence with Ospowah, an' get him to change the weather for us," and Strouthers laughed.

"Who is Ospowah?" asked Mrs. Wins-

"He's an old Ute medicine man—one of these Indians that claim they can make grass grow, an' cure sickness, an' things like that. He drifted down here among the Navajoes years ago. I s'pose he was driven out of his own tribe for some dirty work, but the Navajoes took him in, an' he's been a power among them ever since."

"But what about the man that the Marshal brought in?"

"He's a young Greaser that had a lot of cattle with some other man's brand on them. Claims he bought them from a man from the North, but every cattle rustler says that. We've telegraphed the sheriff, an' he'll be down on to-morrow's train to take him up for trial."

"Where is his ranch?" asked Mrs. Winslow.

"Out about eighteen miles on the old Fort Lewis road," answered Strouthers. Mercedes started and listened intently for the next remark.

"What's the fellow's name?" asked Winslow.

Strouthers though a moment. "Juan—' Mercedes put the baby in its carriage and waited eagerly. "Juan Lamp—ero. No, that's not it. Juan Candel—"

"Senor," whispered Mercedes, "is it Juan Candelario?"

"Yes," cried Strouthers, "that's the man. Do you know him?"

Mercedes began to wring her hands and walk up and down the room. "Si! si! He is my hombre, my man!"

"II-m" said Strouthers. "Well, I'm sorry, young woman; but if he's taken to

Santa Fe there won't be a weddin' very soon, to say the least."

"Oh, he would not steal! Juan an

honest man, senor! Ask the padre!"
"My poor girl!" said Mrs. Winslow, sympathetically. "Is he guilty, Mr. Strouthers? Can anything be done for him?"

"It looks like he was. I s'pose she might see him before he's taken away, though; if that'll be any satisfaction."

"Si! si! Senora. I may go?"

"Certainly. Come, Mr. Strouthers, I'll go, too."

The little party soon reached the jail, a low, flat-roofed, adobe structure, and Strouthers gained them permission for a few minutes' conversation with the new prisoner. Juan Candelario was brought from his cell to the office, and left alone with the visitors.

His story was soon told. It was the same old tale, so familiar to Strouthers, of how the prisoner had bought the stolen cattle from a stranger who could not be He told it without heistation, however, and his open, honest face did much to convince his hearers of his innocence.

"Now," said Mrs. Winslow, when Juan had been taken back to his cell, "I believe that man did buy those cattle. Cheer up, Mercedes. I know that before Juan's case comes to trial we can find the man."

"He's out of the country by now," Strouthers said.

"Can nothing be done, then?"
"Don't know, I'm sure, unless we get Ospowah to conjure him out. All the Navajo bucks say that he can do anything," answered Strouthers, with a poor attempt at wit.

"Don't talk so," said Mrs. Winslow. "Can't you see that the poor girl believes everything you say? It's a shame!"

The caution came too late. Mercedes had caught at the straw, and begged to be allowed to visit the reservation.

"Better let her go," whispered Strouth-"It'll take her mind off her troubles, anyway. I'm awful sorry I said anything about it, but all of us can drive over. know you'd like to see the Navajo settlement, Mrs. Winslow, an' Ospowah's worth a visit, besides."

Mrs. Winslow agreed, and they were soon on the way to the Navajo reservation, on the outskirts of Archulita. Strouthers

stopped at the door of the worst looking hut in the place and went inside. emerged presently with the announcement that the Indian would receive them.

"Will he do anything for Juan, senor?" asked Mercedes.

"Oh, I s'pose he'll throw a few fits or somethin'. He'll do anything for money; but come in an' see him."

They entered a small room, about twelve feet square, carpeted with covote and wolf skins. On the walls hung garments trimmed with beads, and in one corner was a string of scalp-locks, the last grisly reminders of the owner's life in the old days among his own people. heap of beautiful Navajo blankets in a corner sat Ospowah, smoking a dirty corncob pipe. There was nothing about the wrinkled figure that suggested any nobility of character, nor any power such as his adopted tribe claimed for him. He was an ordinary modern Indian, that was

"Hey, wake up, you old villain," said Strouthers. "You've got visitors. Get up and talk."

Ospowah uncoiled himself from the heap of blankets and rose to his feet. "What squaws come see ol' Ospowah?" "Buy blankets, moccasin, he croaked. scalp-lock? Long time ago Ute squaws think scalp-lock heap good, long time ago," and he laughed in a cruel, senile way that made Mrs. Winslow shudder.

"Shut up about your Ute squaws an' their scalp-locks," growled Strouthers. "I don't doubt that they was bloody-minded enough; but we didn't come down to hear about them. This girl wants you to throw a fit or somethin' that'll get her young man out of jail. I s'pose you've not forgotten how to make good medicine?"

At the word "medicine," Ospowah straightened up and tried to look digni-"Me big medicine-man once, heap fied. big medicine," he said. Strouthers laughed.

Ospowah walked over and put his hand on Strouthers' shoulder. "You no b'lieve Ospowah got medicine to get buck out jail? Ospowah can, only too much lot trouble, that why. You no b'lieve, that whv?"

"Sure," answered Strouthers, "sure, I believe it. That's why, being a deputy marshal, I brought this girl over here. Oh, I believe it—certainly."

Ospowah began to grow angry. "You go," he said. "Let two squaws talk medicine talk."

Strouthers was about to refuse, when he caught an imploring look from Mercedes; so he turned to Mrs. Winslow and said: "Well, I'll stand right outside the door, an' we'll let the girl make arrangements with the old cuss. It'll kinder make her more hopeful, an' she'll have the pleasure of thinkin', after it's all over, that she done what she could."

"Now," said Ospowah, after Strouthers had gone, "now, squaw, talk medicine," and he looked at Mercedes inquiringly. She spoke for some time in the Mexican-Indian dialect, Ospowah nodding his head and putting in a word now and then. When she finished, she took a little bag from her bosom and handed it to the

medicine man.

"Why, Mercedes," said Mrs. Winslow, "isn't that the money you've saved from your wages?"

Mercedes nodded. "For him; to pay

Juan out," she said.

"Don't give it to him. He has no power to help Juan. Save the money for the trial, if you like."

"No! no!" put in Ospowah. "Buck get Sheriff no take buck away. out.

see!"

Mercedes refused to retract her gift, and the two women went outside, where Strouthers was waiting for them.

"Well," asked that worthy, "did he agree to get him out, young woman?"

Mercedes answered affirmatively.

"He'd better be pretty quick, then, for

to-morrow afternoon the sheriff'll be here. Just think of me, a deputy marshal, aidin' an' abettin' a crazy old medicineman to bunco a poor girl into thinkin' he can conjure people out of jail! But I'll make him give her back the money in a couple of days, Mrs. Winslow."

The next day Strouthers started out with Marshal Sharp after more lawbreakers. For the first time in the history of the railroad there was no train that afternoon from the outside world. Early in the evening a dispatch came, stating that a cloudburst and washout had occurred in Eagle Canyon, about forty miles The track was torn away and sand piled upon the roadbed, so that there could be no train to the town for several days. This delayed the arrival of the sheriff, and Mercedes was comforted. Late that night Strouthers galloped up to Winslow's house and knocked excitedly on the door.

"Say," he said, when Winslow appeared, "tell Mercedes that the Greaser didn't steal them cattle, after all. I met the right cuss on the road to-day. He was ridin' back to give himself up-said devils had been chasin' him since last night, an' drivin' him back here. An', say, I stopped at old Ospowah's just now, an' found him lyin' beastly drunk, with all his drums, an' snake-skins, an' such medicine-man's truck around him. Tell Mercedes that her young man'll be let loose in the mornin', an' Marshal Sharp an' I'll dance at the weddin', just to show that there's Good - night," and no hard feelin's. Strouthers rode away.

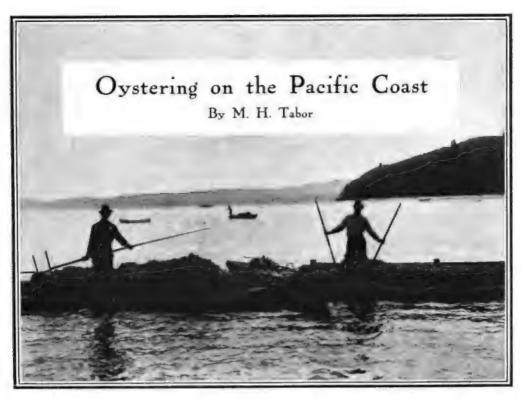
THE MINER

Deep in the man-made pits of earth, Far from the world and the sun, A lonely slave in a Titan's grave, He toils till the day is done.

But his faith is high as the shaft is deep, While he hews at the stubborn rock And his heart gives a bound at the shift-bell's sound, And his blood goes red with the shock.

Then he thinks of the dear ones that wait above, And his step on the lift is light, And his soul offers up a simple prayer to God of the earthpits, God of the air. God of the day and night.

—Julia Josephson.



Oystering on Shoalwater Bay, Washington.

Pacific Coast States that, somewhere in their specially favored section of God's green earth, they can raise anything that is produced anywhere else in the world. There may be exceptions, but the oyster is not one of them. If the average inhabitant of the East or Middle West were to be approached with the query, do oysters grow in the Pacific Ocean? the answer would probably be, no. Indeed, very few of the Californians, Oregonians, and Washingtonians themselves realize to what an extent the oyster-raising industry is being carried on.

Among the leading points where the oyster is being grown, the bays about San Francisco, Yaquina and Netarts in Oregon, Shoalwater and Olympia in Washington must be noted.

Probably the earliest oystering on this coast was done at San Francisco away back before the days of the Forty-niners. In 1851 six men from San Francisco chartered the schooner Robert Bruce and set sail for Shoalwater Bay, Wash., some twenty miles above the mouth of the mighty Columbia. They were convinced from Indian reports and otherwise that

oysters were abundant there, and this they found to be true. Coming to anchor on the north shore of the bay, at a point later called Bruceport, they began to lay plans to "tong" a shipload of the bay's best, but the ship's cook fell out with the company and in an evil hour set the schooner afire that he might work his spite upon Captain Ledlow and his crew. Among the men that came on the Bruce, John S. Morgan has been most successful. For years he lived in the old village of Oysterville, across the beautiful bay where he saw his first venture go up in smoke. San Francisco now numbers him among her many millionaires

Every bay has its oyster. Those well informed tell us that a flavor peculiar to itself characterizes the native oyster of every oyster bed warmed by the Japan Current. To the older residents of the Coast, our native oysters are the ne plus ultra, possessing for them a flavor not approached by their fatter cousin of the Gulf Stream coast. Easterners usually fail to relish the Pacific oyster on first acquaintance, complaining of an oily, fishy twang; but the taste is soon acquired,

and never lost.



Preparing the oysters for market.



Interior of an oyster packing plant on Shoalwater Bay, Washington.

For two reasons young stock from the Atlantic Coast is now being extensively used here: first, because the native stock is getting short, and second, because the Eastern oyster finds a more ready sale at higher prices. Oystermen prefer to get their Eastern stock as "spats," that is, one year old; and these, when ready for the table, after three or four years, are larger than they would have been at home, many of them selling readily as "counts."

The young stock is purchased largely from Massachusetts bays and is shipped in barrels, dry, in refrigerator cars, a carload of 150 barrels costing the growers over \$1,000.00 laid down here.

The first company to import the Eastern stock began operations seven years ago. Their purchases last year amounted to twenty-four carloads, full a half of the total importation.

The combined output of the various companies engaged in the oyster industry in Washington is estimated at from 3,500 to 4,500 sacks of ninety pounds each every month. The price per sack in the markets of San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Portland, Spokane and Seattle ranges from \$2.25 to \$3.25. At a glance it is seen that the yearly output of the 12,000 acres of oyster beds in this bay yields the

goodly sum of over \$100,000.

Besides oystering, the business of canning the juicy, fine-flavored, razor-backed clams is of considerable proportions. These thin-shelled clams are dug from the ocean beach at low tide, and when minced or put up whole make as delicious a soup or chowder as can be found anywhere. The president of the company, who is a woman, by the way, tells us that she is finding a ready market as far east as St. Paul.

Let us set off in the gray of the morning with a sturdy oyster laddie to the banks where the bivalves thrive. Hoisting sail, with his oyster scow in tow, he heads off to a distant spot, and from the boundary posts knows that he is within his own preserves, for every acre of the bay available for oyster growing is owned by some one. Armed with two rake-like tools, he now begins "tonging" and drawing up the oysters, throwing them upon the scow. In fine weather, when the tide is low and the beds are good, our companion can "tong" over a hundred sacks a day. Our boat is loaded, and we are off for the culling scow near shore, where the whole pile is sorted by hand and the voung ovsters taken out to be returned to the beds for another period of growth.



A view of the oyster beds of Shoalwater Bay, Washington.

THE POTTER'S VESSEL

By Aloysius Coll

HEN a girl blushes like that, Peggy, to hide the secret in her heart, that secret can be only one thing."

"I know, Polly. It's good of you to dig down into the bottom of my heart and fish it up without making me beat about the bush, and tell half a dozen fibs about it. But it is hard to blurt it right out, you know it is."

The young girl emphasized her words with a gentle shake of her head. As she looked up, the October breeze caught the errant strands of her sunny hair, and tugged at them, inviting them to a romp with the thistle-down that floated down the brown slope to the yellow-brown road, which in turn seemed to race on and on with the tinge and the tint of autumn, till it reached the silver ribbon of the river, stretching across the mouth of the valley like a white pennant in the bill of a homing dove. Everything about the two picturesque figures on the ledge of stone below the abandoned stone quarry suggested the brown autumn - the autumn that is brown and gray. Above them the brown bank of grass and fallen leaves sloped back, like the brow of a bronzed warrior, to a gray fence, streaked with the silver hair of dried lichens. At their feet was a little mat of brown leaves, blown into the quarry like amber wine poured into a bowl. Across the valley the brown trees dropped, one by one, their brown leaves into the grass, and overhead the wind piloted a random gray cloud across the uncharted skies. Even the eyes of the young girl were gray, and those of her elder companion and confidant were brown and striking still, for all Miss Polly's six and thirty autumns, and had in them more of good fellowship than curiosity. Nevertheless, they were kind and sympathetic, and invited confession.

"I know he's much older than I am," continued the younger girl, confidingly, "but not so much older, as the world looks on it to-day. Then, he is so—"

"Do you love him?" was Polly's quick

interruption, cutting off the rehearsal of one man's good qualities.

For answer Peggy only murmured something too low to be understood, and

buried her face in her lap.

"I wish I could look about me," said Peggy, after a moment's contemplation and broken thought, "like you do, Polly, and lose myself and all my troubles in the flowers and the birds, and the—troubles of other people. Do you know, Polly, I believe you were never worried by these big affairs of the mind and heart, for if you were, you couldn't forget them for others—not even for me."

"I should never wish to forget you, Peggy," said the other, quickly, and with calm reproach. "Now, little one, what's the matter? You've given me a dozen hints, but you don't explain. What is the matter?"

Peggy sighed long and deeply. "Everything's the matter."

"Then that means that one thing, and

only one thing, is the matter."

"But, Polly dear, one thing—when that is the one thing—puts everything else wrong—with me."

Polly looked at her companion curiously, a little smile lengthening the corners of her mouth.

"Polly, you've helped so many of the girls—I'll tell you everything. Yes, you have, for they've told me. We're always bothering you for good advice, as if you were our mothers. Yes, for we can talk to you even easier than we can to our mothers; I don't know why-perhaps because we know you never had these troubles of the heart, while we feel that our mothers, having had to do with men, must have had them. So we feel a little guilty, you see, when approaching them on a subject which we know is like an X-ray drawn over our own souls, to show them our most sacred secrets. That's the reason we come to you, Polly; we know your advice will be given without a tinge of personal chagrin, or-the cloud of mem-

Polly smiled. She saw much to interest her, it seemed, in the yellow-brown road leading out to the silver river. Peggy screwed up her mouth, dug her hands into her lap as if to bolster up courage, and continued: "Now, Polly, I've had a quarrel."

Polly smiled again, this time with the merest burst of laughter. She did not seem to think a quarrel such a dreadful thing, after all, Peggy was forced to make further revelation.

"But the man with whom I quarreled,

Polly—it's different."

"Your lover, I suppose," suggested Polly; "girls always quarrel with their lovers; they fight with their brothers."

"Yes-Polly, you know who it was."

The other was gazing into the leaves at her feet. From one of the little vines that dared to come out from the crannies of the stone ledge, she plucked a golden leaf, tried the contrast by matching it with the gray goods over her breast, then suddenly removed it and twined it in Peggy's golden hair. With admiring eyes she looked upon her. "I can not understand how Henry Herbert could quarrel with you, Peggy," she said, quietly.

"Polly, there's no use flattering me now; it's advice I need—a scolding, I

believe."

Polly made no reply, and Peggy contin-"It was just a trifle; a few words. It all happened at the dance two weeks ago. All because I split one of Henry's dances for Billy South; Henry despises him. So do I, but a girl can't let a man own her outright. It was just a little test of his love. But pride, Polly, I forgot about that. And men have it, too. It's a hobby of their's. Henry has more than most men; so things have gone from bad to worse, till ten whole days, and nights, have gone by, and he's never been near the house! What am I to do?—send him a meek little note, or shall I continue to hold out till he is brought to my feet on his knees?" There was genuine distress in Peggy's countenance. "Maybe," she added, grimly, "Henry's not of the praying kind, and will not be brought to his knees!"

Polly was silent a long time. The other took her silence for the deliberation of a judge who is confronted by a knotty legal tangle.

"I think it would be wrong for me to attempt to give advice in this case, Peggy," she said, finally. "You have lived in our town only a little over a year, and you do not know everything. But listen—I'm go-

ing to tell you a story."

She did not settle herself as if for a long tale. The calmness of her face was not perturbed. "It has pleased some of the younger girls to look upon me as a demure little old maid—isn't that so?—a potter's vessel that has never seen the fire. Sometimes, Peggy, the vessel that is fired is the stronger for its burning—but sometimes, that which has been in the furnace, having suffered hidden cracks, is weaker than that unglazed clay shape fresh from the model. I know a little old maid, with brown eyes and yellow hair—"

Peggy looked up with a startle.

"Whom many looked upon as a vessel that bore no hidden wound, because few, very few, are privileged to see the potter put his vessels into the kiln. God is that master potter, Peggy, and did it ever seem to you that in that furnace of love many vessels have been scarred by the fire, while others have been made strong and beautiful by it?"

She ceased abruptly. "Let us call the little old maid the Fragile Vessel," she said, "for that is what the little old maid's heart was like, then. Now it is as a vessel in which many confide their secrets as if into the keeping of some strong treasure casket. But at that time the Fragile Vessel had not yet seen the fire. It was very, very young, and fresh clay is impressionable. But it was fair of form, and the clay of which it was molded was so sensitive that images of the birds, the flowers, the reflection of the brook, and all the bright and good things of the world were caught up in its sun-lighted walls, and stored as sacred within. One day—a great treasure slipped into the Fragile Vessel, and growing great for joy within, could never be withdrawn out. Peggy, you know what that treasure was.

"How did the treasure come to be within? The Vessel itself scarcely knew. A young man came between it and the great sun. He was as an enchanting shadow; and his face came to be graven on the Vessel, more clearly than all the flowers and the birds and the mountains and brooks, and his name was stored away within its heart forever.

"And under the touch of this strangely soothing potter, the Fragile Vessel became a—a woman! And what had been only an impression before, now crystallized

as the very breath of life, the flesh and blood of that woman's being, the soul of her destiny and the end of her every hope. The wine of love ran red on her lips. The undertow of happiness splashed up from the well-springs of her heart, and glistened like dewdrops in her eyes. The glory of content danced on her hair.

"But with the power of love, came the dominion of love,—woman's love. Love was strong, love seemed all-conquering. And love took up the torch of pride, and, hurling it into the golden abyss, transformed the valleys of heaven into the raging pits of hell! . . .

"How was it done? Oh, so easily. A little test of love; one rising suspicion; one word of pride, one glance of bitterness—and then the parting!

"Yes—he came back. The Fragile Vessel, now the little old maid, had been visiting his sister; and the whisper had gone the rounds that he had come back to reclaim his love of the years gone by, to reclaim the love that in the maiden's heart had grown sweeter and sweeter for years of ripening."

She paused, and peered down the yellow road, that stretched away to the silver river. "See that young girl coming along with those two big baskets, Peggy. I do hope that man in the wagon just turning into the valley will catch up and help her along. If he doesn't I intend to give her a lift myself when she gets this far."

"But the man—the maiden," prompted Peggy.

"Well, sudden hope made her—foolish. It was June—June of this year. She went down the garden walk to meet him, in the moonlight. The garden was abloom. Iris nodded a God-speed on her journey of love. And the little old maid's heart made answer to every sound, and to the silence, and to the whisper of the wind and the perfume of the darkness and the starshine. For love tipped the stars with tongues of light that dropped like arrows of fire at her feet; and every tree seemed a cradle of her hope, wherein the wind crooned her soothing lullabies.

"The moon lifted his head from the pillow of clouds!

"He came! First a dim shadow hurrying along the old gray wall, lengthening and lengthening, like a filmy giant—ah, how love grew in the little old maid's heart, as that shadow grew and grew on the old gray wall!

"Then — his head and shoulders—showed above the—gray stones of the garden wall! A hush on the flowers!—A stutter of welcome at the gatelatch—and the little old maid turned her face from the moonlight to his breath—and forgot all words of greeting in his arms!

"The moonlight was on her hair, gold, gold, gold in the silver night for all the hairs of white that might have shone in the day; she heard him murmur about its glory, and she felt his lips upon it! Her hands were in the clasp of his, and she felt his breath upon them. Her face was close to his breast; he could not look into it—but he spoke—he called—"

Here the voice broke. Peggy looked up. Polly was smiling, but through quick tears that had started to her eyes.

"He called your name," finished Peggy; "yes, yes," she emphasized, carried away by the tale, and deceived by the brave smile on the other's face into believing those tears tears of joy.

"He called—NOT MY NAME—AN-OTHER'S!"

"Another's!" For the first time Peggy comprehended that it had been a tragedy, not a sunny romance, that had been unfolding before her in the brown autumn. "Oh, Polly, I never heard—I never knew—"

"He was deceived, by the hair, Peggy, in the moonlight—"

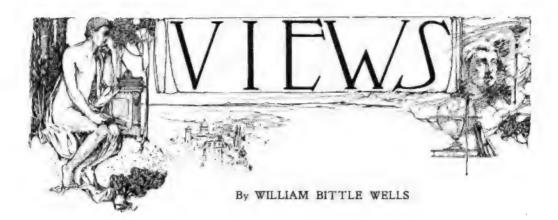
"Did he ever explain? Who was the other—the other girl?"

"I wish her much joy," said the little old maid, with sweet significance, drawing the young girl to her, and kissing her fervently on the smooth white brow and on the gclden hair, close beside the yellow October leaf.

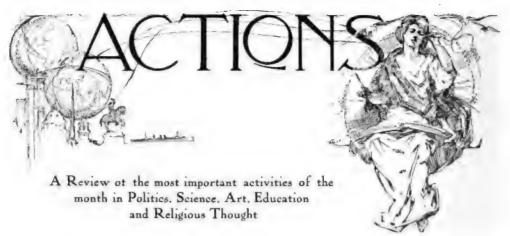
Then she turned about quickly. "Look, Peggy, how glad I am! The man in the wagon has stopped. See! he is lifting the little girl into the wagon!"

The fair young girl with the autumn leaf in her hair said nothing.

It seemed to her, as she looked off into the valley, that she could see one potter's vessel crash into another on the silver river, and sink it in the sunlight.



In 1905 Portland, with the assistance of many states in the West, British Columbia and our national government, will hold an exposition—a very dangerous thing to do. Dangerous for two reasons: First, there has been a special tendency in enterprises of this kind for the city in which the exposition is held to become ambitious and overstep the bounds of conservative management. As the enterprise grows, it is realized that it would be a fine thing to have this and that, and ambition piles up the debts, the incurring of which in ordinary business enterprises would not be tolerated. It was so in Chicago. It has been especially true of Buffalo and St. Louis. This is the first and great danger. The second is in supposing that people will come West in large numbers to see the exposition itself. Such a supposition misunderstands the real object of the exposition and the conditions which surround us, and we might as well admit it, between ourselves, here and now The exposition is, or, at least, should be, a means toward an end-not an end itself. As we understand the matter, the object of this exposition is not so much to make a great display as it is to advertise the best part of the world and get people here. The exposition is an advertising scheme, and it is a good one. know what we have out here. There would be no business sense at this time, therefore, in spending all the money that will be spent simply to felicitate ourselves upon our accomplishments and our own good fortune in living in the West and the consequent misfortune of others. Our benevolent object in this exposition enterprise is to tell the benighted individuals who are so blind and unfortunate as to live where blizzards, snow, ice, droughts, insufferable heat, and all such inconveniences of life make existence a burden, something of our blessings and opportunities and induce them to come West. The exposition becomes, therefore, the piece de resistance of an advertising plan, and advertising the most important thing in connection with the exposition, second not even to the buildings and display. People who come West in 1905 are not going to expect a great exposition in Portland, though we shall have one that will be noteworthy and a splendid success. will, however, see a greater exposition than the world has ever held before—the exposition of our climate, our wonderful irrigation enterprises and our tremendous opportunities and advantages. But people will not come West unless their curiosity and interest are aroused. The slogan, therefore, should be, "Advertise, Advertise. Advertise." Money should be spent with newspapers and magazines throughout the land. We should not expect a little gratuitous advertising to accomplish the great work necessary to be done along these lines. Because we know here in the Pacific Northwest that there is to be an exposition in Portland in 1905, and because a little, a very, very little has been done to advertise our fair, it is worse than folly to suppose that the world has any idea that there is to be an exposition in Portland. The exposition is not advertised and those who think that it is are deceived. This is the second danger. Will we profit by experience?



Considering the great forces at work, the past month has been remarkably The presidential campaign will probably go down to history as the most tranquil for half a century or more. Instead of the wonted enthusiasm, torch-light processions, the exaggerations and rantings of the campaign orator, there has been a spirit of indifference, due largely to the fact that the two great parties stand for practically the same thing. The election will hinge upon a choice of men, and from an impartial standpoint it looks at this writing as if Roosevelt had the better of He appeals to the enthusiasm of men, to those who do things, whereas Parker appeals to the more conservative spirit. It is aggressiveness versus conservatism, and it is only natural in this age, which the Archbishop of Canterbury has recently termed "the dawn of the brightest century the world has ever seen," that aggressiveness should triumph. It is by no means certain, however, that Roosevell will be elected. Owing to the unpopularity of the "Odell tag" in New York, that state has become still more debatable ground. There are two Republican factions in Wisconsin which have greatly complicated matters there, and under the circumstances the Democrats have at least an even chance of carrying the state. The chances are also about even in Indiana, so that the Parker campaign is not so badly off as it may seem from a superficial glance. A little apathy on either side in any of the debatable territory may turn the tide of the election.

After the defeat of the Russian forces at Liao-Yang and their masterly retreat to Mukden, the worn-out armies were compelled to take a period of rest. After a few weeks and contrary to all expectations, General Kouropatkin assumed the offensive for the first time, due, it is said, to pressure from St. Petersburg. The Japs were defeated in a few preliminary engagements, but, at this writing, they have successfully resisted the Russian advance and the most important engagement of the campaign is predicted.

Those who have observed the situation carefully assert that the Japanese will not go into winter quarters, but will continue their vigorous, aggressive and successful campaign. Port Arthur continues to hold out, and Stoessel, the Russian general in command, asserts that he can withstand the Japs until next spring. Fresh meat is selling in Port Arthur at \$1.20 per pound, and eggs are 20 cents each.

The State Elections

The results of the state elections occurring in September were anxiously awaited by the politicians as indicative of the presidential vote soon to be cast. Vermont has always been considered a political barometer, and the outcome in that state was far from encouraging to the Democratic leaders. The Re-

publican majority was over 31,000, exceeding the majority received by the Republican candidate in the corresponding election four years ago. In Maine, there was a slight falling off in the Republican vote, and a similar gain in the Democratic, although the Republican plurality was 30,000. In Arkansas, the Democratic nominee for governor was elected by

20,000 majority, as against 40,000 for the gubernatorial candidate on the same ticket two years ago.

The eighth annual ses-Congress of sion of the International Geographers Geographical Congress convened recently at Washington, this being the first meeting of the Congress in the Western hemisphere. One of the most interesting features of the session was an experiment in time signalling. At midnight, September 15, the observatory at Washington was connected with nearly every important city on the globe, and messages were flashed both east and west, across continents, under oceans. The results were marvelous. In Australia the east and west messages were received simultaneously. Other points reported slight variations, not exceeding one-half of a second. The purpose of the experiment was to demonstrate the feasibility of a universal time standard. At a banquet given in honor of the foreign members of the Congress, Commander Perry nounced that he would again try to reach the north pole, and explained the methods by which he hoped to succeed.

As a result of Colonel Treaty with Younghusband's armed Thibet expedition into Thibet, a treaty has been signed by British and Thibetan representatives which will settle the difficulties between the two states. Thibet binds herself to establish posts for commerce between British and Thibetan merchants, to demolish forts threatening the Indian frontier, to repair certain passes, and to pay an indemnity of 7,500,-000 rupees (\$2,400,000). It is also provided that without Great Britain's sanction, no Thibetan territory shall be sold or leased to any foreign power, nor shall any other power enter Thibet to construct railroads, develop mines, etc. To guarantee the performance of these conditions Great Britain shall maintain troops in Thibet for three years. The former Lama, who opposed Great Britain, and who has fled the country, has been deposed, and his spiritual honors have been bestowed upon Tashi Lama by the Chinese Amban, who has supported the British expedition from the outstart. Russian influence has been eliminated.

On September 11, consid-Russian Cruiser erable excitement at San Francisco aroused by the news that a Russian cruiser, the Lena, had put into San Francisco for repairs. As such repairs could not be completed within the 24-hour limit, the vessel was taken into custody by the naval authorities. Japanese consul demanded that the Lena be required to leave at once. This being denied, on the ground that the vessel was unseaworthy, he preferred another peremptory request that Japanese experts be allowed to examine the refugee. United States authorities, however, replied that they did not propose to deputize their authority in the matter. When, upon investigation, it was decided that it would take at least six weeks to complete the necessary repairs, it was agreed that the Lena be dismantled, and her crew placed on parole. Both Russia and Japan have expressed their gratification at the fairness and promptitude with which the United States authorities have acted.

After a memorable strug-Meat Strike gle of 59 days, the great Settled packing-house strike was declared off by President Donnelly, of the butchers' union. This means virtually a defeat for the strikers, and Donnelly admits as much, saving that he ordered a return to work in order to prevent a disruption of the union. He takes a very philisophical view of the matter, declaring that the union has received a salutary lesson, by which they will profit in the fu-They will hereafter be less dictatorial and more conservative, he says, and less inclined to strike on any pretext. Most of the skilled men will be taken back. except where their places have been satisfactorily filled. The unskilled men will be out of a job. The packers, too, will profit by the lessons of the strike, and will make concessions where possible. At least mutual respect has grown out of the struggle. The loss in wages to the men is estimated at \$5,100,000, and the loss to the packers at \$7,500,000.

Army
Maneuvers

on the historic battlefield of Bull Run.
Twenty-six thousand men participated, of which number one-fifth were regulars and

the rest militia. They represent about onefourth of the national and state troops of the "Atlantic division," including the seacoast from Maine to Texas. This army was under the command of Maj. Gen. Corbin, and the two contending divisions, the "Browns" and the "Blues," were commanded, respectively, by General Bell and Gen. Fred Grant. Companies from different points of the country were combined in the different brigades, so that the men might get acquainted. Two "battles" were fought, under theoretical conditions, of course, but involving many of the hardships of actual warfare. army was successful in one of the contests, according to the awards of the umpires. The war games proved so exhausting, especially to the inexperienced militia, that nearly 10,000 of them were unable to appear in the final grand review. knew nothing of the hardships of actual campaigning, and were completely used up by the hard work. It is just this inexperience that the war games are expected to remedy. The cost to the government is \$2,000,000, appropriated for that purpose.

Our navy has recently been Two New increased by the addition of Battleships two new first-class battleships, the Louisiana and the Connecticut. That is, these vessels have been launched, although some time will necessarily elapse before they can be fully equipped and put into commission. The construction of these ships was ordered three years ago by congress; and, in order to test the relative efficiency of the government and private shipbuilding plants, the Connecticut was ordered built at the Brooklyn navy vard, while the building of the Louisiana was consigned to the Newport News Shipbuilding Company. The latter vessel was completed first, and launched August 27, while the sister ship took her virgin plunge a month later. These war vessels are the most powerful in the navy. They are, respectively, 450 feet long, and of 16,000 tons displacement. Their engines will develop 16,500 horse-power, with a speed of 18 knots. The armament consists of four 12-inch guns, eight 8-inch, and twelve 7inch rifles, in the main battery, with a host of smaller guns in the secondary battery.

Record for All previous records for overland wireless Wireless graphic dispatches have Telegraphy been broken by the De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company. A dispatcher in Chicago sent a message of 400 words to an operator on the fair grounds at St. Louis, which was received without difficulty. The distance is over 300 miles. The company is now transmitting messages between the two points at regular rates. The current conveying the message must have traversed the City of Chicago, with its power-houses, skyscrapers, elevated structures and other obstructions, heretofore considered insuperable. The company will establish other overland routes, including a relay route between Chicago and New York.

Dispute over Creed

The damnatory clauses in causes of a warm dispute in the Athanasian creed are the the English church. The progressive faction desires that the clause declaring that the nonbeliever shall perish everlastingly "shall be expunged from the creed." The conservative element resists any such radical change, as paving the way to more objectionable alterations. The clause in dispute has not appeared in the American Episcopalian prayer-book for one hundred years.

The It is claimed for the "Acous-Acousticon" the invention of R. Hutchinson of New York, that, by its use, anyone, however deaf, may hear, providing the auditory nerve is not destroyed. The device is a combined telephone and microphone. A sound amplifier, a vibratory diaphragm and a small storage battery are parts of the mechanism. A girl of 22, who had been deaf for 16 years, using the acousticon, was able to hear grand opera as well as any person in the audience.

Debar Impure The Department of Agriculture is at last to take active measures to prevent the importation of impure and adulterated foods. Laboratories are being installed in our principal ports to carefully inspect and analyze all suspected foods. The department is awaiting the interpretation of the

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law, which, it is thought, will shut out all German sausages, "Scotch" whisky, "pate de foie gras" and other imported "delicacies."

The \$100,000 prize offered Aerial Contest by the St. Louis Exposition at St. Louis authorities for the best dirigible airship is attracting a number of contestants. Trial has been made of the Benbow machine, not with unqualified success. Professor Benbow steered his craft for 100 feet in a straight line, and then the inevitable mishap occurred, bringing the attempt to an abrupt finish. One of the formidable contestants will be Thomas S. Baldwin, of San Francisco, who will enter with two machines. From England comes Major Baden-Powell, of Boer war fame, who is also an aspirant for aerial To compensate for the absence of Santos-Dumont, France is sending Hippolyte Francois to participate in the race.

The annual session of the The Parlia-Parliamentary Union, held mentary Union at St. Louis, was attended by 226 members. The delegates were welcomed by First Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Loomis, and Congressman Richard Bartholdt was the presiding Two significant resolutions were officer. unanimously adopted, one calling upon the powers signatory of the Hague convention to intervene, separately or jointly, with the belligerents in the Eastern war; the other asking President Roosevelt to call a second session of the Hague conference to meet in this country.

On November 1, the new $\mathbf{A}_{\mathbf{rmv}}$ war college at Washington, War College D. C., will open its doors. Only the picked men of the army will be privileged to enter, after courses at the garrison schools, the special service schools and the staff college. They must rank not higher than major nor lower than captain. The new institution will not be a school in the accepted sense, but rather a congress of soldiers to study the art of war. War plans will be the chief subject of study, and specific problems of the campaign will be attacked. General Tasker H. Bliss is at the head of the institution, and under

him are Col. Arthur L. Wagner and Col. Charles Shaler.

George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, has completed his calculation of Mint Directors the production of gold and silver in the United Report States and in the world for the calendar year 1903. The figures for the United States, by states and territorics, are as follows:

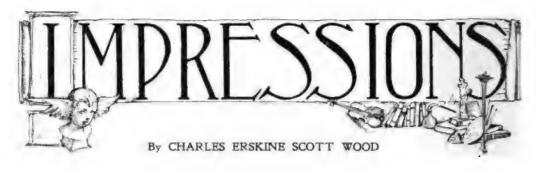
,	Gold. Value.	Silver, Com- mercial Value.
Alabama		
Alaska	8,614,700	\$ 77,544
Arizona	4.357.600	1.829,034
California	16,104,500	503.010
Colorado	22,540,100	7,014,708
Georgia	62.000	216
Idaho	1,570,400	3,513,996
Kansas	9,700	52,596
Maryland	500	
Michigan		27.000
Montana	4,411,900	6.826.842
Nevada	3.388.000	2.727.270
New Mexico	244,600	97,578
North Carolina	70,500	5,940
Oregon	1,290,200	63,720
South Carolina	100,700	162
South Dakota	6,226,700	119,448
Tennessee	890	7,020
Texas		245,376
l'tah	3,697,400	6,046,272
Virginia	13.500	5.130
Washington	279,900	159.039
Wyoming	3,000	108
Totals	73,591,700	\$29,322,000

The total number of fine ounces produced in the United States for the calendar vear 1903 was 54,300,000. value of silver is computed at 54 cents a fine ounce.

The total output of gold shows a decline of \$6,400,000 and of silver a decline of 1,200,000 ounces from the figures of the previous year. The falling off in both metals is almost entirely due, according to Mr. Roberts, to labor troubles in Colorado. The most important gain made by any state was about \$500,000 in

gold by Nevada.

For the entire world the total output of gold was \$325,527,200; of silver \$92,-039,600. Mexico was the only country that exceeded the United States in silver output, producing \$38,070,000. Australia fell far below in silver, with an output of \$5,228,700, but far exceeded all other countries in gold with an output of \$89,-210,100. Africa came next, producing \$67,988,100 in gold. Russia produced \$24,632,200 worth of gold, and Canada made a good showing with a gold output of \$18,834,500. After British India, with upwards of \$11,000,000 of gold to its credit, no other country reaches the fivemillion mark.



Every misery on earth, except the evils which the flesh is natural heir to, comes from some men seeking to govern others in mind, body or estate

War and Its Costs

WIHCH is a greater preventive of war—preparedness or unpreparedness? In frontier days it was known that nothing made a man so quarrelsome as a "gun" in his pocket. Personally, I have no more use for war among nations than for each fellow to settle his own quarrel by force of arms with his neighbor, as they used to do in the good old days of knighthood. Not only are you told that the courts then could not settle quarrels between barons, but even the courts settled questions by the foolish trial by battle. But personal quarrels are no longer settled so.

I read that the countrymen of that Czar who proposed the Peace Tribunal are braining and disemboweling the countrymen of the Mikado, and the countrymen of the Mikado are found dead with their teeth in the throats of the Russians; that women are weeping and men groaning by the hundreds of thousands, and I'll venture to say that not one of the Russian soldiery knows any better reason why he should disembowel a Japanese artisan than the bulldog knows why he should fight in the pit for his master; and the same with the Japanese artisan soldier.

Whose fight is it, anyway? What is it for? And what is the good? At the end of all the slaughter and waste, it will be settled by a treaty in which all Europe will take a hand. And the United States, too; for are we not a great big boy now?

And is not Senator Lodge greater than Washington?

Keep out of European politics? Nonsense, George! We are a world-power! Senator Lodge is a statesman. We have governors, too, and we, too, run out and get killed whenever they tell us. We are flea bitten with statesmen. See Chauncey Depew. He is a statesman, too. And we build great big battleships, every one costing more than a college, and sometimes they hit a rock, and some day they go up in smoke. Who builds them? Well, the statesmen order them, and the people pay for them.

Faugh! I've smelt corpses rotting myself, and I know he is a fool who gets killed save for a principle he knows and approves. Wars are not prevented nor victories won by battleships, but by the moral power and the wealth of a nation. The battle is not to the strong in battleships, but to the strong in resources. We are bitten by a killing bug. We are full of strenuousness. Our soldiers wear caps like those of the Germans. We are a military world power and the people pay the bills. "Hoch der Kaiser!"

Advice to Aspiring Young Journalists

THOUGH I write in September, the elections may be over before this sees the light of day. Still, as the future before the young journalist is long, I modestly suggest that he may win fame for himself who will so report his political adversaries that bye and bye people will say, "This man writes the truth; it may be used as history."

And to the comic paper artist I suggest that he be comic. It is an excellent plan never to draw or write unless you have an idea. If I were to start a comic paper—which no one contemplates except as they do suicide—I would print certain rules, such as—

"All mother-in-law jokes barred."

"All puns concocted out of idiocy subjects the maker to a fine. Such as, 'The wagon spoke with its tongue and said, 'You fellows make me tired.'"

"No drawings of rural gentlemen will be accepted which have either Horace Greeley or billy goat whiskers. The least atom of original observation would teach the aspiring young artist that whatever characteristics our agricultural population have these styles of whiskers are not of them."

To discuss the cheap, coarse conventionalities of the comic artist would take a whole number. And yet for good, clean, original humor there is room. Life is about the only through and through paper of wit and humor without cheap vulgarity. Puck has never lost the distinction Bunner impressed upon it; but some of the others are simply unspeakable. And as for the comic sheets of the daily press or weekly press, they consist in exploiting inane hoodlumism in red ink. I see Peck's Bad Boy has revived. To me he was always disgusting. Under the influences of the daily press our youngsters can not fail to be hoodlums of the deepest slang, whose ideas of wit and gentle humor will be bad English and brutal practical jokes. Where is this American humor we used to hear about?

Then there is a crown of glory awaiting the young college graduate who can report a baseball or football game or any other athletic sport as if he were not addressing a gang of toughs. It may be wearisome to say "the ball" constantly, but a writer of exact facts would use the word "ass" as often as he had occasion to describe the animal. He wouldn't say the "long-eared quadruped," the "mellifluous brayer." He'd just keep on repeating plain "ass." Now to say "Jinksey, of the Seals, took his willow and jumped on the rubber, but he couldn't find Jumpsey, of the Angels, who was the twirler for the first, until he was thumped in the slats by the horsehide and given a pass to first," may be beautiful English and clear as mud, but if I were an A. Y. J. I'd try and write good, terse, simple English, and call everything by its right name, no matter how often. Calling it the sphereoid and the pigskin doesn't really lift one into an original style, and rob Shakespeare of his laurels. There is need of truth and clean-cut originality and direct, simple style in every branch of modern journalism.



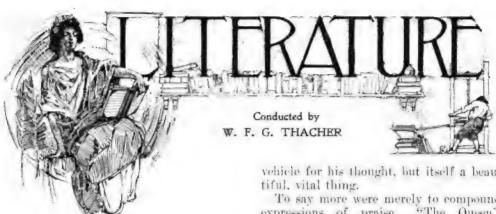
Cloud effect from Columbia River, showing Mt. St. Helens, Washington, in the distance.



Editor's Note.—Max Nordau in his essay on Optimism and Pessimism says: "The truth is that optimism, an infinite, ineradicable optimism, is the base upon which all man's conceptions are founded, the instinctive feeling which is natural to him under all circumstances. What we term optimism is simply the form in which our own life-force, or vital energy, and the processes of life in our organism are presented to our consciousness. Optimism is, therefore, only another term for vitality, an intensification of the fact of existence." It is a belief in these things which has brought about the introduction of this department into The Pacific Monhly. The scope and purpose of the department will gradually be enlarged, criticised and improved, until it will be unique in character and of undoubted and acknowledged worth to our readers.

"Could we choose our environment, and were desire in human undertakings synonymous with endowment, all men would, I suppose, be optimists. Certainly most of us regard happiness as the proper end of all earthly enterprise. to be happy animates alike the philosopher, the prince and the chimney-sweep. No matter how dull, or how mean, or how wise a man is, he feels that happiness is his * * Most people measure their happiness in terms of indisputable right. physical pleasure and material possession. Could they win some visible goal which they have set in the horizon, how happy they would be! Lacking this gift or that circumstance, they would be miserable. If happiness is to be so measured, I, who can not hear or see, have every reason to sit in a corner with folded hands and weep. If I am happy in spite of my deprivations, if my happiness is so deep that it is a faith, so thoughtful that it becomes a philosophy of life—if, in short, I am an optimist, my testimony to the creed of optimism is worth hearing. * * * So my optimism is no mild and unreasoning satisfaction. A poet once said that I must be happy because I did not see the bare, cold present, but lived in a beautiful dream. I do live in a beautiful dream; but that dream is the actual, the present,—not cold, but warm; not bare, but furnished with a thousand blessings. The very evil which the poet supposed would be a cruel disillusionment is necessary to the fullest knowledge of joy. Only by contact with evil could I have learned to feel by contrast the beauty of truth and love and goodness. * * * A man must understand evil and be acquainted with sorrow before he can write himself an optimist and expect others to believe that he has reason for the faith that is in him."— Helen Keller, on Optimism.

"My optimism is grounded in two worlds, myself and what is about me. I demand that the world be good, and lo, it obeys. I proclaim the world good, and facts range themselves to prove my proclamation overwhelmingly true. To what is good I open the doors of my being, and jealously shut them against what is bad. Such is the force of this beautiful and wilful conviction, it carries itself in the face of all opposition. I am never discouraged by absence of good. I never can be argued into hopelessness. Doubt and mistrust are the mere panic of timid imagination, which the steadfast heart will conquer, and the large mind transcend."—Helen Keller, on Optimism.



The time-tried phrases of the reviewer seem flaccid and colorless when dealing with a book like Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair." The standards by which the books of the day are adjudged no longer subserve. It bears no relation to modern fiction: it is a thing apart, transcendent, akin to all that is great in liter-

The masterlines of it: this penetrative analysis of a woman's heart! The flawless form and symmetry of it! The compelling power; the exceeding beauty!

Stories of Mary Queen of Scots have there been a-many, but none that for an instant merits comparison with this. About the historical lay-figure of the Queen — enigmatical, tragic — Maurice Hewlett has created a woman of flesh and blood, of mind and spirit; The Queen's and so perfectly has he

conceived her character, and so perfectly revealed it, that it stands out sharp and distinct, vivid, a living thing, as real as life itself.

Quair

Mary is the central figure of a vast, populous picture, like the canvas of a Messonier, thronged with historic figures, tumultuous, intricate: a wonderful webbery of plot and counterplot, motive and intrigue. In it is all the mysterious allurement of by-gone times. It is the very essential romance of history.

And the telling of it! In Mr. Hewlett's hands the English language become a new and potent instrument. He plays upon it as a master touches the keys and stops of a mighty organ. Under his touch it sings and crashes, it flashes and leaps, it glows and throbs. It is not only a perfect vehicle for his thought, but itself a beau-

To say more were merely to compound expressions of praise. "The Oucen's Quair" is a piece of literature, classic, a creation, touched with the fire-tipped wand of genius.

(The McMillan Company: New York.) No school of modern fiction is more worthy than that which draws its material from modern politics, and no better example of the political romance has appeared than "The Grafters," by Francis Lynde. The story is concerned with the operations of a most unscrupulous gang of corruptionists, who succeeded in gaining control of the government of a state with a purpose to prostitute its offices to their private The name of the state is suppressed, but we have it on good authority that it is Texas—although a similar story might be told of many—indeed, most—of the states of the Union. The There is, of course, the

Grafters intrepid hero, who dares everything in opposing the machine, and he is a hero, too, of the best mettle, and as worthy your applause as any knight or soldier of olden times.

It is a thrilling tale, full of startling incidents, swift action and varied move-To style or literary quality it makes small pretense, but there is no doubt that it grapples close the reader's attention and holds it unwavering to the close.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Lynde found it expedient to introduce the love element, which really has no part in the story. But the sentiment is so imponderable that it is hardly more than a feathery riffle on the torrential current of the narrative.

(Bobbs-Merrill: Indianapolis.)

A thing of genuine beauty is M. E. Waller's story of the hills of Vermont, "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus." It carries you out of the beaten track, away from the harrying din of the city, the battered highways of trade, up into the cool, clean fastnesses of Nature's citadels—the mountains. And yet, because where life is, there is suffering, you find here the same old struggle: the eternal conflict of the spirit with the encumbering clay.

A rare sermon is this story of the cripple, who, pitifully handicapped at the very beginning of the fight, yet plays his part like a man and makes his life so thoroughly worth Wood-Carver the living. His, too, is of Lympus the sweet reward that must ever come to him who fights the good fight.

In spite of its pervading pathos, the story lifts you out of yourself and into another realm of thought. Its idealism is serene and exalted, and, almost unconsciously, you are refreshed and stimulated and filled with a desire for better things. There is much of quiet humor, too, and many a pleasing bit of character study. Delightful people are those that cluster around the invalid's chair of the Wood carver and whose lives are so strangly linked with his: men and women of culture and true nobility, who open for the sufferer doors to unguessed words of travel and study.

But the best part of the book is the gentle philosophy which pervades it: life-messages that are fresh and true and inspiring. No one can read it without heeding its call to the higher life.

(Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.)

It is hardly to be wondered at that the stormy life of George Gordon, Lord Byron, should appeal strongly to the eager searcher after literary material. He stands solitary among the great figures of his day, and of many days: the strangest mixture of good and bad that was ever moulded into human form.

Daring, indeed, is the novelist who attempts to portray that enigmatical character, to puzzle out the secrets of that inscrutable heart. This is what Hallie Erminie Rives has done in "The Castaway," and not with unqualified success.

True, she has been able to construct a startling story, with Gordon ever in the forefront; but the book lacks everything of sanity, of style, of smoothness. It is melodramatic, florid, muddy and cheaply sensational. The author endeavors to win the reader's sympathy for her hero by posing him as the victim of circumstances. In her eyes, his vices become virtues. She glozes his lapses from decency, and endeavors to palliate his disgusting excesses.

To us, her efforts are unavailing. Pity is the only sentiment that can be had for a man who drags in the mire of debauchery the God-given genius which was George Gordon's. Even the final sacrifice fails to atone for a wasted and misspent life.

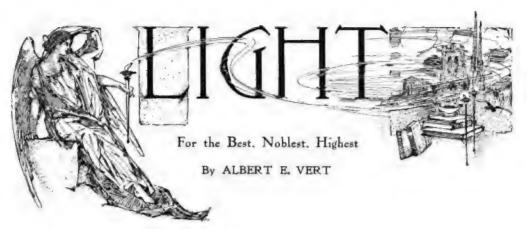
The author fails to solve the problem. We must still wonder at the miracle of the fragrant blossoms of poetry which sprang from the muck-heap, and continue to enjoy the flowers while we loath the foul source from which they grew.

(Bobbs-Merrill: Indianapolis.)

In "Suzzane of Kerbyville," Mr. Dennis H. Stovall has seized upon some of the characteristic incidents and conditions of fifty years ago, when the gold passion was at its height, and Kerby, as the metropolis of the gold fields of Southern Oregon, was the theatre where many an exciting drama was played. The resultant story is full of dash and vigor, with some excellent character sketching. The author is a valued contributor to the Pacific Monthly.

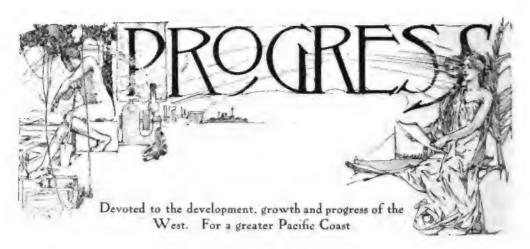
Many books have been written after the style of "Ben Hur," but none that has even approached the excellence of Lew Wallace's classic. "The White Lady," by Caroline Atwater Mason, is no exception to the rule. It is of the accepted form, with the persecuted Christian maiden and the other well-known features—even to the scene in the gladiatorial arena, where the girl is miraculously saved from a martyr's death.

(Griffith & Rowland Press: Philadel-phia.)



Sympathy is the grandest word in the English language. It lies at the root of all religion. The great lack of human society is sympathy. Half of the world is longing for compassion, pity, love. The briers meet us at every turn, and there is nothing like sympathy to ease their pricks and stings. It is the compassionate touch that tells. A touch, a kiss, a kind word, a pressure of the hand, may do much toward helping one who feels that for him or her no man cares. There is something exquisitely soothing in the knowledge that the pulses of one human heart beats in unison with ours. When the child was dead, and the prophet came to heal it, he stretched himself out on the child, and put his lips to the child's lips, and his hand on the child's hand, and his heart to the child's heart. It was then that the breath came back, and the child showed signs of returning life. There is nothing that cures hearts in the world like other hearts laid upon them, brooding them, and imparting to them something of their own sympathy and goodness. If a heart can not be cured by a loving heart, it is incurable—with the Christian there can be no such thing as moral indifference to others. There is no room for condescension and a lofty tone of patronage in these ministries of Christian love. To hurt the sensibilities of the suffering one we would help, is to pour acid into the already raw wound. Sympathy given in the great spirit of Christ, in the spirit of Him who bore our sins and carried our sorrows, and there is not a man in America so high that he is above the reach of the need of such sympathy.

Many people to-day live on credit. Whatever they buy, they buy on credit. It is true that trade, commerce can not exist without a mutual confidence in which men trust each other. It does not at all times suit the conveniences or even the possibilities of business that each single transaction should be a ready money transaction. Perhaps even in matters of family expenditure it may save trouble to pay at certain times. On the principle that no debt was ever to be contracted, commerce would be almost annihiliated, and the precept would be found impracticable. While that is so, only the wilfully blind can fail to see the evils of the credit system, when carried beyond its legitimate limit. When one hasn't to pay spot cash, it is truly marvelous the things they must have, which they would not have, if they had to pay at once. The credit system is the nursery in which men and women are trained to make a finer appearance than circumstances or income justify, to buy more than they can pay for. Clothes are procured, and the wearer poses as stylish and upright, yet the tailor, the dressmaker has never seen any money in return. It is the same with furniture, dry goods, jewelry, and a host of other things. There are those who never seem to dream that the time will come when these bills contracted must either be met or their character suffer.



Never before have there been such remarkable evidences of growth and development on the Pacific Coast as we see to-day upon all sides. It seems, indeed, as if people elsewhere were beginning to appreciate the fact that this coast offers most extraordinary opportunities, and an unquestioned movement west of large proportions has resulted. Buildings are springing up with almost incredible rapidity and progress in civic improvement is keeping pace with the influx of population. Travelers who are in touch with the whole coast are astounded at the evidences of prosperity and growth and predict a most alluring and brilliant future. Even the most conservative men who have studied the situation speak with an enthusiasm that partakes of the nature of prophecy. It is doubtful if we who live here and enjoy the blessings of this God-endowed land fully appreciate the great and splendid future that is before us. We are accustomed to speak of our climate, the fertility of the soil, the wealth of gold, silver, copper, nickel, lead and coal that bursts from ledges about us, but such things are only a small part of an almost incalculably great promise for the lands bordering the Pacific. A great heritage is ours, a heritage that calls for strong, clear-minded, sincere, consistent, enthusiastic, determined and aggressive manhood. We each have a part to do, and it is a part of gladness and strength. "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion." "Sing, O ye heavens, for Jehovah hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing. ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein!"

The Alaskan Cable—

The completion of the cable connecting Sitka and Seattle marks another step—and a great one—in the development of Alaska. It is by far the most important public work that has ever been attempted for that wonderful, distant part of Uncle Sam's domain. To be thus connected telegraphically with the States, and with the rest of the world, will mean much to the dwellers in that far land, and will do away with that sense of isolation which has been one of the great handicaps to settlement.

Commercially, the advantage of direct and immediate communication will be indeed great. The shippers, merchants and miners of Alaska will receive the market reports of the world, and will no longer be dependent upon indirect and circuitous means of communicating with business associates, jobbers, etc., in the States. Business will be greatly facilitated, the expense of long delays will be eliminated, and great benefit can not fail to follow.

Puget Sound's Fine Showing-

The statistics which are now available for the commercial year ending June 30, 1904, make it evident that the year has not been so active in foreign commerce as either 1903 or 1902. This shrinkage is due to natural causes: in part to the light wheat crop which reduced the volume of exported breadstuffs, and in part to the conditions in the Orient, which cut into the foreign trade.

The report, however, is favorable to Puget Sound, as the decrease for these ports was less than for other ports of the Coast.

The exports of the Puget Sound district for the year ending with June amount in value to \$22,756,403, as compared with \$32,400,522 in 1902-03; \$33,564,278 in 1901-02, and \$20,357,106 for 1900-01. Portland shows a corresponding shrinkage, her exports for the year just closed amounting in value to \$7,878,812, as compared with \$10,796,373 in 1902-03; \$12,-129,876 in 1901-02, and \$10,381,732 in 1900-01. San Francisco's exports show a similar falling off, though the complete figures for the year from that district are not yet available.

The imports through the Puget Sound district have not shown as large a shrinkage as the exports. During the year ending June 30, 1904, the imports of foreign merchandise through this district were valued at \$11,285,096, as compared with \$12,177,243 in 1903; \$11,970,799 in 1902, and \$6,721,060 in 1901.

Tacoma's total foreign commerce for the year was valued at \$14.858,608, and Seattle's at \$12,156,816. These figures represent the total imports and exports of Tacoma and Seattle, the two leading ports of the Puget Sound district. Both ports lead Portland, and Tacoma ranks second to San Francisco among the Pacific coast ports in the foreign trade.

Trade with Alaska and the Philippines shows a very gratifying increase.

The value of Alaska trade for the twelve months ending June 30 is estimated at \$20,000,000, a very large share of which was with Puget Sound.

The total shipments of domestic merchandise to Alaska during the eleven months ending with May, for which alone full figures are at hand, was \$8,109,997, of which amount \$5,386,156 was from Puget Sound. The increase in shipments from Puget Sound to Alaska, over the corresponding period of last year, was \$529,785, figures which give the lie to the statement that the trade of Alaska is falling off. In truth and in fact it is expanding with regularity, month by month and year by year. The same statistical tables show that the receipts of gold from Alaska during the eleven months were \$6,070,268, exclusive of gold from the

British Yukon. This it a gain of over \$1,500,000 over the corresponding period of the previous year.

The trade of Puget Sound with other noncontiguous territory on the Pacific is expanding in a similar proportion to the trade with Alaska.

Imports from the Philippines show an extraordinary increase, indicating that the bulk of the trade is destined to come this way. In the previous fiscal year, the imports of Philippine products at Puget Sound were valued at \$35. During the eleven months ending in June the imports at this port were valued at \$1,380,175. The Atlantic ports showed a heavy decline in imports, and the total volume at San Francisco was valued at but \$550,231.

Methods of Preparing Land for Irrigation -

The Office of Experiment Stations. United States Department of Agriculture, will soon issue a bulletin describing methods of preparing land for irrigation and applying water to crops in different sections of the arid region of the United States. In this bulletin the methods of getting rid of sagebrush, smoothing the ground, building laterals, and distributing water over fields as developed by the experience of farmers in irrigated districts are brought together and described. tools and implements used are illustrated and the cost of the work, based upon actual examples in different states, is given. The purpose is to afford beginners a reliable guide both as to the cost of bringing wild land under cultivation and methods best suited to different soils, climates and crops. The facts included in this bulletin have been gathered by the irrigation investigations of this office, acting in co-operation with the state experiment stations and the state engineers' offices.

This bulletin brings out the fact, not well understood, that the cost of preparing land for irrigation is in many instances greater than the cost of building canals and reservoirs. Detailed figures of the cost of checking land show that it varies in certain districts in California from \$9.96 to \$18.08 per acre. This is more than twice the cost of the canal systems in the San Joaquin Valley, California, which is given in the report of the Census Bureau for 1902 as \$4.99 per irrigated

Where the preparing of land is contracted for the cost of checking varies from \$7.50 to \$20.00 per acre. The price of preparing land for flooding is much less, but is \$5.00 per acre in Wyoming. The need of a better understanding of this particular branch of irrigation practice is becoming more and more important. Reservoirs and canals are but means to accomplish a purpose. That purpose is to increase the products of the soil. value of the ditch or reservoir depends upon the acreage of land which it will serve and the increase in the value of the products which the use of water will bring about. The time is coming when the most important problems connected with irrigation will be the best means of applying water and not, as at present, those of canal and reservoir building.

About thirty different methods of applying water are now in use. This does not mean that there are thirty distinct systems but includes the different ways of preparing land by checking, compartments, deep and shallow furrows, flooding, sprinkling. The bulletin gives and subirrigation. some of the results of a series of tests of different methods of applying water and the difference in loss of water by evaporation in deep and shallow furrows and in About one and one-half times flooding. as much water was needed to irrigate an acre of land by flooding as was required in furrows twelve inches deep. About one and one-third times as much water was needed to irrigate in furrows three inches deep as in furrows one foot deep. saving of one third of the water by the adoption of a better system would mean not only increased profits to farmers but a large increase in the acreage which could be irrigated from canals or reservoirs.

Dairying in Tillamook-

The coast counties of Oregon are taking commercial rank never before realized or dreamed of in the history of the state.

A number of safe harbors give ingress to the coastwise shipping. Fishing and the lumber trade are attracting many settlers and much capital. Tillamook has these attractions in no small degree.

But the most prominent and popular industry now within her borders, is dairying. The location is ideal. The climate is salubrious. With almost no snow or freezing weather in the low lands in winter, and occasional showers or heavy dews in summer, the grazing season is as near continuous as could well be imagined.

The soil also, being a rich loam or clay, is well adapted for meadow or pasture. All these conditions conspire to encourage

the dairy industry.

Within the last few years, the farmers. by a wise co-operation, have built up a About thirty-five magnificent trade. creameries are in constant operation in Tillamook County. At first, butter was the principal product; but now they are manufacturing cheese almost exclusively. Exact figures are not at hand, but a conservative estimate by Mr. McIntosh of Tillamook City, who handles the principal part of the output, places the shipment of cheese from Tillamook County in 1903. at 1,000,000 pounds. This at ten cents net represents the modest sum of \$100,-000 to the farmers. We are told of one man who averaged from his thirteen cows seventy-five dollars profit per cow. seems large, but any one investigating the methods adopted by a thrifty farming community, in a locality having such ideal conditions, will not be surprised at this magnificent showing.

As to markets, there seems no limit. The product is superb, the reputation is established, the dealers are satisfied and Tillamook cheese finds ready sale in the best houses of all the coast cities. In this industry, Tillamook's future is well assured, and has promise of a large increase within the next few years.

Irrigation for the Inland Empire-

The most important irrigation enterprise in Oregon is that of the Deschutes Irrigation & Power Company, which will reclaim immense areas of land in Central Oregon. The company is formed by the consolidation of two irrigation companies. and is capitalized at \$2,500,000. It will control a total of 210,000 acres of land.

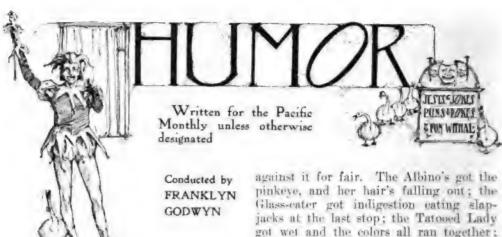
Practical irrigation in the Deschutes country began in 1900 and has been conducted on a small scale ever since. The new company, however, plans to establish the most modern equipment for their enterprise. The water is taken from the Deschutes river, and carried across two miles of barren lava bed before it reaches irrigable country.



No. 1—Prospector's companion and outfit. No. 2—Dredging for gold, Burnt River, Or. No. 3—Placer Mining, John Day River. No. 4—Goloonda Mine, Oregon. No. 5—Baker City, Or.

No. 6—Eureka and Excelsior Mills.

Courtery of O. R. & N. Co.



At the Reception-

"I've been watching that masculinelooking woman over in the corner. She's eaten three plates of lobster salad, and that's her fourth cup of coffee. Shouldn't you think it would disagree with her?

"Disagree with her?" replied the meeklooking man, sadly. "No, it wouldn't dare. That's my wife."

Sympathizing Friend: What's the matter, old man? You look worried.

Museum Manager: Worried! I'm up

against it for fair. The Albino's got the pinkeye, and her hair's falling out; the Glass-cater got indigestion eating slap-jacks at the last stop; the Tatooed Lady got wet and the colors all ran together; the India-rubber Man is suffering with rheumatism; the Fat Lady's losing flesh; the Living Skeleton is gaining five pounds a week; and the Snake Charmer's got the delirium tremens. O, no! I'm not having any troubles.

Same Old Game-

Three dull reports shattered the silence at Port Arthur. "What was that?" cried an inhabitant.

"That?" answered one who had been to county fairs in Michigan, and knew the ways of the world. "Oh, that's only another little three-shell game."



"Striking a happy medium."

The Midnight Cry-

A hot and sultry night in St. Petersburg. In the palace of the Romanoffs all was quiet, save for the occasional clink of glasses, the foolish jest and maudlin laugh of the Grand Vizier and the Court Jester, as they sat late, drinking vodka. Suddenly the silence which hovered the palace was rent to fragments by a long, quavering wail.

The Grand Vizier leaped to his feet, his face the color of putty, each hair erect

with terror.

"Zookski! What was that?"

The words were forced through chatter-

ing teeth.

Again the high-pitched moan, weird, ventriloqual, impinged upon the tortured ears of the listeners. A grotesque grin spread itself over the misshapen features of the Jester. He had located the sound in the nursery.

"That?"—in answer to the Vizier's question—"Oh, that's only a little hot

heir."

His fiendish chuckles trailed off into nothing, and again the silence fell like a black pall.

The Enthusiast: Oh, I had the finest horseback ride this morning! Got up at 5 o'clock and rode two hours. The air was fresh and bracing; the dew glittered and sparkled on the grass; and the birds!—oh, it was great! You ought to try it, old man!

Man-with-a-Grouch: Humph! The only horse I ever ride at that unearthly hour is

a night-mare.

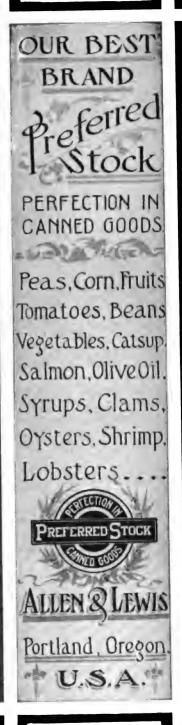
A mendacious individual was relating one of his many remarkable adventures to a forbearing but uninterested audience of one.

"Yes, sir; it's a fact that I was left alone on that barren island for ten days—yes, sir; ten days, without a thing to eat, and without any company but my dog. Ponto. And, sir, about the fifth day I got so sufferin' hungry that—what d'you suppose I did?"

No response.

"Well, sir, I cut off the dog's tail and made soup of it, and gave Ponto the bones."

"Well, you were reduced to an extremity," replied the long-suffering listener.



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A Week's Wooing-

If the girl you wish to wed
On Sunday you should meet,
You can win the maiden's heart
Ere the week's complete.

On Monday you must call on her—You have no time to waste.
On Tuesday take her driving—By Cupid you'll be paced!

Wednesday, chocolates you must send, And ask her to the play. On Thursday, violets must plead Your cause—love's flowers are they.

On Friday next—now heed me well—You must the maid ignore,
And with her rival oft be seen—She'll value you the more.

And if on Saturday you call— Unless I miss my guess— And ask the maid to marry you, She'll promptly answer "Yes." JUST FOR A FEW DAYS

An Eight Weeks' Home Treatment for \$5.00

LADIES or gentlemen shall have just what they need for any affliction for that sum of money. If blackheads, treatment for blackheads; if wrinkles, treatment for wrinkles; if freekles, treatment for freekles, etc. At the conclusion of these eight weeks each patron will be fully qualified to care for her own or his own face, as the case may be equal to most of the dermatologists. Investigate this great offer. Many of the profession would charge \$75 for what we give for \$5.

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A Leaf From the Cynic's Note Book-

Compliments are the small change in the coin of love.

If men selected as wives the same girls they take to dances, how the race would deteriorate!

There is nothing more abhorrent than an unwelcome caress.

A woman never really knows how much she loves her husband until after she has seen him shave.

Many a bridal veil becomes the winding sheet of the heart.

Horse Sense-

As Nebuchadnezzar was quietly grazing, he heard some newsboys shouting: WUX-TREE! WUXTREE! All about the butchers' strike! Meat gone up to 10 shekels a pound!

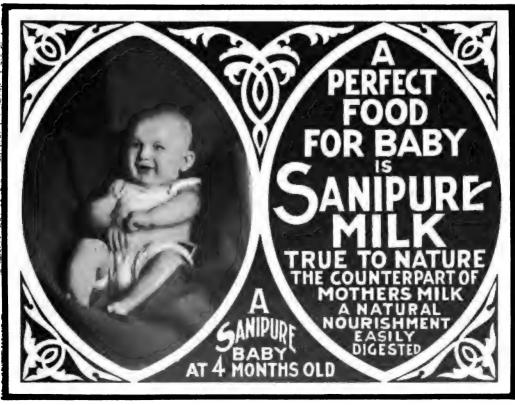
"There are advantages in a herbaceous diet," he reflected, as he cropped the succulent grasses.

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Portland, Oregon.





THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

Hero Without Honor.

An anecdote about General Miles concerns an innocent professonal. It was in an uptown hotel. A number of men were gathered around listening to the speaker, a slender and rather magnetic man.

"Yes," he was saying, "I was in the midst

of it at Santiago.'

"Were the Spaniards good fighters?"

"Rather. But I took five of them unaided —officers, too—in Cuba, and two more in Porto Rico!"

"May I ask who you are?" inquired the

general.

"Yes, indeed. I'm Mr. Clinedinst, the photographer, from Washington, and I took you, too, in Porto Rico."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Johnny—Say, papa, passing counterfeit money is unlawful, isn't it?

Papa—Yes.

Johnny—Well, papa, if a man was walking along the street and saw a \$10 counterfeit bill upon the sidewalk and did not pick it up, wouldn't he be guilty of passing counterfeit money, and couldn't he be arrested and put in jail?

Papa—More likely the lunatic asylum. Now you may go to bed, my son.—Cincinnati Com-

mercial-Tribune.

He—I see there's a Yale man, don't you know, who has a machine for weighing thought.

She-Indeed! But suppose a man never

thinks. What then?

He-I don't know, I'm sure.

She—Why don't you go up and test it!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Aide-de-camp-Well, your excellency, it

might have been worse.

Russian General—Ivan, I've heard that said about 4000 times during the past ninety days. I do not wish to seem harsh, but the remark is growing slightly monotonous.—Houston Chronicle.

Plodding Pete—Lew, ef youse wuz a machine, wot kind would youse ruther be?

Lazy Lew-One uv dem perpetual motion machines.

Plodding Pete-Coz why?

Lazy Lew-Coz dey never work.-Chicago News.

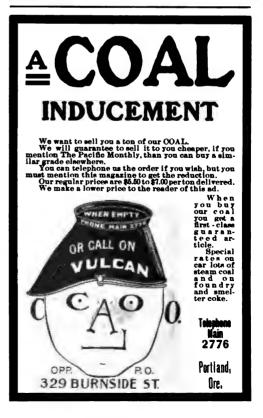
Ketchum A. Cummin—"So your father objects to my calling to see you, does he?"

Anna Goe Wynne—"Not at all. What he objects to is my being at home when you call."—Chicago Tribune.

She—Is it really true that the blind can determine color by the sense of touch?

He—Sure. I once knew a blind man who was able to tell a red-hot stove by merely putting his finger on it.—The Pathfinder.







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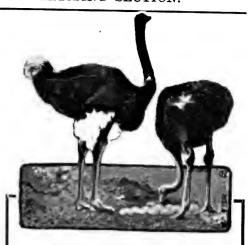
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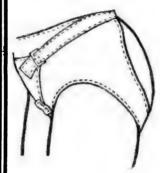
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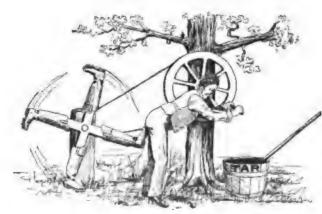
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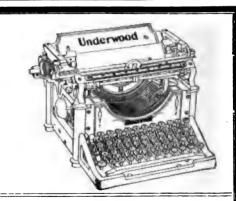
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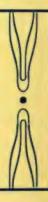


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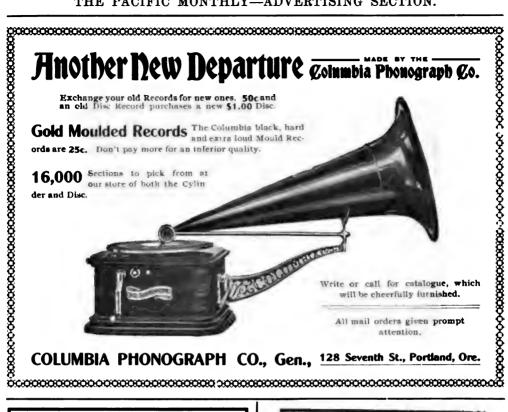
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The Standard Authority



Irene G. Wheelock

"Mrs. Wheelock's manual should prove most welcome to would-be bird students of the Pacific Coast, and of interest to ornithologists in search of fresh information on the life histories of California birds."

—J. A. Allen in The Ark.

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"Especially important in a work of this kind is the plan—the method of classification and grouping—for on this largely depends the ability of the lay reader to find what he may be looking for and to compare and interpret accurately."—Los Angeles Heraid.

There are 10 beautiful full-page plates and 78 text drawings, all by Bruce Horsfall, who stands in the front rank of bird delineators today. The artist has fairly surpassed himself in his effort to provide this work with telling illustrations, and the engravers and printers have been chosen with a view to making the most satisfactory reproductions. The volume is bound in flexible leather, always so desirable for a book to be carried affeld. The series is \$2.50 as arried afield. The price is \$2.50 net.

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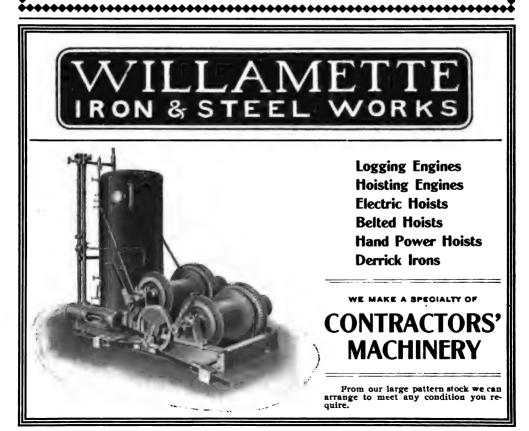
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REST ON THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT.

From the painting by B. Plockhorst.



Volume XII

DECEMBER, 1904

Number 6

PEOPLE—PLACES—THINGS

Recognized the Breed

The late P. D. Armour, of Chicago, while the strictest of disciplinarians, and despising any act that did not savor of strict honesty, was, at the same time, generous and kind to his deserving employees. A small, mean action, or an attempt to impose upon kindness, would arouse the quick, blunt wrath of the Western "selfmade" man quicker than the loss of millions, or all the antics that the "bulls" and "bears" could create.

Mr. Armour was accustomed to make a Christmas present of a suit of clothes to all the clerks in his office. They usually selected good business suits worth \$50.00 or \$60.00, and did on this particular Christmas, with the exception of one. That one clerk chose a dress suit that cost \$125.00. Mr. Armour called him up.

"How is this, Mr. Blank? It's all right, of course, but I notice that you were lavish to yourself beyond all your associates. What surprises me is, that after all my years in the business, you should think I would fail to recognize a hog when I saw him."



PUZZLE PICTURE.

A picnic party at the falls of a stream entering the Columbia River. How many people are in the picture?



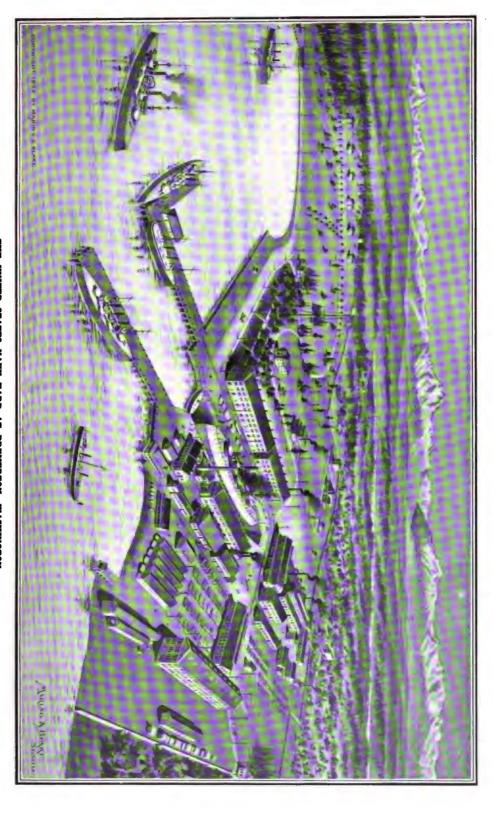
A mammoth sugar pine of the Upper Rogue River Forest Reserve, Southern Oregon.

Upper Rogue River Sugar Pine Reserve

The great "Silent places" of Oregon, and of the West, are in the trackless woods of the Upper Rogue Sugar Pine This is the largest forest of Reserve. sugar pine in the world. Its giant trees are excelled only by the famous redwoods of California. The reserve embraces over 250 square miles, and adjoins the 249 square miles of Crater Lake National Park. As the whole is under the protecting care of rangers and park patrolmen, the 500 square miles of the two are practically one vast park. There are many trees in this reserve that are from 25 to 34 feet about base of trunk. There are many trees larger than this in the Northwest, but they are not sugar pines. It is murder to cut a tree in this reserve. Men make their campfires of broken boughs and fallen wood, of which there is plenty. Uncle Sam has a guarding hand over the "Silent places," and he who builds a campfire there must leave no smouldering embers. In this reserve, and by Rogue River Gorge is Mills Falls, the fall of Mills Creek over the canyon wall into the Rogue. It is a sheer fall of 186 feet.



Mt. Adams, Washington, from Trout Lake. Height 12,470 feet.



THE UNITED STATES MAVY YARD AT BREMERTON, WASHINGTON.

The Bremerton navy yard is the latest addition to the navy yards of the nation, and it is freely predicted that it will be made one of the greatest and most important. The location is unsurpassed.



Sacajawea pointing across the Rockies to Captain Clark. A posed picture by Major Lee Moorhouse of Pendleton, Oregon.



The Rhododendron, the state flower of Washington.



THREE GENERATIONS OF MILLIONAIRES.
W. A. Clark I, II, III.



WU-HG-FUM, UMATILLA RESERVATION, OREGON. Photo by Major Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton, Uregon.

This is the fourth in the series of Indian pictures which The Pacific Monthly has secured through the courtesy of Mr. G. E. S. Wood and Major Lee
Moorhouse, the photographer whose work in this difficult branch of photography is perhaps unsurpassed. The series will continue for a year or more.



The smallest restaurant in the world.

The Smallest Restaurant in the World

The smallest completely equipped restaurant in the world as far as any evidence to the contrary can be found, exists in Butte, Montana. It is just three feet wide and 13 feet 6 inches deep and will seat only four people. Half of the 13 feet is taken up by the kitchen, which contains a small refrigerator, a gas range. a coffee urn and a very complete cupboard. Every bit of room from floor to ceiling is used. The one table is 18 inches wide and three and one-half feet long. There are four stationary chairs, which are in constant use.

The "Success" restaurant occupies a niche between two business blocks and can never hope to grow. It is located in the very center of Butte, near the corner of Main and Broadway, and catches the night trade from reporters, gamblers and those who eat in a hurry. Only the best materials are used and the prices are high. The owners are chefs and run two 12-hour shifts.



THE BATTLESHIP NEBRASKA, LAUNCHED AT SEATTLE, OCTOBER 7, 1904.

Owing to the unusual conditions surrounding the building of the ship, the occasion was of more than ordinary importance. Seattle citizens paid \$100,000 toward the cost of the vessel in order that the difference between Eastern and Western prices could be met.



The Rogue River, Oregon, Natural Bridge.

Rogue River Natural Bridge

One of the many interesting things to see on the road to Crater Lake Park, Oregon, is the Rogue River Natural Bridge. It is located a half-day's journey beyond Prospect, or Rogue River Falls. and is in the heart of the Upper Rogue Sugar Pine Reserve. It is an ideal camping place, among the big trees, and as deer are plentiful in the woods, and fish abundant in the river, hunting parties from all parts of the West camp out at the Natural Bridge each summer. The river here flows through a wide canyon. and at the point where the bridge occurs, lava rock was poured profusely during the period of Mazama's eruption. lava rock is porous and honeycombed, and instead of being washed away, was cut through and beneath, leaving a natural bridge above. There are really two bridges, and only a short distance apart. The first one is low and sagged, and rough on the surface. A wagon could not be hauled across it, but it is used continually as a crossing for horses, sheep and cattle. The lower bridge, a view of which is shown in the accompanying cut, is built upon perfectly constructed piers and arches, keyed and set as if put in place by human masons. Above the rock on this bridge there is much soil, with growing hemlock, spruce, pine and fir.

Three Generations of Millionaires

The recent marriage of Senator multi - millionaire W. A. Clark, the Senator from Montana, to his penniless ward, Miss Annie La Chapelle, of Butte, Mont., furnished gossip for two continents.

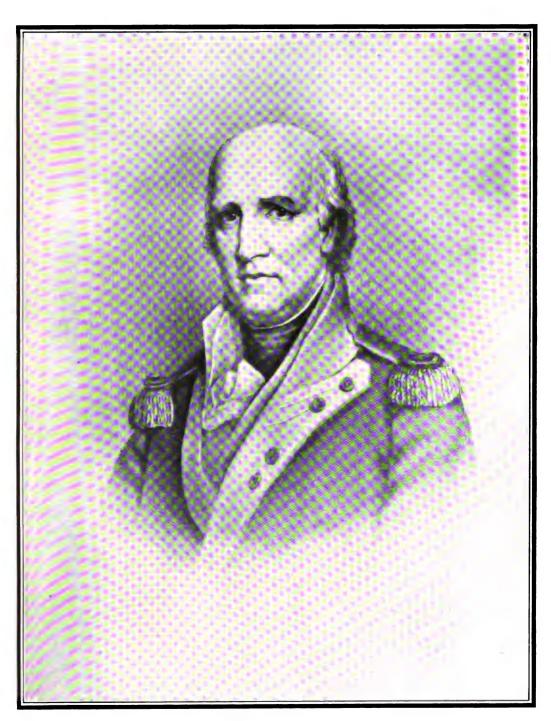
Ten years ago Miss La Chapelle, then little better than a child, was observed by Clark

as she walked home from school. Her beauty impressed him so that he sought out her parents, and from that time on the entire family knew all the sweets of luxury. Exhausting the educational resources of America, Miss La Chapelle was sent abroad, under the chaperonage of Senator Clark's sister. A few months ago the sensational announcement was made that the millionaire and the penniless girl had been married for three years.

Clark's family at Butte, knowing that such an alliance would mean a division of the Senator's great wealth, were never friendly with the La Chappelles. Sufficient money, however, has been settled on all the Clark family so that each representative of the three separate generations is individually a millionaire.



Shoshone Falls, from the grade on the south side, looking down stream.



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.

The brilliant military here who won the Northwest for the American nation. George Rogers Clark was an elder brother of William Clark, who, with Meriwether Lewis, made the journey in 1803, which is known as the Lewis and Clark expedition and the centennial of which will be celebrated by a great exposition in Portland in 1905. The nation is just beginning to realize the great debt of gratitude due the Clark family.

CONFESSIONS OF A STRIKE-BREAKER

The experiences of a strike-breaker in the recent butchers' strike in Chicago, which caused the loss of millions of dollars. The strike ended in a victory for the packers and has been a serious blow to unionism. This article is covered by the general copyright of The Pacific Monthly, and Great Britain rights are reserved. For obvious reasons, the author's name is omitted.

N the eighth of August last I was in Grand Rapids, Michigan, recovering from an attack of malaria. I was unemployed and unacquainted. The long period of inaction had served to fill me with that "devil-may-care" spirit that comes periodically to all in whose veins Celtic blood flows. I felt fit for anything, and chance put forth an opportunity that resulted in an experience which, though valuable, I never wish to duplicate.

I was walking along Canal street when a huge sign at the door of an employment agency caught my eye. It read:

"\$1.75 A DAY BOARD AND TRANS-PORTATION FREE FOR LABOUR-ERS AT ONCE."

I was comparing in my mind the rates paid for similar work at home, and was turning to walk off when one of two men, coming out of the doorway, said:

"It isn't safe; it's at Swift's at the stock vards."

I didn't wait to hear more, but walked in and inquired the nature of the work advertised. A middle-aged lady informed me that it was as I had heard outside, that it was an excellent opportunity for a young man, and that the positions were permanent if desired. Accordingly,



President Donnelly addressing a mass meeting at the stock yards.



(From left to right.)

Barney Cohen, president State Federation of Labor.

George F. Golden, business agent Packing Teamsters.

William Schardt, president Chicago Federation of Labor.

at ten o'clock that night I "shipped" to Chicago—one of a gang of thirty-two bound for the stock yards to serve as strike-breakers. We were certainly a mixed lot. Every element that goes to make up that transient laboring class—which is practically unknown in any country but America—was in that car. On the seat alongside sat an ex-cowboy, whom I soon had telling me his experiences in



Wagon overturned by strikers.

the Western states. Opposite were two "lumber jacks" who, tired of farming, were trying this change until winter and their regular employment should come again. Their long, gaunt, wiry figures were the picture of strength and of that easy grace peculiar only to the children of nature. The bulk of the gang were nothing more than dissipated boys such as one finds hanging around the lower quarters of any city.

We arrived in Chicago early next morn-



Negro strike breakers on their way to work.



Children of strikers at relief station securing food.

ing and took the train right up to the yards, where we were graded and sorted out by C. O. Young, superintendent of Swift's plants. His keen eye ran over the whole gang and he picked out the only two butchers there at once. I was marked out for Eddie Hawthorne's department and went off with the others to breakfast, wondering greatly what was to

happen to me. Breakfast was served upstairs in one of the sausage rooms, and we were waited on by as buxom a lot of negro girls as ever I saw. Everything was rough, but the food was good and plentiful. Breakfast consisted of boiled bacon, potatoes, boiled eggs ad lib.. canned apples, bread, butter, and coffee, so I made up my mind that, whatever else might happen, there was no danger of starving.

After breakfast I was taken to the East House "killing-beds," where both cattle and sheep are butchered. The foreman seemed to find no difficulty in placing the others at work, but, after some deliberation, asked me if I knew anything about scales. I said I did, and was thereupon deputed to help the man at the scales and to learn that work. The weighing and recording of same was easy, and my instructor, therefore, taught me how to grade sheep and lambs and keep a record of that also.

When I had time I began to look around and watch the gang with which I was working. Almost every nationality on earth was represented, and side by side with them worked men from the general office and heads of other departments. The "Dago" and the negro predominated. If any one can tell me a worse combination, I will go to see it, no matter where it is. In spite of the fact



Strikers' children in strike parade.

that the men were unskilled and disorganized to a certain degree, work pro-The reason was ceeded in fair shape. not far to find. American system applied to the division of labor had made it possible for the employer to obtain better results with low-class labor than the English employer with his antiquated methods could do with a good class of labor. Machinery, too, helped out here and did away with the most laborious tasks. Overseer Hawthorne, a nervous little cockney of the rankest kind, ran around the place abusing everything in sight, while his foreman followed to put right what the overseer put wrong. Those two men were living types of the difference in methods of management of England and of America. Hawthorne was pompous and abusive; his foreman, Tim, was unassuming, conciliatory, but firm.

My Scotch accent gave me an introduction to a fellow-countryman rejoicing in the name of Burns. He was on the office staff, but was working temporarily in the killing-beds. I went to dinner that day at the restaurant in the general office in company with Burns, and, as everything



A striker's family.

there was in first-class shape, I took my meals there for the rest of my stay. The waitresses there had struck along with the other workers, so the stenographers stepped into the breach and waited on the dinner table every day. There again one might observe the difference between educated and uneducated workers. Those girls, though unaccustomed to that work, attained a high standard of efficiency. 1



Girl strikers walking out of the Swift plant.

will also say that they were the best looking body of girls I had ever seen.

The dinner was a seven-course one if desired and was served to visitors for twenty-five cents. At meals other than dinner every one waited upon himself.

That night when work was done I went to see the sleeping quarters. They did not appeal to me. A long line of beds down the center of one of the storehouses, with no divisions of any kind, constituted sleeping quarters. All kinds and conditions of men lay there. I went out to the yard gates and took a room in the Transit House owned by the Union Stock Yards

Bossing this gang was the hardest part of the work. They were an Africo-Italian combination, and though I picked up Italian strenuous enough to move an elephant if it understood Italian, it was mostly thrown away on those men. The sons of sunny Italy do not love exertion of any kind.

No one could complain of lack of excitement. There were riots at the gates morning and night. Even in the killing-beds we had our share of excitement. The men who felled the cattle were, of course, unskilled, and the result was that cattle "came to" after they had been thrown out



Arresting a rioter.

and Transit Company. At night, after work was over, the negroes came out and sat on top of the refrigerator cars and sang choruses as only negroes can, or played ball. This game showed the brutal side of the negro nature. They were never better pleased than when the ball struck and hurt some bystander who was not on the lookout.

Shortly after this, my instructor fell ill and the entire work of weighing, grading and bossing the wash gang fell to me. of the "knocking pens" on to the killingbeds. A "Texan" got off this way the first day I was there, and the way he cleared the killing-beds was wonderful. At last an intrepid spirit got hold of his tail and the steer slipped and fell on the greasy, bloody floor. Before he could rise half a dozen men had hold of his tail and a "knocker" came up with his hammer and put an end to his troubles.

One day, just at the dinner hour, two live "Texans" were accidentally shot from

the knocking pen into the killing-beds. For half an hour they kept every one lively. One of them seemed to have a special antipathy for dressed sheep, charging at them as they hung on the hooks. A bucket was thrown at him and he straightway ran it against a post and flattened it. The other confined his attention to the butchers and managed to damage two of them. Finally, one of the steers had to be hamstrung before he would give in. This is forbidden by law, I believe, and should the society for the

"shackler" slips a chain around a hind leg and in an instant the steer is "hoisted," only his head and shoulders touching the ground. A man steps up and slips a muzzle which is mounted on a pole over the animal's head and forces the head back till the throat is fully exposed and protrudes. The Jewish butcher then approaches with a knife eighteen inches long, honed till it is keen as a razor, and at a single stroke almost decapitates the animal, which is then hoisted clear off the ground to bleed. Up



Packers' effigies hung by the strikers.

prevention of cruelty to animals catch the butchers at it a prosecution would follow.

One of the sights of the killing-beds is the Jewish butcher at work. It is not generally known, but is none the less true that the orthodox Jew will not eat beef or mutton killed Gentile fashion. The Mosaic laws must be complied with, and they forbid the felling of an animal whose flesh is to be used for food. Accordingly, when beef is to be killed for Jewish consumption, the steer has a rope tied around his neck in the knocking pen. The knock pen is then thrown open halfway and the steer's hind legs protrude. The

till the moment his throat is cut a steer bellows furiously and any one accustomed to the slaughter-house can tell when "Kosher meat," as it is called, is being belled, even if not in sight of the killing-beds. This process is distinctly inhuman, but has its advantages, nevertheless. The steer is worked up to a frightful pitch of excitement, and when his throat is cut every drop of blood is pumped out of his body, thus insuring that the meat is right. The Gentile fashion of killing, viz., "knocking" first and "sticking" after, practically makes it certain that the animal bleeds to death in a semi-comatose

state, or more likely entirely unconscious In this state the heart is not as active and so the blood is not so thoroughly ejected. It is very difficult to drive steers into the "knocking pens" when "Kosher meat" is being killed, as those outside hear the others bellow. Yankee ingenuity comes to the front again in the shape of an electric "tickler," a long rod connected by a chain to one of the electric wires. A touch of this rod makes the most recalcitrant steer go straight into the knocking pen.

The force of police in the yards naturally had to be greatly augmented during the strike, and after seeing and watching those men it is easy for any one to understand why Chicago is a lawless city. A more indolent, indifferent set of men do not exist. They passed most of their time loafing and smoking and not one in ten of them ever seemed to have his uniform brushed. They were thoroughly in sympathy with the strikers and made no pretense of being otherwise, while their insolent demeanor to the general public

would have made any one think they were masters instead of servants of the public. Their complete inability to look after a Chicago crowd was shown by the fact that Eddie Hawthorne and his foreman Tim dared not go home even under police escort.

Every evening after work was over I made for the main gates or for the "avenue." Here the strikers were in evidence and on several occasions I saw strikebreakers pulled off the car and beaten almost to death before the police arrived. At the "avenue" gate I saw a crowd of girl strikers set on a girl coming out of the vards, pull her clothing to rags, tear her hair out, stab her with hatpins, and. in fact, behave more like furies than women. Some strikers spoke to a negro inside the vards as he alighted from the train one morning. He immediately pulled his gun and fired and it was amusing to see the crowd scatter. Finally he emptied his gun, and then the police came on the scene and arrested him. The strike-breaker was always liable to be ex-



Waiting for the ambulance after a riot.

amined by the police to see if he carried weapons. One carload of negroes yielded sixty-seven revolvers and innumerable knives after a police search.

The packers' meat wagons were never safe outside of the yards. On Halsted street one morning I saw one "blocked" by some coal teamsters. The crowd gathered like magic, pulled the driver from his seat and beat him, cut the traces and drove the horse off, upset the wagon and poured some fluid on the meat and dispersed long before a patrol wagon came on the scene.

The homes of strike-breakers were stormed by mobs, sacked and often set on fire. The strikers held people up in the yards district every night. Even the railroad cars belonging to the packers were not safe. A train of those cars stopped at a downtown crossing one day and a mob set on it and detached the meat cars, opened them and destroyed the contents before the police came. General chaos prevailed at that time, and a strike-breaker took his life in his hands when he went beyond the yard precincts.

On the thirty-first of August the stock handlers, who had not gone out with the butchers, struck, evidently thinking that they were strong enough to force the packers to come to terms.

Help was needed in the yards, so I quit Swift & Company's service and went to the Union Stock Yards and Transit Company and asked for a cow puncher's job. The gentleman who engaged me, whose name it would be unwise for me to give for reasons hereinafter evident, questioned me as to my memory for faces and my ability to count cattle and handle them. I was accordingly instructed to open and shut gates, keep count of all cattle moved and help shift them from my own section to any other. This was easy work, but on days when the "runs" were heavy, such as Monday and Wednesday, there would be three hours in the morning during which five or six thousand cattle would have to be counted and "delivered" to commission men. "Delivering" consisted of counting the cattle in a pen, which often necessitated driving them out and then booking them against the commission house to whom they were delivered. This system has to be used, as there are frequently disreputable dealers in the yards who would think nothing of steal-



Police arresting a teamster.

ing a steer or reporting shortages that did not exist.

The first day I rode a horse which, I was told, was at least twenty-five years old and had spent all his life in the yards. The apt way that horse could sidle up to a gate so that one could lean over and open it would have put any English hunter to shame. When cattle did not go fast enough "Nigger" would bite them. After that I rode a vicious half-breed bronco which had been used for night work previously and was unaccustomed to daylight, flies and the sun. When he was taken out in the morning he would buck the blanket out from under the saddle, and even when saddled he would buck every time a fly lit on his back. About this time the Western cattle began to come in in numbers, and one of the sights of the yards was to see the brand inspectors, all Western men, ride in among a "bunch" of Westerns and sort them out according to their brands. There are several hundred brands all different, and those men never seemed to find any difficulty in placing them.

The Western or range steers are dangerous to handle, but, at the same time, one of them is always more dangerous to handle than twenty. The reason is that the steer associates separation from the herd with some kind of evil, such as branding.

Shortly after this the strikers came to terms with the packers and the strike was declared off. I decided I had seen all I wanted and went to the gentleman who

had engaged me and told him so. "In that case," he said, "I would like you to remain here. Keep an eye on the union men when they come back and report any kind of abuse on their part towards the nonunion men."

When the union men did come back it was quite evident that they intended to manage the business for the Union Stock Yards and Transit Company and to scare all nonunion men out of the yards. My reports were followed by dismissals

of union men every day.

Finally I was betraved to the union men by a blundering clerk in the office. That same day two commission men who had been very friendly to me came and warned me that my life was in danger if I remained in the yards. I was not inclined to believe them at first, but that afternoon as I sat underneath one of the viaducts which are used for moving cattle from one part of the yards to another, a bucket of manure and another of water were emptied upon me and the bronco. The bronco let out and nearly brained the man I was talking to, and then proceeded to get rid of his saddle blanket as a sign of his resentment. It was useless to try and track the perpetrators of this "little joke," as the numerous "shutes" leading down from the viaducts formed the best kind of a hiding place. Later on that same afternoon a brick was thrown at me from another viaduct.

That night I went to my chief and told him that I had had now a sufficiency of stock-yard experience. I will here say that this man was the highest type of manager that I have seen in this country. He represented all that is finest in American management, being able to keep on the best of terms with his men and yet handle them exactly as he wished, while possessing the keenest judgment of character and rare business ability.

I packed my grips and went down to the Union depot that same evening. had bought my ticket, checked one of my grips ahead of me and was just about to go through the gates when something landed on my left jaw. I reeled and only was saved from falling by a fellow-passenger. Before I could turn, the man who had struck me was at the top of the The policeman, as usual, did not see what had happened, though he was only about fifteen paces away at the time and supposed to be watching the gate. I now realized that I must have been tracked for over four hours through Chicago by a union "thug" and this was his first opportunity to get at me.

On arriving at my destination my jaw was still swollen and painful. I accordingly went to a doctor, who informed me that the "alveolar process," or spongy bone in which the teeth are fixed, was fractured, so I judge I must have been struck with a "billy" or some similar weapon. A small lump will always remain on my jaw as a reminder of my experiences in Chicago Union Stock Yards.



A mob preliminary to a riot.

SAMUEL QUIGG'S EXPERIMENT

By E. P. Josenhaus

AMUEL QUIGG, in shirt sleeves and minus a collar, sat ruminating one July afternoon. Samuel was a bachelor, corpulent in figure, and rendered very uncomfortable by the intense heat of the midsummer day. He had left his store in charge of his clerk, and had climbed the stairs to his chamber above, with the avowed intention of "cooling off for a spell." The sun beat pitilessly into the room, and "cooling off" was purely a matter of imagination.

In truth, Samuel was suffering from a consuming inward fire, compared with which the sun's most scorching rays were refreshing. It had always been his hope some day to fall madly in love, but he had anticipated nothing like the experience which had now befallen him. At times he had manifested a slight preference for one or another of the attractive girls of the little Washington town, but his affections had never been seriously engaged, and he had guarded himself from bestowing attentions which could by any possibility be misconstrued. He was looked upon in the community as a confirmed bachelor.

Samuel Quigg at forty-seven was a dignified man, genial, but avoiding intimacy with other men, respected for his moral uprightness, perhaps also for the possession of substantial worldly goods, which set him a little above and apart from his associates.

Samuel's life was a simple one. He was sole owner and manager of a large general store, lived in apartments above his place of business, and took his meals at "The Sands Hotel" opposite. Until the arrival of Minerva Sands to act as housekeeper of the hotel, for her uncle, Daniel Sands, Samuel Quigg gave little thought to meals, none at all to raiment, beyond his natural preference for cleanliness.

Minerva's advent worked a sudden radical change in the man. She was a young woman prepossessing in appearance, winsome in manner, with a quick wit which amused, while her dignity effectively re-

buked slight attempts at familiarity at first indulged in by some of the younger boarders. Her ability as manager attracted custom, and the long table over which she presided was well filled with lawyers, clerks, and numerous transient guests.

From the moment of his first glance at her bright eyes and graceful figure, Samuel Quigg had become Minerva's helpless captive. As permanent boarder among transients, he was given the seat of honor at her right hand, and the struggles he underwent in his efforts to make himself worthy of such distinction entitle him to rank with martyrs.

As the usual supper hour drew near, Samuel concluded his meditations.

"If I could only feel sure about her temper, I'd ask her to-night!" he mused.

Rising, he bathed his perspiring face and wet his hair, which, thick at the sides, was thin on top, and afforded glimpses of a shiny pink scalp—a sad trial to Samuel. It was a task requiring time and infinite patience to arrange his scanty locks advantageously. Having finished, he picked up his discarded collar, scanning it dubiously.

"Fourth to-day! But I'll have to get a fresh one," he decided.

Opening the top drawer of his dresser he stirred the contents vigorously, drawing out at random a confused tangle of masculine belongings. Extricating a very high collar which he hoped would hide his prominent "Adam's apple," he jainmed the remaining mass back into the drawer, and attempted to adjust his collar. Mental agitation must certainly have affected his grasp, for the collar button slipped from his fingers and rolled down his back. second went the same way. The third remained firmly in place, but a jerk to bring the collar to terms wrecked the neckband of his shirt, rendering necessary an entirely fresh start.

One would hardly suppose it a matter of vital importance to arrive at a hotel table at the precise moment when the dining-room doors should be flung open to the public. Such, however, was Samuel Quigg's daily ambition. In his endeavor

to attain it he completed his toilet in frantic haste, rushed across the street and appeared in the "Hotel office" panting, perspiring, five minutes too early.

"Hello, Sam! Runnin to a fire?"

called out the host.

"I thought I was late," replied Sam, stiffly.

"No great harm done if you was. I guess Minervy 'd a' saved your seat for

ye!" with a wink at the company.

A snicker followed this pleasantry. Sam's state of mind had long been apparent to all beholders. Before he had time to reply the doors were opened and he slipped into his place, receiving from Minerva a smile which, as he afterwards confessed, "broke him all up."

Minerva, fully conscious of her lover's embarrassment in her presence, could not resist the feminine impulse to tantalize

him.

"You must eat, Mr. Quigg; indeed, you must, or we shall think you are ill," she said, plying him with dainties, and gazing at his agitated countenance with affected concern which sent little shivers of delight along his spine.

Minerva could not understand Samuel's

hesitation.

"What is he afraid of? Can't he see that after all I've suffered I'd fairly jump at an offer from a good man? If he doesn't hurry I'll have to take the matter into my own hands and show him how a 'progressive woman' assists Fate." She smiled, a little bitterly.

Supper over, Sam drew the host aside. "I want to talk to you, Dan. Come over after I shut up store, can't you? I want you to advise me—you've always been a good friend to me, Dan," he added, nervously.

Dan reflected.

"Maybe I might drop up 'long 'bout nine o'clock," he said.

Dan waylaid Minerva in the hall.

"When you're through, come upstairs.

I want to see you."

"I'm through now," said Minerva, leading the way to her own room and setting a chair for her uncle, who tipped comfortably back against the wall. Minerva fidgetted under his steady gaze.

"Did you want anything special?" she

asked.

"Yes, but—I'm darned if I know how to get at it," Dan replied.

Minerva smiled, roguishly.

"Something about the business?" she inquired.

"No, 'tain't—and you know it. Say, Minervy, tell me, honest, would you marry again if you was to have the chance?"

"I'm not likely to have a chance," she

answered evasively.

"Nonsense! You ain't blind, and you can't fool me. You know 's well 's I do that Sam Quigg just about worships you. I've seen him edge all the way 'round the room just to get the chair you'd been a settin' on; and when he fin'ly got it, settle down as contented and happy as a settin' hen, or 's if he'd struck a ledge of pay dirt; such signs as them can't be misunderstood. What I'm wantin' to know is what you think of Sam. Do you like him?"

"He seems a very worthy man," Min-

erva replied demurely.

"See here, Minervy Sands! Quit your foolin', and talk sense. Would you marry Sam Quigg, if he was to ask you? He's asked me over there to-night, and I have an idee that's what he wants to talk about. Before I go I want to know how you feel about it, so's not to make no mistake. If you do want him, say so; or if you don't, and I'll act accordin'."

Minerva hesitated a moment, then rose, and going close to the old man placed her hands upon his shoulders. Looking straight into his kind eves, she said:

"Uncle, you know what my life has been; you must know that to be loved and honored by a good man, like Mr. Quigg, would make earth a heaven to me." Her voice broke, and she sobbed upon his shoulder. Dan let his chair down upon

all fours, and drew her to him.

"There, Minervy, don't cry! know all about it. You've had a mighty hard row of it, poor little girl! Lots of times I've wanted to take you away and bring you here. But no man had ought to interfere between a woman and her husband, 's long 's she's got the grit to stick to him. That's all over now; 'tain't no use I just want you should thinkin' of it. understand that you're goin' to be took good care of 's long 's I live, and all I've got 'll be yours when I'm gone. You ain't obliged to marry no man, 'nless you'd ruther 'n not; but if marryin' Sam Quigg is goin' to make you any happier 'n you be now, I'm ready to help along; that's all."

"How good you are!" Minerva exclaimed, wiping her eyes. "I don't know what I do want; I'll leave it all to you, Uncle."

"Well, I'll act accordin' to my best judgment. It's time I was goin'. I'll let you know in the mornin' what he says."

Dan loitered on the porch before keeping his appointment. At last he put on his hat, and slowly crossed the road.

"Come upstairs, Dan!" Samuel called. They seated themselves by the open window. Sam's words were slow in coming. After several false starts he gave up effort, and helplessly waited for Dan to begin a conversation.

This Dan perversely declined to do; after a long, uncomfortable silense he rose,

remarking:

"If you ain't got nothin' more to say, I'll be goin'; I've been broke of my rest consid'able lately, and it's been ruther a trvin' day, what with the heat an' all—"

"Oh, it's early yet; sit down. I want to consult you, to get your advice. You've always been like a father to me, Dan—"then abruptly:

"You know your niece, Minerva-"

"Yes, I know her."

"Well, I've been thinking for a good while that I'd like to talk to you about her. The fact is, Dan, I—I love her!"

"That's natural," said Dan; "most folks do, come to know her."

"But I mean more than that. I'd like to marry her, if, after a few questions, everything is satisfactory."

"I'll save you the trouble of asking questions," said Dan, his face darken-"I s'pose you've heard some talk about her getting a divorce from her husband. She was married at seventeen to a scamp, who abused her for eight years, and wound up by running away with another woman. She wouldn't ask for a divorce, thinkin' he'd get tired of the other woman and come back to her. He did leave the other one, but only because he'd found a fresh fool to listen to him. When I heard that, I went to Minervy and insisted on her gettin' a divorce. 'Twan't no trouble, the facts was well known. Soon 's it was over I brought her here, bag and baggage; and here she's a goin' to stay, long's ever she wants to. I shouldn't think she'd have the courage to try another man. I wouldn't, if I was her."

Dan spoke with much warmth. Samuel

hastened to pacify him.

"I wasn't thinking of that; I shouldn't have spoken to anybody but herself on such a subject. What you say makes me the more anxious, if—if—everything is all right."

"What in thunder do you mean? Ain't

you satisfied?"

"Oh yes, yes! It isn't anything serious; most men wouldn't think much about it, I suppose. But you know I've never had much to do with women. I don't feel capable of judging them without—without a little practice, as you might say."

Dan's features relaxed into a grin.

"Experience wouldn't help you none, if you had it; there ain't no two women alike in the hull creation, and you can't calkilate with no manner of certainty on the best of 'em; the best way is just to go it blind, and take your chances."

At this somewhat pessimistic view of

the subject, Sam's face lengthened.

"Maybe; but straws show which way the wind blows, and I've been thinking how it would be to try a few little experiments, just to test her, you know."

"To find out what your chance is, you mean? The quickest way 'd be just to ask her, no beatin' round the bush. She can't

more 'n say 'No.'"

"You don't understand, Dan. 'Tisn't that. I'm afraid she's got—well a temper, and I might run up against it, unknowing, and there might be a lot of misery for both of us if I didn't find out beforehand the things that are likely to rouse it, so's to avoid 'em afterwards. See?"

"Well, yes, I see—and I can't deny that Minervy has the Sands spunk. Mighty good thing to have, too, if it's well kep' under. 'f I was you, I b'lieve I'd take my chance of bein' able to steer clear of it, ruther 'n resk stirrin' of it up. Meddlin' with a woman's temper is ticklish business."

"I know," Sam assented, "but seems to me the best way will be to—to take a little more time, not to be in too great a hurry. I'm just as much obliged to you, Dan, and—"

"Well, Samuel, you asked for my advice, and I'm goin' to give it to you, straight. Don't you be such an everlastin' idiot as to go to triflin' with Minervy

Sands, or you'll get slipped up in your reckonin's. She's able to take care o' herself, and don't need to ask no odds. If she wasn't, you'd have me to deal with if you hurt her feelin's. That girl's the apple of my eye, Sam."

"I know it, Dan; of mine, too, if you don't mind my saying so. It's for her good, as well as my own, I'm taking all this trouble, before I let her suspect my

feelings towards her."

Dan turned away to hide an involun-

tary smile.

"You're just like everybody else askin' advice—sot on havin' your own way, whether or no. I've give my opinion. Good-night."

"You won't betray me to her, will you?

Don't let her suspect—"

"Lord, no! That would upset your dish. I don't mind sayin' 't if Minervy does feel like takin' another resk, you'd suit me as well as anybody I know—'round here," he added, conveying the impression that outside the limits of the village stood numerous waiting suitors much more to his mind."

Sam slept soundly that night, satisfied to have made the first move toward the realization of his hopes. Without being a vain man, he yet estimated himself highly, being well aware of the respect accorded him in the town. No doubt of the final outcome of his suit harassed him. The successful manipulation of the details of his somewhat novel courtship perplexed him; but these, he reflected, need not be hurried; he would take plenty of time to perfect his plans, and trusted to be able to carry them out without arousing Minerva's suspicion.

To Dan the prospect appeared less promising.

"Who'd ever suppose Sam Quigg 'd take such a crazy crotchet into his head," he mused. "Him that's so prompt in business, to hang back and squibble, and hunt up 'bjections to the very thing he wants the wust way. It does beat all, what a fool a man is when he's in love! Seems to deprive him of common hosssense. And Minervy! What in Tophet 'll I sav to her? Have to tell her he's weighin' her in the balances to find out if she's quite good enough. 'Twouldn't s'prise me none if she did let fly her Sands temper at that. No. I can't tell her that, either; I promised Sam not to let on what he's up to. Darn him! I'll have to fix up some yarn, but 'twon't do no good. My lies never feel nebedy."

lies never fool nobody."

Dan tossed and tumbled until daybreak. and when he rose was still in doubt how he should satisfy Minerva's natural curiosity in regard to his conversation with Samuel Quigg. She did not approach him, but all through breakfast Dan felt that she was studying him, only biding her time to question. When Sam, by an awkward movement, spilled his coffee over the spotless tablecloth, Dan regarded her with anxiety, realizing that Sam was already experimenting. Minerva betrayed no annovance, but skillfully repairing the considerable damage, refilled Sam's cup. bestowing the usual liberal allowance of cream and sugar, and appearing in nowise ruffled by the mishap.

Knowing that an interview with his niece was inevitable, Dan strolled carelessly in her direction, when he observed that she was at leisure. She withdrew out of hearing distance of her maids.

"Well, Uncle?" she inquired.

"There ain't much to tell you, yet, Minervy."

"Did—didn't he say anything?" she

asked, her face flushing.

"Yes—yes, he said consid'able; but—fact is, Sam's got a good deal a-weighin' on him just now, and he didn't quite get to it to make no def'nite proposal exactly, not yet, that is. He will; give him time."

"Was it about me he wanted to talk to

vou?"

"Yes, you—and some other things I can't tell you about now; private matters 't he wouldn't trust to nobody but me—matters that's troublin' him."

"Now, Uncle, tell me! Did he say he wanted to marry me, or didn't he? I

ought to know."

"Lord bless your heart! Yes! He said it a dozen times over! But before he can come out flatfooted and tell you so, he's got to settle up these other things I'm tellin' you about, and it may take him quite some time. Don't you begin to worry and get impatient if he don't say nothin' right away,—and don't 'pear to take no notice if he acts kind o' queer sometimes. He's worried pretty nigh crazy."

"Then why did he speak of me at all?"
"Why, he—he—sort o' wanted to feel

his way, you know—see where he stood, and what his chances was."

"Uncle, you didn't—surely you didn't tell him—"

"Course not! Take me for a fool? I told him—not in them words exactly, but that's the sense of 'em—that if he ever expects to get you he'll have to mind his Ps and Qs; that you're all-fired particular, and ain't goin' to take up with no man that don't come up to your idees of what's what. It discouraged him some, but he'll come round all right in the end."

Minerva studied her uncle's counte-

nance.

"You're keeping something back; but I'll just have to trust you."

"That's right," said Dan, relieved to

have the interview safely over.

"Minervy's sharp 's a weasel. Lucky I happened to think of callin' them experiments 'private matters.' Nothin' like a little mystery to keep a love affair a-goin'," he thought, complacently.

Sam, refreshed and invigorated by a calm night's rest, planned an active cam-

paign.

"What would make a woman mad, I wonder?" he queried. Taking pencil and paper, he jotted down ideas which occurred to him, chuckling as some particularly happy thought struck him. When he had evolved what he considered a sufficient number of tests, he rearranged and carefully copied his list in ink upon a sheet of foolscap, folded, and put it in his pocket.

Minerva, conscious of being under inspection, not only by her presumed lover, but by her uncle also, resented the latter's

reticence.

"It isn't fair. He might give me a hint—I wish I hadn't let him know that I care; but he's so good, he wouldn't conceal anything I really ought to know."

herself Consoling thus. Minerva watched, alert to perceive indications of Samuel's hidden anxieties. Could he be financially embarrassed? guarded Α sounding of her uncle's knowledge upon this point dispelled the suspicion. some other woman claims upon him? Investigation proved this theory absurd. Samuel's entire life had been passed in the village; he was known to every man, woman and child. No scandal had ever touched him. Moreover, his admiration for herself was strongly in evidence.

Clearly she had no rival in his affections. Puzzled, she settled down to the conviction that Samuel must believe himself threatened by some obscure disease; possibly the dread of insanity haunted him, filling his mind with dire forebodings. Dan's warning to her not to be alarmed if at times Sam "acted queer," frequently recurred to her during the year which followed their conversation. Samuel certainly gave reason for wonder by his erratic behavior, his frequent marked avoidance of her, invariably followed by abject apologies and redoubled attentions; his unprecedented neglect of personal appearance. Many things conspired together to arouse in her doubts as to the wisdom of leaving the sure refuge of her uncle's home, besides the important fact that as yet she had not been requested to forsake it. Altogether, the situation was one calculated to try the nerves and patience of a sensitive, high-spirited woman.

Light was shed upon her darkness by a trifling circumstance. In clearing the dining-room one day, she picked up a folded paper, inadvertently dropped by one of the boarders, opened it, and glanced at its contents. Her first look of bewilderment was succeeded by one of deepest indignation, and she angrily tore the paper through. Changing her mind, she tucked it safely away for future reference.

"I wish I didn't love him! But I do, so I can't punish him!" she lamented.

Dan was becoming disgusted by Samuel's clumsy maneuvers. Minerva's meekness also disturbed him.

"I can't make her out," he mused. "She has got the Sands temper, enough to raise the shingles off the meetin' house roof, but she ain't showed a trace of it. When Sam made out 't he'd plumb forget 't he'd asked her to drive to S—. with him, after she'd rigged up an' waited three hours, I thought she would go for him; but she never even peeped. Then, when he brought that triflin' Hobbs girl here to supper, right before her eyes, an' took her to the show afterwards, Minervy felt it, I know she must of, but she didn't say a word. Sam 'll carry them experiments of his too fur, one of these days. Minervy's spirit must have been broke by her fust husband, 'r else she's mighty deep in love now. Sam's a fool. I wish 't she would let out a little on him. He needs fetchin' up short."

Minerva's virtue of patience was finally rewarded. Samuel Quigg proposed in due form as soon as he was convinced that the completed list of experiments had failed to stir to action the dreaded "Sands temper."

"So long as she hasn't fired up at what I have done, she'll be able to stand anvthing I'm likely to do," Sam reasoned.

His offer becomingly accepted, Minerva despatched her lover to announce the engagement to Uncle Dan.

"Them doubts of yours all settled?" he

inquired.

"She has the temper of an angel!" Sam exclaimed, rapturously.

"Didn't say nothin' about the way vou've been a carryin' on?"

"Not one word! I tell you, Dan, she's just about perfect! I'm a lucky man!"

"That's what you are!" assented Dan, with conviction.

"I'm glad it's all settled. Sam 'll be good to her, and he's a nice feller, for all his foolishness. But it's awful queer about Minervy. I can't believe she's real happy. 'Tain't like her to be so humble."

Minerva, however, betraved no lack of happiness, but at once set about preparations for her wedding, in the following September. The days were too short for the tasks with which she planned to fill them, and she often worked late into the night. A feverish zeal possessed her, impelling her to undertake unnecessary She put the hotel into the best of order, personally superintended the canning and preserving, and stored the pantry shelves with homemade goodies such as boarders love. Her exertions worried Uncle Dan.

"What's the matter, Minervy? don't need to do all this. You'll be just across the street; 'tain't 's if you was goin' out of town."

Minerva looked thoughtfully at him.

"Something might happen that we did go out of town," she said. "I want to do everything I can while I'm here. Nothing will ever be the same-afterwards.'

"Now don't you go and get low-spirited. You're all tired out, I c'n see that. But if you have any doubts about bein' happy with Sam, don't be afraid to speak out. Now's the time."

"I haven't," she replied, smiling reassuringly.

Samuel Quigg was sparing no expense

in fitting up apartments for his bride, and was as pleased as a child with the results attained.

"'Tain't a bit better than she deserves," he would say, in response to admiring

•The wedding ceremony was to take place in the parlor of the Sands Hotel. Samuel's wide acquaintance, and Minerva's popularity, combined to make the list of guests include well-nigh the entire adult population of the town, and they filled to overflowing the lower rooms of the hotel as the appointed hour approached.

Guests occupying coigns of vantage in the hall saw Samuel Quigg ascend the stairs, closely followed by the clergyman

and Uncle Dan.

A long wait followed, and the company Upstairs consternation restive. grew The bride could not be found, reigned. neither was there a scrap of writing to serve as a clue to the cause of her disappearance. The three men stared at one another dismayed, at a loss what to do. Just as the clock struck eight, the hour appointed for the ceremony, a boy came tearing up the back stairs, three steps at a time, and thrust a letter into Samuel Quigg's hand.

As he opened it a folded paper, torn through the middle, fell to the floor. glance at it drew a groan from Sam. He read the note addressed to himself, then silently passed it to his companions. It was as follows:

"Dear Sam:

"The enclosed sheet will explain my absence. Now that you have had the benefit of your experiments, I claim the right to try one, and shall hold my "Sands temper" in reserve for future use. I love you, Sam, and do not recall my promise to become your wife. But first I wish to test the "Quigg disposition." If it endures this strain, come to R— one month from to-day, and we will be quietly married there.

"Yours.

"MINERVA SANDS."

While Samuel Quigg and the clergyman conferred together as to the best method of dispersing the assembly below, Uncle Dan communed with himself, thus:

"I guess I hadn't no call to worry about Minervy's losin' all her spunk. She's got enough left to do business with."

AN ARTIST OF THE PLAINS

By Kathryne Wilson



ARLY in the winter of 1885-6, a northern wind swept over the rain - soaked prairies of Eastern Montana an d shrunk the mercury to a mark far below zero. In the space of a few hours the cattle ranges were tight in the grip of the ice - god, and all forage was

hidden deep beneath billows of snow. The change came unexpectedly and caught the

stockmen unprepared. As a result, the great herds of cattle ranging everywhere were reduced to pitiful straits, and week by week the rangers reported an appalling number of dead and starving live stock.

The Helena owner of the Bar R outfit wrote to inquire concerning the welfare of his five thousand cattle, of which his superintendent found it rather embarrassing, under the circumstances, to make a report. A red-haired cowboy, who happened to be present on the receipt of the letter, hitched up his "chaps," shifted his sombrero to the back of his head and volunteered to answer the communication. Seating himself by the deal table, he took out his pencil, set to work, and after an interval of soft scratching on a piece of rough paper, he ended by tossing his effort to "the boss" for inspection.

On the sheet was a sketch of a cadav-



INDIAN SIGNALING.

From the painting by Charles M. Russell.

From the painting by Charles M. Russell.



erous steer standing huddled up against the onslaughts of the blizzard, his hide fallen in around his ribs, his joints sticking out at every conceivable angle, his head hanging helplessly between his forelegs—a miserable, dejected wrack of bones in its last extremity. In the background of snowy wastes, the gaunt form of a hungry wolf lurked in anticipation of his prey. Beneath the picture was the inscription, "Waiting for the Chinook—The Last of the Five Thousand."

The drawing was sent to carry its message of disaster, but it was destined for another mission, for the recipient appreciated its value and showed it to his friends. In this way it came to the notice of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the promotors of which straightway appropriated it for its graphic lesson and sent it broadcast with their literature. The result was that a cowpuncher of the Western ranges promptly became the center of interest of a goodly number of appreciative friends, and when it was discovered that this plainsman could also paint in oils and water colors, draw in pen and ink, and model in wax and clav. Charles M. Russell found himself an object of curiosity and a figure of unusual picturesqueness to an approving public. To-day the work of the "cowbov artist of Montana" commands tempting prices, and Mr. Russell is no longer a cowbov by profession.

There are two circumstances which render the work of C. M. Russell unique. One is the fact that, with the exception of a little elementary instruction as a school boy, he has never had a lesson in his life. The other is his perfect familiarity with every detail of the life of both the cowboy and the Indian.

Born in St. Louis thirty-five years ago of a family in comfortable circumstances; a self-imposed wanderer at fifteen because of an irresistible fascination which the West possessed for him; the associate of an old trapper for two years; a cowpuncher at seventeen; a dweller with the Crow and Blackfeet Indians for a year. and a free-lance always, the course of his life has been sufficiently unrestrained to satisfy the requirements of a nature as big as his. Chafing under the restrictions of conventionality, ill at ease anywhere but in the open stretches of the plains where one may breathe comfortably, a lover of big things and of the primitive, Charles M. Russell is of the West, western.

He has dabbled in paints more or less all his life. To quote his own version, "When I came here, I brought some paints and one brush in an old sock, and I've been dobbin' away ever since." For several years he painted desultorily and purely for his own pleasure. When funds got low he occasionally disposed of a picture to the ever-ready purchaser for a nominal sum, and painted again when the mood seized



Semantic by poraristic.

Here is illustrated the battle herd on the trail from Texas to the ranges of Montana. No one can fail to admire this superb representation of the range-rider and his horse in the foreground, as they both watch the long and slowly moving train. The unerring pen of the artist has accurately portrayed the cowboy, as he easily rests in his saddle, and also the horse of the plains, brave, strong of limb and tireless.

From a drawing by Charles M. Russell.



him. Not until recently has he been willing to paint to order, and what he formerly did consent to do under such conditions was not usually up to his own standard.

In 1892 he drifted to Great Falls, where he first took his work seriously, and in 1896 he was married to Miss Nancy Cooper, of Cascade, an energetic, well-balanced woman of the true Western type, whose nature fitted antithetically into that of her husband with the happiest results. She is devoted to his interests, confident of his genius, ambitious for his success, and it is wholly due to her influence that he has finally exchanged his avocation for his vocation.

A few years ago, interested friends, appreciating Russell's extraordinary talent, succeeded in persuading him to go East and take instruction in technique. He was put to work on first principles and told to draw straight lines. After a day or so of this kind of thing, he suddenly turned to the instructor.

"Say, can you draw an Injun?" he inquired.

"Why, yes," replied the artist, "I can."
"H'm! A Fenimore Cooper Injun,"
grunted the Westerner. "I'll draw you
one that'd scalp you," and with a few
strokes he evolved a portrait of a very
savage red man, quite in accord with his
own feelings at the moment, after which
he put on his sombrero and left the room.
He has never been back.

In a picturesque log cabin studio filled with Indian and cowboy relics among the surroundings for which he cares most in the world, with the association of his wife. his ponies and his friends, "Charley" Russell lives his life and does his work as he finds it—a work that is rendered doubly important by reason of the rapid passing of the old West and the birth of the new. where the cowboy is already an object of curiosity and the Indian is no longer seen in his native haunts. It is no inconsiderable thing that these characteristic features of the West that was, are being put into permanent form by one who knows his subject in all its phases with a knowledge that is absolutely accurate and authentic. Nothing in literature has yet been done so graphically to portray the one-time West, as do these achievements of the "cowbov artist."

One of the first characteristics with



Charles M. Russell.

which one is impressed in viewing one of Russell's pictures is the remarkable action which he infuses into all his subjects, no matter how prosaic. It may be a straggling pony or an Indian raid that he is depicting—a poker game or a cowboy "jamboree." But whatever it is, the very essence of the West is incorporated in the vigorous freedom of attitude, the unconscious breeziness of manner, that distinguish all his figures.

Russell's chief fault is a tendency to neglect portions of his picture that he considers of too little importance, and the result is often an unfinished work whose imperfections show up glaringly in a reproduction. This fact lays him liable to an accusation (that may seem partly justifiable) of carelessness, and yet it is quite in accord with the nature of one who has no time for small things at close range. "I like to live where I can look a long way off without seein' anybody," he says, and his pictures prove it. Much of his oil work betrays, also, the influence of his practice in water color through the broad sweeps of suggestive tints, almost impressionistic in their effects—a device that is all very well in its place, but which is not always used discriminatingly by Russell. However, it is quite probable that his fault in this respect is due primarily to ignorance. There are many tricks of technique well known to the veriest dilletante of the studio that Russell has not discovered for himself and whose value he himself appreciates. "What I would like most," he says, "is to know how artists lay on color. I would like to have



AN APACHE INDIAN.

From the sketch by Charles M. Russell.

a chance to study this in some good studio." It is in just such simple things as this that he encounters his greatest drawbacks. A few fundamental principles of technique would work wonders for him, could he manage to hold himself within the narrow confines of indoors long enough to be taught.

Early this spring Russell went to New York to dispose of some of his pictures, and attracted attention first with a model in clay of a cowboy on a broncho "smoking up," as the artist called it, with his revolver—a bit of work pronounced by a leading sculptor to be the best of the kind he had seen. Russell stayed six weeks, sold all of his valuable paintings, executed orders for book and magazine illustrations, got acquainted with the art circles of the metropolis and then had had all he could stand. He took his palette and brushes and went back to Great Falls.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE ROAD

By E. Foltz

LD Henry Rausch came out of of the garden, where he had been at work all morning. His wife was washing milk crocks on the back porch and hanging them on the picket fence "to get fresh."

Washing milk crocks was a daily task, which constant repetition had made pleasant. This morning the work would have given the same satisfaction as heretofore had it not been for the fact that at the moment the last crock was disposed of Mrs. Rausch saw her husband take a plug of tobacco from his pocket and bite off a large piece. The proceeding met her disapproval, and, as she never could "put up with" such a habit, she felt called upon to remind him of his fault.

"Now thet's nice, ain't it, Henry?"

Henry misconstrued her and looked toward the barn, expecting to see something unusual.

"Hav? Where?" he asked.

see nothin'."

"Oh, you never want to see nothin' what you ought to."

"Well, you git me, maw! What's the

matter?

"Yes, thet's it—'what's the matter!" You alwus want to know what's the matter with me and never think what's the matter with yourself! Here I can work and slave and save day after day, and you lay around and do nothin' but chew tobacco! I git so disgusted some times I don't know what to do. I think ef I didn't want to work I'd at least stop chewin' of tobacco!"

The quizzical expression in his face He did not reply, but put his tobacco into his pocket and gazed wistfully

at the garden.

"Yes, I think I'd stand there and say nothin', too, ef I was you," the wife said, resuming her reproof. "It's easy for an able-bodied man to work a little in the garden and chew tobacco while his wife cooks and washes and saves for him. should think you'd go and hunt for work instead of layin' around the house every day."

The old man looked down the road toward town and nervously scratched his

grizzly head.

"Well," he said, "I ben all over the country for miles about after work and couldn't git any. I even ben over to Marshville thinkin' mebbe I might git a job there, but it wan't no use."

"Oh, you didn't try!"

"Yes, I did try. I tell you, maw, there's mighty little work agoin' this summer. When there ain't anything adoin' you can't git a job."

"I guess you'd git work ef you'd go about it in the right way. You're afraid

you'll hev to work a little."

Mrs. Rausch hurried with her duties as she scolded and her husband stood well out of her way.

"I tell you when there ain't any work to be got you can't git any," he repeated earnestly. "Times is too hard."

"Yes, but I notice times never git too hard but you've got to hev your tobacco."

"Oh, my goodness! Got to harp on thet again! I should think you'd git tired of thet subject some time, maw!"

"And I should think you'd git tired

a-hearin' me."

"I do!"

"Well, then, why don't you give it up?" she asked, suddenly facing him.

"Now, maw," he answered good-naturedly, "you know as well as I do thet I've ben a-chewin' all my life. Ef I was to quit now it 'd injure my health—"

"Injure your health! And what do you think of my health, say? You don't think anything about my health, do you? Ef you'd saved the money you spent for tobacco we'd be a good deal better off today."

"Not very much better off. The tobacco I bought didn't cost a fortune and I don't chew near so much as some men."

"'As some men!' Some men is hogs! What do you want to chew at all for?"

"I git a lot of comfort and satisfaction out 'n it."

"And what about me? I should think

you'd git some sense and hev some consideration for your wife."

"I hev."

"Yes, what kind! You'd rather hev your tobacco to satisfy yourself than to stop a-chewin' of it to please me. Thet's the kind of 'consideration' you've got for me!"

"You don't look at it in the right light, maw."

"No, I never look at nothin' in the right light, 'specially the question of a-chewin' tobacco. A woman never looks at thet question in the right light."

After an experience of many years of married life Henry knew that no argument could induce his wife to look with favor upon the tobacco question. Therefore, he shifted uneasily about and when she went into the pantry after some glass jars he slipped away to the garden.

There was a patch of onions to be weeded and several rows of beans to be looked after. While the old couple were not exactly poverty-stricken, their industry had never brought a reward sufficient to place them beyond the necessity of daily toil and careful economy; and as Henry pulled up the weeds he estimated how much the few acres of vegetables would net him in money.

Times indeed were hard that summer and there was little work at the carpenter's trade, which he followed; and, what was worse, there was no improvement in sight, which greatly depressed and discouraged the old man. But while the hot sun beat upon him as he pulled the weeds from the dusty onion patch that morning there came to him a thought other than that of hard times. It was the thought of what his wife had said—"thet's the kind of consideration you've got for me," and it hurt.

It was not so much her words as her manner that touched him. He paused in his work as if listening. He heard a song. It was the sweet melody of an old song half forgotten which brought up the remembrance of a time long ago when he learned to love a young girl. It was that same girl who was singing, the wind carrying the tune over the garden fence.

It was all so long ago, that little picture, that he thought it must have been a dream; but now he saw it as plainly as then. He remembered the wooden seat under the old cherry tree on which they

sat, and he remembered how, one moonlit night, he put his arm around her slender waist and kissed her red lips, and how she trembled and hung her head. Now everything was changed. Old surroundings had disappeared, mutual friends had gone to return no more, and they two had grown old together. Even the cherry tree, with its black and knotty limbs, was gone. But there was one thing that never died. The sun's rays that burned the old man's arms and neck as he worked were not warmer than his love for Mary Ann, the sweetheart of long ago.

The hot dust settled upon his sweaty face, but he gave it no attention. Many of the weeds were stubborn, but the rough hands that seized them were strong. tear gathered in his kindly eyes, but was quickly brushed aside. The heat and dust, the weeds, the tear were forgotten because she told him that he had no consideration for her. If she only knew the many weary miles he had walked in search of work and the disappointment he suffered, if she knew what it is for a man to work all his life at an uncertain trade and find his savings disappear in a few months of hard times, if she knew how much he cared for her all these years, would she say he had no thought of her?

Again he brushed away the tears and from his pocket he took the plug of tobacco and threw it into a heap of weeds

by the fence.

"I'll show her that I do care for her," he said to himself, as he went to the house.

She was canning berries and as the steam arose from the boiling kettle it enveloped her and she wiped her face with an apron.

"Goodness!" she muttered to herself, not knowing that he was watching through

the open door.

"Maw," he began.

"You back here again to bother me when I'm at work?" she peevishly replied.

"Maw-"

She paused and looked askance.

"Maw, I stopped chewin'."

"Oh, go 'long," she said. "How long till vou begin again?"

"Never 'll chew again. Maw, do you remember back in the fifties, when I used to come to see you?"

She turned away and went on with her canning, while he leaned against the door-post.

"Do you remember one evenin' when we was both settin' on a bench out in the yard," he said, with emotion, "and I kissed you?"

He waited some moments for an answer, but she said nothing. She went about her work and presently spilled a ladle of berries.

"Now see what you made me do!" she exclaimed. "I wish, Henry, you wouldn't hang around here when you see I'm busy. You git in my way."

The old man got a bucket of water and

a rag to wash up the berries.

"Oh, never mind," she said. "I'll do thet. You wouldn't git it clean, anyhow."

"Yes, I will," he protested.

"Well, ef I clean it up myself I know it 'll be done right. Here, gi' me thet rag!"

He handed it to her and silently stood by as the process of scrubbing went on, and when it was finished, drew a long breath.

"Maw, I'm goin' over towards Brushtown to look for work. There was to be a house put up there some time this summer and mebbe it'll soon be started. I ben watchin' it for a long while."

"Well, go then, ef you're goin', and

don't talk so much about it."

He went away and she continued her work. When the noon hour came she waited for him; but as he was late, she ate alone and hurried back to work.

"He'll come stragglin' along after while," she said to herself. "It seems to me Henry's gittin' more shiftless every day. I wish he'd git somethin' to do pretty soon so he'd be out'n the way."

She inspected the place where the berries were spilled and as the stains had not all been removed, she scolded.

"Thet's a nice spot! What 'll people say when they see thet spot! They 'll say there's pigs live here instead of people, thet's what they 'll say! I'll hev to lay a piece of carpet or oilcloth over it to hide it. But then, I don't know—I hate to see grease spot and stains covered up with pieces of carpet. Of course people wouldn't know it was there, but I would, and thet's enough for me. I'll git some lye and scrub it out."

In the back lot was an ash-hopper and when she went after the lye she wondered why Henry was so late for dinner. But he would come soon; so she would hurry with her work and finish before he returned. The kitchen was scrubbed and the berry kettle hung upon the picket fence with the milk crocks. It was late in the afternoon, but she could do some mending before Henry returned.

She looked at the clock.

"Well, he'll not be home before supper now. I wonder what keeps him."

She was preparing supper when a neighbor called to borrow a cup of sugar.

"I jest got out," she said, "and thought as my John's goin' to town to-morrow I'd run in and borrow it of you and pay you back to-morrow."

"Oh, thet's all right. Your man's goin' to town?"

"Yes; he said he heerd they needed men on a new buildin' they're puttin' up and thought he'd see if he couldn't git a job there."

"Henry started off this forenoon before dinner to look for work, too."

"He did? And did he git it?"

"He hain't got back yit. I'm lookin' for him to drop in now most any minute.

I don't see what keeps him."

"Oh, that's the way with men. They hain't got no feelin' for a woman. I know my John hain't. He jest picks up and goes and stays as long as he sees fit 'thout sayin' a word about it to me," the neighbor said.

"Well, thet ain't the way with my man. I wish he'd go more. When he ain't aworkin' he jist lays around and chews tobacco. Henry never hardly goes anywhere unless he tells me where he's a-goin'. Today he's stayed away longer 'n usual. I wonder what's a-keepin' him. It's not like him to stay so long."

"Oh, he'll come back purty soon. Well, I must be goin' or the children 'll think I've run off."

Supper was getting cold, but Henry did not return. The old woman went out to the barn to milk the cows, thinking when she came back to the house Henry would be there. But he was not.

"I declare, I don't see what keeps him. I'll put the milk away and mebbe he'll be back by the time I git through. And I'll hev to make a little more fire to keep the supper warm. I wish Henry wouldn't go away and stay like thet."

She took down the crocks from the fence and after wiping them inside and out with a damp cloth, ranged them on the hard ground of the cellar floor and poured in the rich milk. Then she remembered for the first time that Henry said he had quit chewing tobacco.

"I'm glad of it and hope he'll stay quit. But I declare, I don't see why he don't come home. Here it's gittin' dark and he

hain't come vit."

She lit a kerosene lamp and set it on the table, then went out on the porch to listen for his footsteps in the road; but she only heard the katydids calling to each other. She half wished he had remained at home.

"I don't see what he's got to go and stay away like this for and worry a person to death. I don't see what's keepin' him."

Ah, somebody was coming down the road! It must be he! The footsteps came nearer and she walked down the path to meet him at the gate. No, it was not

Henry—the person passed by.

She returned to the house to see what time it was, and again went out to listen and to wait. She was leaning on the gate, peering into the darkness, when she suddenly recalled what Henry had asked her that morning—whether she remembered the seat under the cherry tree and the

moonlight night many years ago.

"It was mean of me not to 've answered him," she said to herself. "I declare, I git pervoked at myself some times. Seems I jist say what I oughtn't to at times and keep quiet when I ought to say somethin'. I know he'd liked it ef I'd told him how much I care for him. And he's ben so good, too, lately. Bein' out of work must be awful discouragin' and yit he didn't complain; jist did the next best thing—worked the garden. I wish I hadn't ben so cross at him. I wonder what keeps him. Ef somethin's happened! Oh, ef it has I'll never forgive myself!"

Tears will tell what is in the heart. Far into the night she sat weeping and waiting for his return, and as she cried a thousand incidents recurred to her. Little kindnesses, little courtesies that Henry had shown her were recalled. They seemed so trivial at the time that they were accepted without a thought. Now they appeared in a new light. Henry was so good, so much better than other men; so honest, so sturdy and kind.

The lamp was beginning to burn low, but the tears came faster as her anxiety increased. The clock struck twelve, and as the sound died away, the gate down the path creaked. She ran to the steps to see who it was and in the darkness almost ran into Henry.

"Why, maw, you up yit waitin' for

me?"

She could not reply. She was glad it was dark so she could wipe her eyes without him seeing her do it.

"I didn't expect you'd set up and wait

for me."

"Yes," was all she said.

While he ate supper in the kitchen she stayed out on the back porch. When she came in to put away the dishes she turned her face so he could not see her eyes.

"This lamp's so dim," she said; and he

lit another.

"I didn't expect to be so late," he said "I walked all over the country to-day and went over to town towards evenin', as I heerd there might be a chance for me there. They're puttin' up a big brick buildin' there and I'm to go to work dressin' lumber for them Monday mornin'. I'm awfully sorry I was so late gittin' in."

"Henry?" she interrupted.

"What is it?"

"Henry, I was jist a-thinkin' I'd rather not hev you stop chewin'. You wouldn't seem like yourself any more ef you did."

He glanced sharply at her and the old fire within was quickly fanned into a new

blaze

"Well, all right," he said; "but, maw, I'm awfully sorry I—I worried you by bein' so late."

She looked up at him through her tears and their eyes met. It was enough. He threw both arms around her and drew her closely to him.

"I'm glad you did," she whispered.

The old man fervently kissed her wan check and, as in the days of old, she hung her head and blushed. For some moments only the ticking of the clock broke the silence, and then she raised her eyes.

"Henry, do you think the angels is happier 'n us?" she asked.

"No," he said.

A good spirit passing that way looked upon them and blessed them, for the old couple were again young lovers.



William Lovell Finley Illustrated with photographs by William Bohlman

VERY fall when the ocean begins to beat heavily along the Oregon shore, a white-winged fleet sails up the Columbia and Willamette rivers and winters When most of the other flocks have gone to the southland, this feathered fleet skims about the wharf-lined waterfront. Like about the waters of the inland harbors.

the white-sailed craft of the summer, these gulls add life to the landscape as they float about with grace and ease. They add beauty to the river as they swim idly on the water. Most of us are too busy, however, to look at the aesthetic value of these birds, but we can't get away from their economic importance.

The Western gull comes not for fishing



"Mottled gray sea-gull chicks."



"Along the grassy slope."

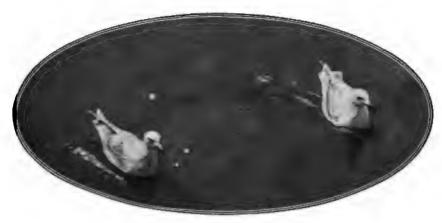
alone. He pays for his existence in the amount of garbage he picks up along the river. He is a successful scavenger. He skirmishes the river for dead fish, putrid flesh and waste stuff of every kind. But he's not particular as to his food. If it runs low along the river he hunts overland. Yes, he even takes to the farm. I have often seen a great flock of these snow-plumaged gulls following the plow, walking along and hovering over, just like a flock of blackbirds, to grab every worm

that is turned up. Feed them along the river and they return as regularly every day as a cat for his dinner. They become just as tame. They are experts on the wing and will take a crust of bread in mid-air, rarely missing a catch.

Summer before last we visited the native haunts of the Western gulls and climbed about their homes on some of the havstack rocks off the Oregon coast. We found them even more picturesque, as they flashed their white wings against the



"Eggs of green hue, blotched with brown."



"Swimming idly on the water."

rough brown rock, than they are about the bays and rivers. We climbed the rocky slopes to the crevices where these birds had carried a few handsful of grass for a nest. We saw them building on almost every suitable table-ledge. But the largest number of nests were scattered about the green slopes on the top of the rock. Here each gull scratched out a little hollow and lined it with dry grasses. Two or three eggs of greenish hue, blotched with brown, in each nest, were so closely matched in

coloration with the green and dry grasses that we had to watch at every step to keep from treading on them.

Later we found the top of the rock fairly alive with mottled gray seagull chicks. A pair of these chaps are about as interesting as anything I've seen in the bird line. They show little fear, but there is generally a look of surprise in their eyes when you stoop to pick them up. These young gulls retain their mottled dress until after the first year. The snow-



"Riding the anchor chain."

white breast and pearl-gray coat are only worn by the more mature birds. The brownish looking fellows, perched along the docks of the city, are not a different species, but only immature gulls.

He who would study the art of aerial navigation would do well to watch the gull's flight. I have often looked at these birds as they hang in the air, or move straight up the teeth of the wind at the rear of a steamer. They poise, resting, apparently motionless, on outstretched wing. It is a difficult feat. A small bird can't do it. A sparrow hawk can only poise by the rapid beating of his wings. The gull seems to hang perfectly still, vet there is never an instant when the wings and tail are not constantly adjusted to meet the different air currents. Just as in shooting the rapids in a canoe, the paddle must be adjusted every moment to meet the different eddies, currents and whirlpools and it is never the same in two different instants. These gulls are complete masters of the air. A sailboat can only tack up against the wind. A gull, by the perfect adjustment of its body, without a single flap of the wings, makes rapid headway straight in the teeth of the I've seen them retain a perfect equilibrium in a stiff breeze and at the same time reach forward and scratch an

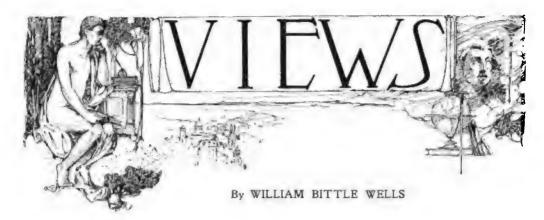
We were interested last winter in studying the great flocks of gulls that live about San Francisco Bay. Every morning at eight o'clock the garbage is emptied at the long dock of the navy training station. The gulls about the vicinity know this as an ordinary laborer knows the lunch hour. They flock around by the thousands. It looks like some one had poked a stick into a hive of big feathered bees.

Protection has made these birds very tame. "Old Whitey" used to be known to almost every sailor on the Pensacola. He always wintered about the ship and showed up for meals as regular as the bugle blew. He had his own perch on the bowsprit and would take bread or meat from the hand like a pet pussy. There were always several others riding the anchor chain waiting for scraps from the table.

The minute a new food supply is found anywhere about the bay, the news spreads in the gull world by wireless telegraph. A flock of half a dozen gulls will increase to as many hundred in an hour or so. You can't see just where they come from. but they come. When the steam dredger started to deepen the channel of the Oakland estuary, a whole flock of gulls sailed in and settled at the mouth of the long pipe, which was belching forth a mixture of mud, water, rocks and clams. It was as bad as a crowd of a thousand noisy newsboys. Such a shoving, clambering, flapping, grabbing! Every clam was gobbled up the minute it struck ground.



"Perched along the docks of the city."

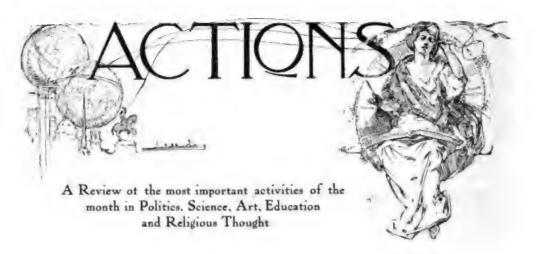


The lowest rates ever made by the railroads from Mississippi River points to the Pacific Coast go into effect next year on account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland. By this very commendable action a large attendance to the fair is assured, and the exposition may already be called a success. Owing to the low rates, thousands who have long desired to visit the Coast will come to the exposition and travel will be greatly stimulated. Of course, it may be urged that in taking this action the general passenger agents have been actuated by a selfish motive, but we do not choose to see it in that light. The truth of the matter is that the greatest factor in the upbuilding of the West, apart from the resources themselves, has been the persistent advertising done by the passenger departments and the broad-minded attitude that they have assumed. The Pacific Monthly has urged in the past that there is a debt of gratitude due the railroads from every man who has even the smallest financial interests on this Coast, and it is a pleasure to call attention to this fact when the railroads have shown such a signal interest in the success of the Portland Exposition.

* * *

A great tribute has been paid Theodore Roosevelt. It has been freely given because it has been richly deserved. Roosevelt has demonstrated that he is able to stand alone—the severest test of greatness in men. He is a man of action. He is honest. Even his enemies will admit that he has done what he believed to be right. Naturally he has made mistakes. He has antagonized the South. But his record as a whole, his fearlessness, his integrity of character, his energy, his enthusiasm and undoubted ability overshadow any errors in judgment. He is the living embodiment of the spirit of the times. There is no other living man who is a better exponent of the best in American character. He is the typical American. Yet he has his faults—some very grievous. But in his faults he is still representative of the American people.

Roosevelt has a great opportunity—greater than that which has been given to any President since Lincoln. It is in his power to break the "Solid South." It is in his power to guide the nation toward the "manifest destiny" which is unmistakably ours, and yet steer clear of the shoals and dangers of imperialism. The years before us are years of great promise and greater responsibilities. A firm, upright, patriotic, honest, energetic, statesmanlike man, loyal to the highest and noblest traditions of our country, is needed at the head of the Government. Roosevelt is all this, and there is no reason why he should not make the most of his great opportunity, cementing the nation, preserving our traditions and yet rising to our newer responsibilities and opportunities for a greater nation among the nations of the earth. We have a part to play as a nation in the world. It is not a part of sniveling, not a part of timidity. It is a great part and we will not shirk it. Roosevelt is the man. The people have said it. Vox populi, vox Dei.



Roosevelt and Fairbanks have been elected President and Vice-President of the United States by an immense majority. They carried all the doubtful states, only the Solid South voting against them. The silent vote had come to the polls and proclaimed aloud its convictions. At this writing, the morning after election, it is even believed that Maryland has gone Republican. The present count shows the vote in the electoral college will be 325 for Roosevelt and Fairbanks to 151 for Parker and Davis. McKinley's vote was 292, in 1900, and Bryan at the time received four more than Parker. Roosevelt's plurality in New York exceeded McKinley's of 1900 by 41,500. He received 185,000 more votes in his native state than Parker, and even in Greater New York, traditionally Democratic, he ran much nearer to Parker than was expected. When it had become certain that Roosevelt had been elected President, he immediately announced that he would not be a candidate for another term.

* * *

The world was contenting itself with news of Russian advances and repulses in Manchuria and partisan reports of how the presidential election would swing when, on October 21, the Baltic squadron passing through the North Sea, for a vet unsatisfactorily explained reason, fired upon a fleet of fishing boats on Dagger Bank, off Hull, England, sinking one and injuring two others. The news did not get abroad until Sunday, October 23, but for a week after that date, international complications of an extremely serious nature were threatened. The diplomatic forces of both England and Russia had never been thrown into such a fever of work, made none the less easy by the ridiculous story told by Admiral Rojestvensky, in command of the fleet, who said the transport Anatol was attacked by torpedo-boats and he fired upon them to protect the transport. was a distinctly warlike feeling all over England at the outrage. The Czar has expressed his sorrow, and the matter will be laid before an international commission under the Hague convention. At one time it was suspected that the act was deliberate, and that Russia wished to draw England into war. Russia could then sue for terms with both England and Japan, on the plea that she could not fight them both, and thus save her damaged military fame from worse injury.

* * *

After a long period of almost continuous retreat, the Russian army in Manchuria under General Kuropatkin on October 9 took up an offensive movement, marching to the southeast across the Shakhe River to Hamantung, 20 miles below

Mukden, and 20 miles north of the Yentai coal mines held by the Japanese. Field Marshal Oyama concentrated the Japanese troops about the mines and for six clays one of the bloodiest battles in history was waged. By October 20 the first decisive victory was won, the Japanese capturing 30 guns. The Russians were caught unprepared while changing the disposition of forces and were hammered at by both wings and the center of the Japanese army. On this day and the following days the Russian losses were fearful, the Japanese suffering much less. Ovama estimated the Russian dead at 30,000. The world scanned these movements with interest, as it seemed as if a turning point in the war might come, but in the end the Russian army entrenched itself on the north side of the Shakhe River and then it was certain that the object of the advance movement, the recapture of the Yentai coal mines, was a failure. The Japanese interfered constantly with the orderly Russian retreat, General Oku with the left wing of the army pressing Kuropatkin hard. By this movement the Russians were forced to take the offensive, holding Lone Tree Hill, the key to the situation. With both armies ready for battle and close upon each other, they remained without movement from October 18 and to November 7. On the latter date the situation was still unchanged, the Japanese waiting for reinforcements and the Russians apparently unable to move forward and unwilling to give up the advantage they held.

In the parliamentary elec-Elections in tions for the Dominion of Canada Canada, held November 3, the Liberal government was re-elected with a gain of about 15 in the House of This vote of confidence in Commons. Laurier was expressed on both sides of the continent, in Nova Scotia and on Vancouver Island. The Conservative leader, R. L. Borden, was defeated in his own constituency in Nova Scotia and the Province of Quebec, Laurier's home, sustained the premier with a large majority. The leading question in the campaign was the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway with government aid, which was favored by the Liberal government. Otherwise the campaign was free from questions of policy.

Port Arthur That Port Arthur was doomed to fall within the month was reported from Dalny as late as November 2. The Japanese were in possession of all but the main forts and the highest points of the eastern hills and had troops in numbers to advance on these and finally take the city. It was prophesied at that time that before the Pacific squadron could reach the scene of action the Japanese flag would be flying over the city.

Congress of Arts and Sciences autumn was the International Congress

of Arts and Sciences at the World's Fair. September 19 to 25. There was a collection of scholars at St. Louis such as rarely comes together. Science in its most varient forms came before the congress, and the leaders in all branches were present. The convention listened alike to Josiah Royce, the foremost American speculative philosopher, and to James Brvce, M. P., the best known writer on political economy. To keep order in the conglomeration of sciences, seven general divisions, and 24 subdivisions were made. The congress was attended by hundreds of brilliant men and women from all the civilized countries of the world, and the exposition authorities received the distinguished foreigners with marked attention.

Captain Thomas S. Bald-The Airship win, of San Francisco, has invented a dirigible airship. The "California Arrow" made by him and sailed by A. Roy Knabenshue at St. Louis in the airship competition on its first trip, October 25, went ten miles over the city, and though it became unmanageable, kept afloat. Later, on October 31 and November 1 the same aeronaut took the airship on short flights, proving it not only to be dirigible, but capable of making headway against a fair breeze. Several days later the machine became loose and flew away by itself and was later found a considerable distance into the country. The flying machine is sustained in the air by a cigarshaped balloon and has attached a long frame work, carrying a gasoline engine capable of driving the air propeller 2,000 revolutions a minute.

The New York subway has The New York finally been completed after several years, during which Suhway the leading streets of the city constantly resembled a mining camp. The tunneling was done through solid rock. Most of the 22 4-5 miles is completed and the entire cost when in working order will be about \$60,000,000. The contract for building the subway was given John B. MacDonald for \$35,000,000 in 1900, a company was formed, with August Belmont as president, to carry on the work, and funds were raised on 31 per cent bonds to the amount of \$55,000,000. The property has now been leased to the Interborough Rapid Transit Company for fifty years at rental which pays the interest on the bonds and 1 per cent on the whole amount besides. The tunnel under the East River to connect with Brooklyn is now under construction. By the use of the new subway the length of Manhattan Island can be run in fifteen or twenty minutes.

Practically the entire time Remarriage of the Episcopal General After Divorce Convention which met in Boston early in October was taken up with the matter of remarriage after divorce. Previously the convention had been engaged in discussing the requests from many dioceses to use the revised version of the Scriptures in the public service. This was refused and a report from a sub-committee brought before the convention the following resolution to be voted on: "No minister shall solemnize a marriage between two persons unless by inquiry he shall have satisfied himself that neither person has been or is the husband or wife of any other person then living from whom he or she has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage." The House of Bishops supported the resolution, but the laity objected. The stand of the latter was that it was too advanced a movement and that it ignored the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They recommended that the movement against divorce should

be taken up more generally, that the churches should make a united protest against it and that public opinion should be aroused to the extent that divorced persons would find themselves fallen from their caste. The vote of the committee of the whole was 214 for and 191 against the resolution, but when the vote was taken by dioceses and orders the resolution was lost by one vote in the clerical orders and by five in the lay.

At the Peace Congress held Peace in Boston during the early Congres at days of October, just before Boston the fearful carnage of Mukden, there was much talk and little action. In fact, there was no opportunity for action. All the congress was called upon to do was to say that the Hague Tribunal is a very fine institution and that fighting is obnoxious. All Boston was pleased to express such sentiments and the press dispatches found space to tell how some Baptist organizations in Kansas sent telegrams expressing their support to the peace movement. The remarkable thing about the congress was the number of brilliant men and women who took part. Secretary Hay represented the United States.

While the Peace Congress Peace Congress at was only a general movement and served merely to St. Louis express public sentiment, on September 24, a World's Peace Conference took place at St. Louis at which there were 260 delegates, 240 of which were actual legislators, representative of almost every parliamentary and legislative body in the civilized world. The men who took part in that conference shape diplomatic history. Their meeting was notable and their purpose definite. They elected Richard Bartholdt president of the Interparliamentary Union and voted to meet at the Hague at the call of the President of the United States. Their purpose is to give to the International Court power to execute its treaties, so that its decisions will be law which the powers will respect. If this can be done, it will be the first step towards enforced arbitration and final peace among nations.

The American Board of Foreign Commissioners for Foreign Missions Missions held their annual meeting at Grinnell, Iowa, October 11-13, and reported the expenditure during the last year of \$750,000, leaving them \$22.-000 in debt as a result of the falling off in legacies. The church contributions at the same time have increased \$55,000. It was also reported that the number of churches making themselves responsible for individual missionaries is greatly on the increase. The work of foreign missionaries has not spread geographically in the past two decades, with the exception of the added island territory, but in the meanwhile its intensive progress has been marked. There are now 900 trained missionaries in the field and some of the missions are self-supporting.

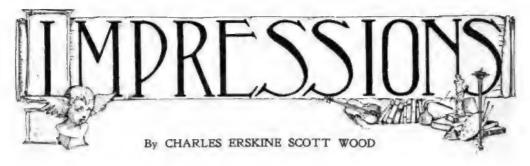
An Art A separate building has Museum for been given by Mrs. W. S. Ladd for the housing of the Portland Corbett collection of classic statues belonging to the Portland, Oregon, Art Museum. In the new quarters the statues will be placed to better advantage than in the present location in the Library building and greater possibilities for study have been provided. Now the artistically inclined will have an opportunity to study art advantageously. It is even expected that a competent teacher of art will be secured. At present the most use made of the collection is by a few afternoon classes of ladies who take up the study of art as a graceful accomplishment.

The launching of the bat-Battleship tleship Nebraska at Seat-Nebraska tle, October 7, was the end of a remarkable piece of enterprise. Moran Brothers, of that city, shipbuilders Nebraska on a small scale, suddenly made a bid for one of the largest battleships to be built in the world. Their offer was taken and the citizens of Seattle raised a subsidy of \$100,000 to enable the bidders to meet Eastern prices. The situation was almost unprecedented. A shop had to be built up right about the growing hull. Tools and machines had to be purchased before the work could be done. But it was finally built after long delays, and the cause given for the various strikes, that

there were too many boys at work on the vessel, had reason in it. Boys were used where they were of as much service as a man, and the remark that the vessel was built by boys had something in it. But so far it has shown itself perfectly well constructed and is undoubtedly as strong as if it had been constructed in a large navy-yard. At all events, Williams and Shannon Moran are to be praised for showing more enterprise than any other men in the Northwest.

A remarkable convention Free was held in Rome towards Thinkers' the middle of October, at Convention which there were 5,000 free-thinkers. Of this number only ten were Americans, though other countries, mostly the older ones, were well represented. Striking addresses were made on religious questions in the very stronghold of orthodox religion by Professor Haeckel, of Jena, and Professor Lambrose, an Italian philosopher. The assemblage aroused public indignation by the expression of their sentiments, but were not disturbed.

The battleship Connecticut Assaults on Battleship which was launched in the Connecticut Brooklyn navy-yard within a few days of the first dip of the Nebraska into Seattle harbor, was the victim of peculiar assaults. Three separate attempts were made to sink the vessel, any one of which might have resulted in scrious damage. On two occasions portions of the hull were found where a rivet and a plate had been bored through, apparently with the idea that as soon as the vessel struck the water, she would fill and sink. Both these attempts were discovered before harm was done. But not to be frustrated, a third assault was made on the vessel. An obstruction was placed on the ways under water in such a position that the hull would have been badly damaged when being launched, if it had not been removed. Who is guilty, was the unanswered question about Brooklyn navy-yard. The attempted crimes have been laid to labor unions and the idea has been scoffed at. It has been with more apparent justice laid at the door of anarchy, but even the repetition of the attempts gave no clue that could be relied upon.



A religion is worth no more than its net result in making men better and happier.

The North Sea Incident

Had England been as great a bully as the United States, the firing on her fishing fleet by the Russian squadron would have been good cause for war and there was a jingo party in England which desired it. Some day Americans will blush for a declaration of war because of the blowing up of the "Maine," a declaration by an overwhelmingly superior power and made while Spain was on her knees disclaiming all knowledge of the matter and praying for mercy and asking that the whole matter be referred to a tribunal. We did not think that course consistent with our dignity as a world power. England does. Who believes to-day that Spain as a nation had anything to do with the blowing up of the Maine?

The Railroads and the People

Every railroad is of necessity a monopoly. There is a limit beyond which paralleling and competing are impossible and within a certain territory every railroad has

monopolistic control, precisely as a street railway has a monopoly.

Every monopoly of necessity exercises arbitrary power. The possession of this power makes it a matter of self-interest for railroads to preserve it to the full by combinations and agreements among themselves against the common customer, the public; and the possession of it enables the stronger line to absorb the weaker. The charges paid by the people furnish abundant funds, because they partake, to a certain extent, of the nature of an enforced tax. You must pay the railroad's rate, whatever it be.

I have found it so impossible to write anything which can not by some one be misunderstood that I will say now that railroads are certainly worthy of their just hire, and I do not believe in national or state ownership or control of railroads. Paul Morton, now Secretary of the Navy, testified that the Interstate Commerce Commission had had no real effect in controlling railroads, and that, by one method or another, the railroads conduct their affairs as if there were no commission. Every one ought to know the use-lessness of commissions and laws to control private interest. Laws only drive the railroads to still further control of the legislatures or to other devices for evading the arbitrary, inflexible, and often absurd, provisions. In fact, law can not ever regulate trade, nor

control a monopoly if the roots of the monopoly are allowed to exist.

I believe in allowing the railroads to conduct their business as freely as you conduct yours or I mine, but I believe in removing the monopolistic power from them and putting it where it belongs, viz., with the public, but not with the state. That there is a monopolistic power exercised by railroads is instinctively felt by all. It is this instinct which drives courts into the illogical position of saying that railroads and telegraph companies may bind a ticket purchaser or message sender by the conditions printed on the ticket or blank, provided those conditions are reasonable. This provision shows that it is not a matter of contract at all between company and individual, but it is a regulation of the business by public policy, speaking through the courts. If it were a contract, it would bind the individual in all its terms, and the court would have no right to make a new contract for the parties. The impossibility of its being a contract is felt if you picture yourself in the long line before the ticket window, the agent's stamp working like mad and the tickets flowing out in a steady stream. What would the people do, what would the agent do if you stopped to read all the conditions on some ticket a yard long! Or suppose you took a seat and read the ticket all through and thereby missed your train, and came back to the agent and objected to the condition that you would not sell the unused part of your ticket, or to any other condition. The agent would tell you that he had no power to alter those conditions, and you could take that ticket as printed or walk. Or in case of a telegram of life and death haste, suppose you are told that you must either sign that blank or do your business by letter. Now, it is true you could walk or you could write, but steam and electricity belong to this age and its populace. They are a part of the very existence of modern society and are the common right of each member of society; and no one has recognized for a moment, not even the companies themselves, the right to say "You ca

The point I now make is this: Where there is no mutuality, where the parties are not on the same footing, where one is wholly ignorant of the contract or where he must contract as the other dictates or "walk," there can be no contract. True, some of the conditions are upheld, and the party is said to have agreed to them, which, as a rule, he did not, even by implication, for he never knew them. In fact, he agreed no more to the reasonable than to the unreasonable ones. He never made a contract at all.

The real truth is that the court says to the railroad as a public corporation: "You

owe a duty to the public and you may run your business under certain of these regulations because they are reasonable, but certain other of your regulations are set aside and declared void because unreasonable and inconsistent with your duty to the public. Your reasonable regulations are binding on Turk or Dane, foreigner or idiot, on those ignorant of them, as well as those knowing them, because they are the conditions necessary for a fair conduct of your business in the public interest. But there is a mutuality between you and the whole public. You owe the public a duty by reason of your existence as an inevitable monopoly in its midst, and you shall not tyrannously and unjustly exercise that

power."

Thus we come to our first conclusion: That the public, or, if you please, the state, dictates terms to the companies through the legislatures and the courts, and does so on the ground that the companies are not absolute owners of their property, but hold and operate it on trust and on condition that they will fulfill their duty to the public. This duty to the public and this right of control over the property of the companies is said to arise out of the very existence of the companies as creatures of the state; that is, as corporations, created by the public law and allowed to exist by will of the people, and also because as corporations they are allowed a power never allowed to any individual or set of private individuals, viz., the right of eminent domain, that is, the right to condemn and take a man's property against his will. But these donations of corporate life and of right of eminent domain are only a part of the concessions made by the people. Suppose Mr. John Rockefeller, Mr. Wm. Rockefeller, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Harriman and Senator Clark form a partnership to build a railroad; or, as he is said to be worth a billion, suppose Mr. John Rockefeller alone builds a transcontinental railroad, or any other railroad, and buys every foot of his right of way by regular private purchase. Does any one feel for a moment that he could or would be allowed to occupy that right of way and run that road as he pleased, that he could make arbitrary conditions and tell people they could accept them or "walk?" The private road of Mr. Rockefeller would be subject to precisely the same necessary regulation in the public interest as any other road. Suppose he said, "This is my own private property; I'll shut it down for a month or a year." Probably people would first try to buy it from him, but in the end they would force that road to open, if they had to condemn it and take it from him. Suppose he never opened it to the public at all, but said, "This is my personal, private line to the Pacific Coast." If he closely paralleled another line and the public were served as well by the other line, the public would laugh at him and let him have his way. If he occupied new territory and occupied the best feasible right of way, the people would surely take it away from him. They would have to do so in self-defense. They would pay him a fair price, that is all. But he would say, "This is my vested right." To which the people would reply, "As against the whole people you have no 'vested right' in a right of way necessary to the whole people nor to anything you have placed thereon. A vested right you have to the fruit of your labor, the fair price for your rolling stock, your rails and labor of construction, and when this price is paid you, every right you have in the premises is satisfied."

This, as it seems to me, is the only vested right any railroad or telegraph line can

be said to have: the right to fair compensation for the products of its labor—the monopolistic right to use any certain right of way it holds in trust for the public and on condition that it will serve the public better than any one else will. This is an important point to remember. They are trustees for the people, holding their right of way only on condition that they will serve the people better than any one else is willing to serve them on that same right of way. Why, then, should the public leave its inherent rights

in the hands of one if another will serve it better?

Wherefore I conclude that the rights of the people in railroads (and some such rights are universally acknowledged) flow not so much from their permitting the company to exist as a corporation or from their conferring on it the legal right of eminent domain as from a broad general law of self-defense which is part of the structure of society, viz., that no monopolistic use of the earth's surface for the exclusive benefit of a very few can exist as against the needs of all society. Therefore the monopolistic occupation of a certain exclusive strip of soil and the erection thereon of a highway which, by reason of its strength of situation and the financial strength flowing therefrom, makes duplication of it impossible, is consented to by society only on condition that such highway will give society the best service possible or take its pay for its work and leave the soil and the fix-tures thereon for the use of those who will give the best service.

I am opposed to the theories of socialism. I believe in individualism. It seems to

me the only stimulus and from it has come all progress. But individualism does not mean the right of any one or a few individuals to any particular part of the earth's surface. All our property rights and so-called "vested rights" exist only by consent of that general mass called society. The vested rights of the feudal barons are gone. Many of the old vested rights of individuals over the seashore and fisheries are gone. The vested rights of the fifteenth century are not the vested rights of to-day. No man to-day has a vested right in his own house against the will of society to cut a street through it. The earth's surface no man created. To occupy any part of it is a monopoly and subject always to the welfare of society. He who can monopolistically fix the cost of carrying any product to the consumer owns both the producer and the consumer. He can make the freight rate "all the traffic will bear." If oranges were a dollar apiece in New York and a cent apiece in Los Angeles, and the railroad fixed the freight rate at ninety-nine cents, what would be left for the producer? There is a true cost of production, which, with the market price and cost of reaching market determines the profit, if any; and there is a true cost of haul, and sometimes the latter of necessity absorbs a possible profit to the consumer; but that the profits of the railroads are excessive, reckoned from actual cost or actual value of the railroad and a fair reward for the cost and labor of operation, no one doubts. To fix rates each railroad must be opened to competition on its own track, not by parallel competition, but by competition on its own track.

The cry everywhere to-day is regulation of the railroads as monster monopolies having the country literally in bands of steel. To open this competition on its own track and to execute the trust it owes the public, I propose that roads be left in the hands of private management, with the clear idea in the minds of the people that the present owners and managers occupy their right of way in trust for the people, subject to the condition that they will give the best service possible, and whenever any responsible syndicate or other corporation shall under proper conditions offer to perform the same or better service at better rates (all to be particularly specified), then, unless the existing occupant of the right of way meets this offer, it shall by the new bidder be paid the then fair market price for its personal property and appurtenances to the soil and labor of construction, and be dismissed from its trust, and the new trustee or competitor be installed, precisely as we are doing every day with private trustees who are not acting faithfully in the best interests of those they represent. And this to apply to any single unit of a system, as well as to the whole system.

Also I would allow every private shipper to sue in his private capacity and recover, say, ten times the amount of his damage for any breaches of the railroad's trust, as a carrier, toward him, as one of the public. Such a law would have prevented the secret rebates to the Standard Oil Company by the Pennsylvania railroad, and would to-day leave it in the hands of the injured party to work a correction of unjust discrimination as the Interstate Commerce Commission never can.

Also as another but lesser corrective of the abuse of the "right of way monopoly," I would compel a railroad to haul at the lowest profitable charge the private freight car of any shipper who proved that he was charged an excessive rate, the burden of proof to

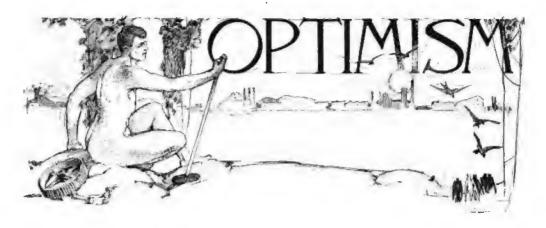
be on the shipper as to what was the lowest proper rate.

Neither the first nor the last of these would probably ever be enforced, but just as a river fixes rates on a parallel railroad, though no freight is really carried by river, so the possibility of these redresses would compel a proper execution of that trust with which we all feel instinctively the railroads are charged, but which they disregard, and honestly,

too, because of the general misconception of "vested rights."

Finally, let me say that nothing is so conservative and so little progressive as the legal mind. It clings to the branches of the past till the common sense of the age knocks its fingers loose with a club. For example, when, under Henry VIII., wills affecting real estate were made possible, the highest court decided that the will could only operate on the real estate a man had at the date of making the will, not at date of death—"For no man can convey that which he hath not," a maxim wise enough as to deeds between the living, but utterly stupid as to a will. The law began by considering these monopolies, the railroads, in the same light as the competitive carters and carriers on the highway from London to Manchester, which highway was open to all competitive carriers and none of them held monopolistic powers. The result was a lot of foolish clinging to old branches, but the knuckles of the courts have been pretty well rapped by the inevitable. The courts still are in the dark about the railroads because of following old analogies, and still sanction many tyrannies by the roads. The legislatures we expect to find secretly on the side of the railroads whenever it becomes worth while—that is what they are paid for.

If you conclude that the railroads really are trustees for the people and owe the public a duty and that the special monopolistic privilege given to them in trust is their right of way, then the remedy for an abuse of the trust is precisely the same as is applied to every other trustee who is dishonest or incompetent: remove him and replace him by one who can and will execute the trust. That "one" is not, in my opinion, the state, with all its complications of politics and lack of individual initiative and ambition, but is a competitor who shall bid for the special privilege for selfish and personal reasons, the reasons which animate all forceful actions. It is absurd to say that there can be no competitor. Such an admission at once confesses slavery to a plutocratic oligarchy. The people are wealthier than even Mr. Rockefeller and the group of overlords they still work for. Given the right to bid, bidders will be found, and the fear of bidders will compel the execution of the trust.



The greatest things are invisible. What a man accomplishes is not to be compared to what a man is. A great and magnificent temple, a wondrous painting, an extraordinary engineering feat—these things are insignificant compared to the minds which created them. It is the invisible man, not the outward thing, that is great.

No great undertaking has been accomplished by those who stand for negation. It is the man who believes in himself, the positive character, one not afraid of any obstacle, however great, who accomplishes things. Timidity is fatal. The world has a place for the man-who-is-afraid, for the timid, the ultra conservative, but it is not a place of much honor, not worth striving for, not an enviable position. We want men of action, men with confidence in themselves, men of nerve, nowadays, men who dare and do.

If you would be happy, if you would be progressive, if you would be a doer and not a dreamer, get out of yourself. Look at external things and not at small, insignificant, internal and personal affairs. Health, progress, success depend more upon an attitude of mind than upon any other one thing. If you would be great, think great thoughts, worthy thoughts, pure, noble thoughts. Then you are great. Smallness is in the mind, not in the body. Put aside frivolous things and incidental worries. Dare to do and do! Be broad-minded. Stand straight like men and with indomitable will, courage and belief strive for the height above. It is yours.

"Genius," says Emerson, "believes its faintest presentiments against the testimony of all history; for it knows that facts are not ultimates, but that a state of mind is the ancestor of everything." Mind is greater than matter. Facts, impossibilities crumble before belief. The furnace fire of this world that has moulded nations, made great, strong, splendid men has been belief. What are the pusillanimous obstacles in the path of success and righteousness compared to inconquerable, unquenchable, high-minded belief—faith! "Are you in earnest," says Goethe, "seize this very minute. What you can do, or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. Only engage, and then the mind grows heated. Begin, and then the work will be completed."

There is a spirit in the air of optimism, of promise, of achievement. It is almost possible to put out our hands and through the invisible air grasp an invisible yet unmistakable evidence of great things to come. But not the sluggard; not the man-who-is-afraid; not the timid. The man who believes in himself, who has faith in his own ability, who is undaunted at ALL obstacles—he it is who can SEE. He knows that life is worth while and its rewards are sure. But blind, blind, blind, worse than blind, is he who trudges always life's pathway crying that there is no opportunity. Opportunity! Upon every side and at every turn there is an opportunity waiting for men—for MEN. The cry goes reverberating throughout the world—for MEN, MEN, MEN!



A SHORT HISTORY OF OREGON has just been issued by A. C. McClurg & Company, of Chicago. The author, Sidona V. Johnson, has made a careful study of the subject and a book of undoubted interest and value has resulted. Just such a work has long been needed, and it has already been adopted by some of the leading schools of Oregon as a text-book.

AN ISLAND CABIN, by Arthur Henry, deals with life in a cabin on a hitherto unoccupied island. The story is dragged out to a length of almost three hundred pages without an incident other than commonplace. The book is made up for the most part of description and dialogue, the one well enough done, the other unnatural. However, the air of the sea pervades the pages, and the author's evident enthusiasm for his hobby is a saving grace.

(A. S. Barnes & Company, New York.)

It seems unfortunate that at this time, when the reading public is as tired of the historical novel as the theater-going public is of the comic opera, so really excellent a book as ROBERT CAVELIER, by William Dana Orcutt, should be published. Dealing with the life and times of the great Seur de La Salle, the author has taken the usual liberties with facts, and has written a story of unusual interest and charm.

(A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.)

In THE LAW OF THE LAND Emerson Hough, who wrote THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE, has not written a book which will entitle him to recognition as a great writer, but he has told an intensely interesting story. With a conventional beautiful heroine, a conventional lawyer-hero of the Opie Reed breed, a conventional slippery villain, a couple of conventional weak villainesses, a conventional Southern planter, also of the Opie Reed type,

(The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.) Everybody likes a hero, and a hero, it seems, must, according to most precedents, be a soldier. A SOUTHERN GIRL, by Stanton Winslow, is a typical war romance. The book is oftentimes crude and its situations at times melodramatic. Until some one shows in an entertaining way that the hero who keeps books or shovels sand is as good a hero as the man who risks his life for his country, stories of the type of A SOUTHERN GIBL will continue to fill the shop windows. Mr. Winslow's book is neither better nor worse than others

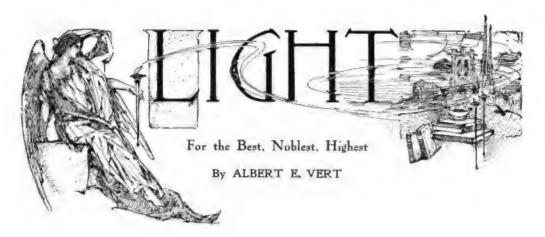
(The Whittaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.)

of its kind.

That Brand Whitlock, whose latest book, THE HAPPY AVERAGE, has just been published, knows life in a small, Middle West town, as well as life in a city, no one will be likely to question. The Happy Average is a love story, simple, unpretentious, but it forms most agreeable reading and is wholesome and clean. It is the story of the college graduate, who, unsuccessful in his little home town, goes to the city to make a living for himself and the girl he loves—a theme not new, but presented in a new way. The few characters are graphically drawn, and a delightful humorous touch takes acidity from the satire.

(The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Paul Elder & Company, of San Francisco, deserve unstinted praise for the high standard that they have maintained in the many beautiful booklets and more pretentious works that have been published by this enterprising firm. Two recent books from this house, YOSEMITE LEGENDS, by Bertha M. Smith, and UPLAND PASTURES, by Adeline Knapp, show a discriminating taste in press work and binding that is a great relief in this day of so much slipshod book work. Artist, author and publisher are here found in the happiest combination. The books are well written, well printed and well bound, and it is a pleasure to say so.

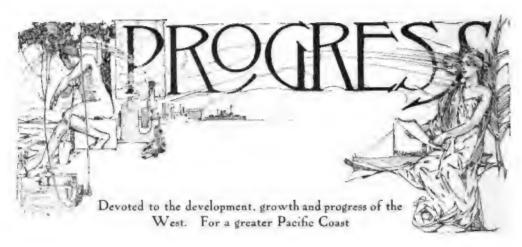


The brightest day in the calendar will soon be with us again, though the sun will have set its face towards the summer. The passing years have not dulled the eagerness with which men cherish the Evangel of Bethlehem. There have been many messages in these later days, but in the midst of our intellectual unrest and social discontent, there is none so meaningful, so profoundly significant, so deeply spiritual, none that the world of men needs to hear more frequently than this: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." This is the message that strikes through our earthly pessimism with a power that recovers and blesses our lives. The Christ-child is still the most splendid fact in the history of this cold cynical world. Cramped and crowded as we are by the things that are seen, it means much that this fact stills the great world's noisy machinery, closes the offices and workships, causes the man on the street, as well as the man in the Church, to move nearer to a knowledge of Him whose nature and whose name is love.

It matters little whether the day fixed for the observance of this fact is correct chronologically, so long as something of the meaning of that fact comes home to men, and the hope of redemption through the coming near of God springs afresh in the great world heart, and discouraged souls are brought to rest in the Divine Saviour, whose birth is the world's hope, and whose death is the world's healing. From the cradle at Bethlehem there still streams forth, undimmed by the passing centuries, the light of life to guide and direct the activities of mankind. The infant Saviour of long years ago is to-day the leader of men, the master of every trade. He stands beside us in the home, in the public service, in the high places and the quiet places of life, shedding happiness into the hearts of the young and old among us, and brightening the dark places of sorrow and suffering.

Christmas reminds us of God's unspeakable gift to us. The gift of Christ is the highest expression of God's love for us. God so loved that He gave. Love always gives. We give expression to our love in the grand old custom of Christmas giving. It is possible to misunderstand this custom, and by introducing a spirit of selfishness, misuse it, and rob it of all its beauty. Christmas is the time of all times to be marked by real unselfishness, and by the unselfish outflow of the whole nature. If we have seized the spirit of the day, we will be brought very near to the Kingdom of Heaven, for we will strive on that day to give pleasure and happiness to others. The giving of gifts is not simply a question of paying so much for value received.

Christmas giving should not be degraded to a business transaction, or lowered to the level of a bargain counter. Every gift should stand for a kind and loving thought, not for the payment of a debt. If the coming of Christ means anything to us, and if into our lives there has entered that joy of which the angels spoke, we will remember some one whom no one else is likely to remember, and bring joy and comfort to the homes of the poor and suffering.



Land \$500.00 per acre for farming purposes! Such, in the briefest possible summary, is the story of irrigation in the Pacific Northwest. Those who are not in touch with the marvelous opportunities that irrigated land offers can only doubt and wonder at the wonderful stories of success and opportunity that irrigation has made possible. No mere enthusiasm for the possibilities of the West and especially for the Pacific Coast could approach the facts in the case. The vistas of greatness that are opened up by a knowledge of the resources made possible by irrigation alone bewilder the mind. The imagination is appalled. We have a great country, a wonderful country, a beautiful country, but it is so great, so promising, so rich in all that man desires that we ourselves, even though filled with enthusiasm for it, can not fully appreciate the greatness of the heritage which is ours. Time will make the Pacific Coast a veritable Garden of Eden, with a multitude of broadminded, prosperous, happy and optimistic people.

Increased Trade with the Orient-

Though the "Chinatown" in San Francisco is decreasing in numbers, the trade with China is largely increasing. Before the passage of the treaty the "city within a city" numbered about 40,000. there are about 18,000. But the mercantile class has increased in numbers, and their various lines of trade have also ex-There are about six hundred places of business in the "quarter," according to the Chinese Business Directory. This does not include a number of small shops in the alleys that "make no sign," and various industries that are carried on in houses, such as painting fans, the manufacture of ornaments, etc.

During the past fiscal year our imports from China were valued at, in round numbers, \$6,000,000, and our exports were about half these figures. To this sum should be added opium to the value of \$1,500,000, imported by Chinese merchants in the name of white men. Under the treaty, Chinese can not import opium, hence this ruse is adopted.

These figures include only the Chinese Empire proper. Our importations from the foreign possessions in China, according to figures in the custom house, are about \$4,000,000, and our exports are about half these figures. So our yearly imports from China and the territory in the gripe of foreigners is about \$10,000,000, while our exports are only about 50 per cent of the imports.

Our export and import trade with Japan reaches about the same figures, but it should be taken into account that for the past few years Japan had been secretly preparing for war, and thus trade was increased in unnatural proportions. In addition, the principal Chinese merchants of San Francisco are large importers of Japanese goods, and while this trade is put down in favor of Japan, it is the Chinese merchants who are entitled to the credit of the business. A number of the Japanese business houses in San Francisco are practically managed by Chinese, who are employed because they have superior business qualifications. During

the last few months the Japanese have imported from San Francisco large quantities of steel, an article of commerce that never heretofore figured in our imports to that country. Breadstuffs and other contraband articles swelled their importations to figures corresponding with those of China territory.

Notwithstanding this contraband trade with Japan, our trade with China is larger than that of any other power—counting China proper and foreign possessions in China.

Whether the new treaty shall be more exclusive, or otherwise, our trade with China will largely increase. Our merchants have at last discovered what other countries have known for years—that men must be specially educated in the commercial language of a country in order to get its trade. They must also understand the language and customs of the people, and their needs. A number of young men in the employ of San Francisco mercantile houses are being specially prepared for Oriental business. are instructed in the commercial language of Canton, which is the commercial language of China, and will be sent to Canton and the various treaty ports as busi-

ness agents of San Francisco houses. This new departure is under the direction of Dr. John Endicott Gardner, professor of Chinese language and literature at the University of the Pacific, San Jose. This method of special training will create a revolution in trade circles in China as compared to our present system, but it will take some time to make it very effect-In a similar manner, a number of Chinese are being instructed in Western commercial methods, especially as applying to San Francisco and the Pacific By thus familiarizing Chinese Coast. and Americans each with the methods of the two countries, it will greatly increase trade and open new avenues for business and business men.

A Chinese bank will soon be organized in San Francisco which will facilitate the business of the Chinese merchants of the Pacific Coast and in Canton. Most of the business will be in exchange, yet it will do a general banking business. At present, the fishermen along the Oregon coast and in Alaskan waters deposit their earnings with merchants who keep the money as an "accommodation." The bank will give interest on deposits, and will therefore receive much of this "free trade."



HARVESTING IN EASTERN OREGON.
From a photograph by J. P. Kidd, Ontario, Oregon.

Several of the Chinese merchants lend money at from one to three per cent a month. The bank will take from these pirates much of that business. As these small borrowers are unknown to the American banks, and do not speak English, they are thus held in bondage by these sharks. Lee Yow, the so-called "King of Chinatown," has waxed fat, financially, by this system of holding up his country-Lew Ken and Tong Bong, the wealthiest Chinese in San Francisco, and well known throughout the Pacific Coast among the Chinese, are at the head of the enterprise, and the stock will be distributed among the merchants, generally. Both American and Chinese notes will be is-The Chinese bank note is longer and narrower than the American note, the edges are prettily bordered in red, and on each denomination there is a different motto in Chinese characters. The notes will be printed on the finest Chinese bamboo wood paper.

With the decrease in the number of Chinese, gambling is also on the decline. There are not so many gaming houses in the "quarter" as there were twenty, or even fifteen years ago. In the "good old days," when Chinatown numbered 40,000, the "quarter" yielded a "graft" of about \$1,000 a week to—somebody. Now, the pickings are only about half that sum. It is mainly by the decrease of gaming houses that the decadence of Chinatown is mostly noticed. It is prospering, on the other hand, commercially, and the business is more concentrated. The better clement of Chinese have been reforming their town in reducing the number of gaming houses and opium dens, and in discouraging the wars of the highbinders. But the professional guides, who live upon the sins of others, have opened and maintain low resorts for the benefit of their tourist trade. A number of Americans have entered into competition with the Chinese and have opened "wine rooms." thus diverting Chinese trade. The Chinese den-keepers naturally object to this intrusion of the 'Melican man, and are carrying the war into the American quarter of North Beach and the Latin quarter of Telegraph Hill.

While the Chinese population is decreasing, the Japanese are increasing. There are about 15,000 in San Francisco, and 2,000 arrived last year. The Japanese do not colonize like the Chinese, but are found in nearly every part of the city, depreciating property wherever they open a store or restaurant. There is a strong sentiment against them in San Francisco, especially since they began to force their way into the public schools. and the public, generally, will instruct California's representatives in congress to apply the new treaty provisions to them as strictly as to the Chinese. The Japanese are very assertive, and even aspire to assimilation with white people. This, and the fact that they are increasing in large numbers, has attracted the attention of the people and the exclusion of the Japanese will be a live issue henceforth.

J. M. SCANLAND.

The Wealth of the Farmer-

The latest bulletins of the Department of Agriculture comprise a compilation of crop statistics collected and tabulated since weather conditions were of no further influence. They show the United States to be the richest country on the globe, and the farmer the richest of all classes and grades of citizens. The total value of the wealth the farmer owns, and has contributed to the wealth and to the prosperity of the country, is placed at the enormous total of \$3,200,000,000, as against a total of \$3,073,000,000 in 1903, of \$2,987,000,000 in 1902 and of \$2,845,000,000 in 1901.

It is made up of corn of the value of \$985,000,000; wheat of the value of \$551,-000,000—an increase over 1903, when the value was \$443,000,000; of cotton of the value of \$600,000,000, of hay of the value of \$550,000,000, of potatoes of the value of \$158,000,000, of oats, rye and barley of the value of \$356,000,000, and of tobacco, of buckwheat, of vegetables, of fruits and other agricultural products, making up the grand total of \$3,200,000,000.



AMONG THE BIG CEDARS OF WASHINGTON.
Photo by J. H. Le Ballister, Anacortes. Wash.



Whence the Red Devil.

The hosts of hell were assembled, and Pandemonium was in an uproar. His Satanic Majesty sat on his high throne and smiled in his peculiar satanic way. At his right sat Moloch and Belial, and on his left Mammon and Beelzebub.

Suddenly Satan rose and waved his wand. Immediately the hubbub ceased. Low muttered curses and execrations from one or another whose tail was being trampled on, or whose wings were being twisted in the crush, were to be heard. Otherwise all was quiet. For a minute or two Satan looked about him triumphantly.

"Well," he said at last, "I did it."

They applauded vociferously.

"Did what, your Majesty?" Beelzebub, the privileged, asked.

"I corrupted Man," he replied, striking a

Napoleon-at-Austerlitz attitude.

''Three cheers for his Majesty!'' Moloch shouted. And they responded in their usual devil-may-care manner. Loud and long did they cheer, because they delighted in the news, and because they were more comfortable standing and cheering than they were sitting on seats of redhot rock.

"What else did Your Majesty do?" asked

Mammon, the unsatisfied.

Before replying, Satan curled his tail around his left ankle, rested the tip of his right wing on the floor, crossed his right foot over his left, and chuckled with glee. Like to the hissing of water dropping upon heated iron was his chuckle. Then, pulling a fiery feather from his left wing, he stuck it in his

cap.
"I left a relative of mine there," he replied. And again he chuckled vaingloriously, 'They will not find him for several thousand years, but he will be on hand, or rather,' corrected himself, chuckling again, "or rather on wheels, when he is needed for my purpose. A devil on wheels he will be, too. He will cause almost as many souls to journey to our delightful winter resort here as I "Your relative, Your Majestyf" Belinl in-

"Yes, and resembling me. Man will eafl

"Even for the reason that you and I are red, to prevent the splattered blood of his innocent victims from showing."
"And his name?" shouted the auditors.

"We would do him honor."

"Ah! that is where I showed my immortal mind at work. I have christened-I mean. deviled him Automobile. Man will stop to pronounce his name, and we will get another victim.''

"The victim will be he who is caught by your relative?" Belial asked.

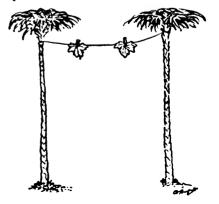
"No, unfortunately, never; only the one who rides seated on my relative," Satan replied, pulling another feather from his wing and putting it in his cap.

"All hail to Your Majesty and your kinsman Automobile!" they shouted, springing eagerly to their feet, for the janitor had been zealous in the performance of his duty.

Easy to Answer.

Jinks-Here, Binks, you are up on all these Russian names. How do they pronounce the name of the Russian commander-in-chief?

Binks-Well, most people who read the papers pronounce him a failure.



The First Monday

From " The Entirely New Cynic's Calendar" Copyright, Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco

Just an Inkling.

The Blotter-I understand that our master

is going to write a play.

The Writing-pad—Yes, he gave me an inkling of it this morning.

A Common Origin.

"Honeymoon, honeymoon," mused the etymologist, "I wonder if that word isn't derived from luna, just as lunacy is!"

"Um," replied the old bachelor, shouldn't be surprised. The symptoms are the same!"

Playing His Part.

Mr. Rooster—Just look at young Gobbler there. He is going to the bad fast. He keeps low company and slouches around like a regular bully.

Mr. Drake—Ah, he's not so bad, after all. You see, before Thanksgiving he conceived the idea of pretending to be tough and must keep it up now till after New Year's.

The Latest Invention.

Mike-Have yez hear-rd about thim baby incubators, Pat?

Pat-Sure, Mike! And a foine t'ing they ar-re, too.

TE.

Mike—Phat ar-re they?
Pat—I sees thim at Saint Louie. They ar-re little air-tight glass boxes. An' whin yez go to bed, yez jist put the brat in there an' lave him in all night. Yez see, he can't cry, 'cause they ain't no air fer him to cry with. Annyhow, yez couldn't hear him if he did.

Bridget-G'wan! Min don't know nothin' about babies. It ain't to kape him from cryin' that they shut the air off; it's to kape him from gittin' wind on his stomick.

Fancies of a Philogynist.

All men are created equal; all women are created superior.

Man's god is his stomach; woman's, her heart.

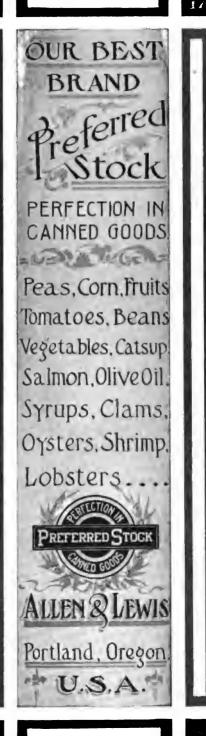
In the winter of life man wraps himself in the warm garment of memory; woman wraps affection in it.

Man can not live by bread alone; he needs a woman's love.

The coming of a good woman into a man's life is a gentle tap on the gate of elysium; the going out is a cordial invitation from hades.

Woman falls lower than man, says the cynic. How can she when it is man who pulls her down?

Woman's affection may be unworthily bestowed; it is never unworthy.



THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

Or Course Not.

Senator-Your argument is very adroit, Colonel, but it will not hold water.

Colonel-My deah Senatoh, I did not intend it to. If I thought it would, sah, I would disown it, I assuah you, sah.

The Curls of Yesterday.

Ah, where are the curls of vesterday? The curls that little maids used to wear, The golden tress of dainty Tess. The raven jet of blithe Annette, That hung so soft and wavy and fair From heads poised light on shoulders slight And forms that knew not woman's care? Ah, where are the curls of vesterday, The curls that little maids used to wear?

Cast Down.

The Comedian-Hello, Hamfat, what's the matter? A little bit cast down to-day!

The Tragedian-Shades of Shakespeare, I should say I am cast down! Why, prithee, man, look here upon this. Here am I, I, the celebrated Hamfat, who with reason expected to play the part of Hamlet in the all-star production, cast down, away down, the list as the Gravedigger! Pah! "To what base uses we may return Horatio!" Cast down! "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"

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HUMOR.

To the Man Who Didn't Get It.

If you're yearning for an office, Don't boil up in a stew Should the delegates have missed you In their list of "chosen few."

Just read the daily papers, And be proud that you're not one Of that vile class that editors Are heaping crimes upon.

You should feel yourself quite lucky, And, indeed for joy should weep To know you're not the man they say "Stole all the widow's sheep."

You did not brain your baby, Neither did you choke your wife, And you're not meant when papers say "He should be in for life."

Thank Providence you're out of these And of many other ills, For the man that heads the ticket Often has to foot the bills.

Frenzied Finance.

"It seems to me," said the Breakfast-food Philosopher, "that nearly every man is a phrenzied financier-frenzied trying to make ends meet."

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

Silenced.

Mr. Henpeck (reading Burns)-"A man's a man for a' that.'' When Burns said that...

Mrs. Henpeck (interrupting)—He didn't say it; he wrote it.

Joyless Joy.

There once was a man named Joy, Whose name did naught but annoy, For when he essayed To win a fair maid, She'd always te-he, "Oh, what joy!"

He Knew.

- "Pa, what part of speech is woman?"
 "Hush, my son! Not so loud."
- "Don't you know ?"
- "Yes, of course I do."
- "Well, why don't you tell me?"
 "I will if you will not tell."
 "All right."

- "She's no part—she's all of it."

Russia's Hope.

War Expert.The Japs are winning now, but when winter sets in there will be a different story to tell.

War Novice-So? You think the Russians can stand the cold better than the Japs can?

War Expert—Ah, no, but they can maneuver better in snow. They are so expert with akia.

"Where ignorance is bliss" is a bad place in which to live.

"The power behind the throne," is sometimes a dynamite bomb.

"It will be a cold day" when the North Pole is discovered.

We don't know what the weather will be in 1905, but it will certainly be a fair year for Oregon.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view" of a cyclone.

The man who tries to get something for nothing generally succeeds in getting nothing for something.

In the race for office the high and low run side by side and frequently the low are ahead at the finish.

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Small minds are often more conspicuous

than large ones. A fool may destroy in a moment what it

has taken a wise man years to construct. The man who is in love with himself is in

danger of wasting his affection. In an argument with some people physical

strength is more effective than eloquence. Those who never appreciate kindness should be given something they can appreciate.

-Chas. E. Burnside.

Evelyn-Yes, my great-grandmother eloped with my great-grandfather.

Cholly—Just fancy! Old people like that! -Smart Set.



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right at any time.

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- POWER. Shoshone, Salmon almost unlimited power. Shoshone, Salmon, Auger and Twin Falls are immediataly adjacent to these lands and will furnish tunlimited power. Work is already well advanced at Shoshone Falls and power will be available at an early date.
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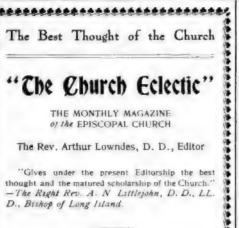
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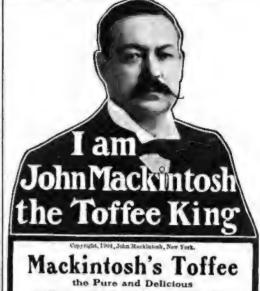
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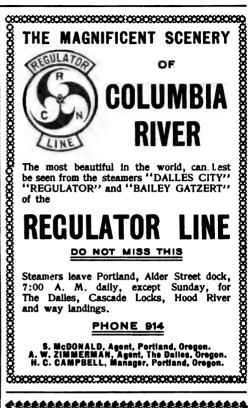
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Gold, 1.01; value, \$20.87. Silver, 3.59; value, \$2.15. Copper, 41-10 per cent. Total value, \$33.66.

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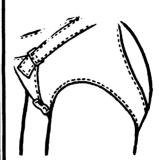
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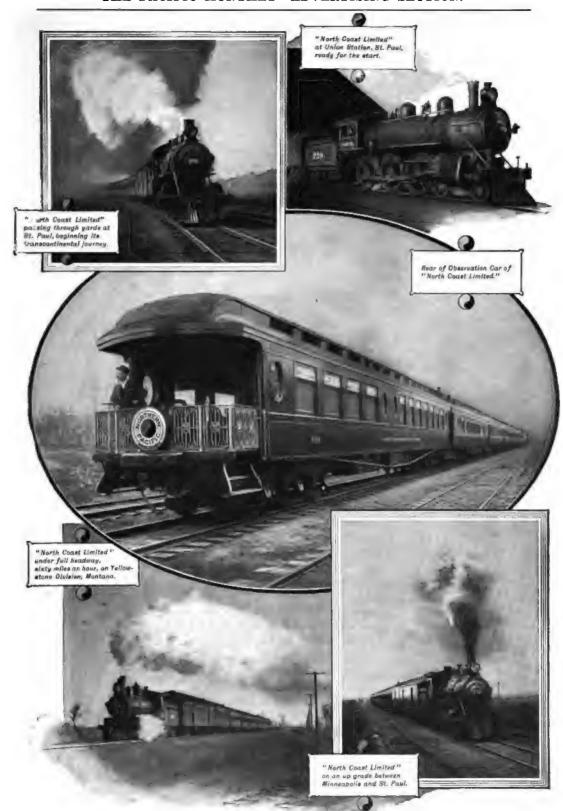
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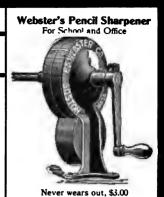
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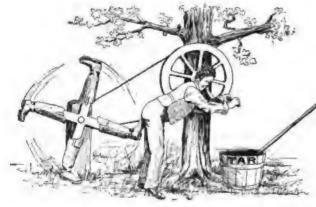
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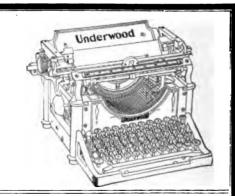
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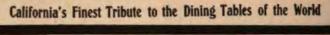
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